December 15, 1934

Collier's

THE N EEKLY

5¢ a copy

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ROBERT O REID

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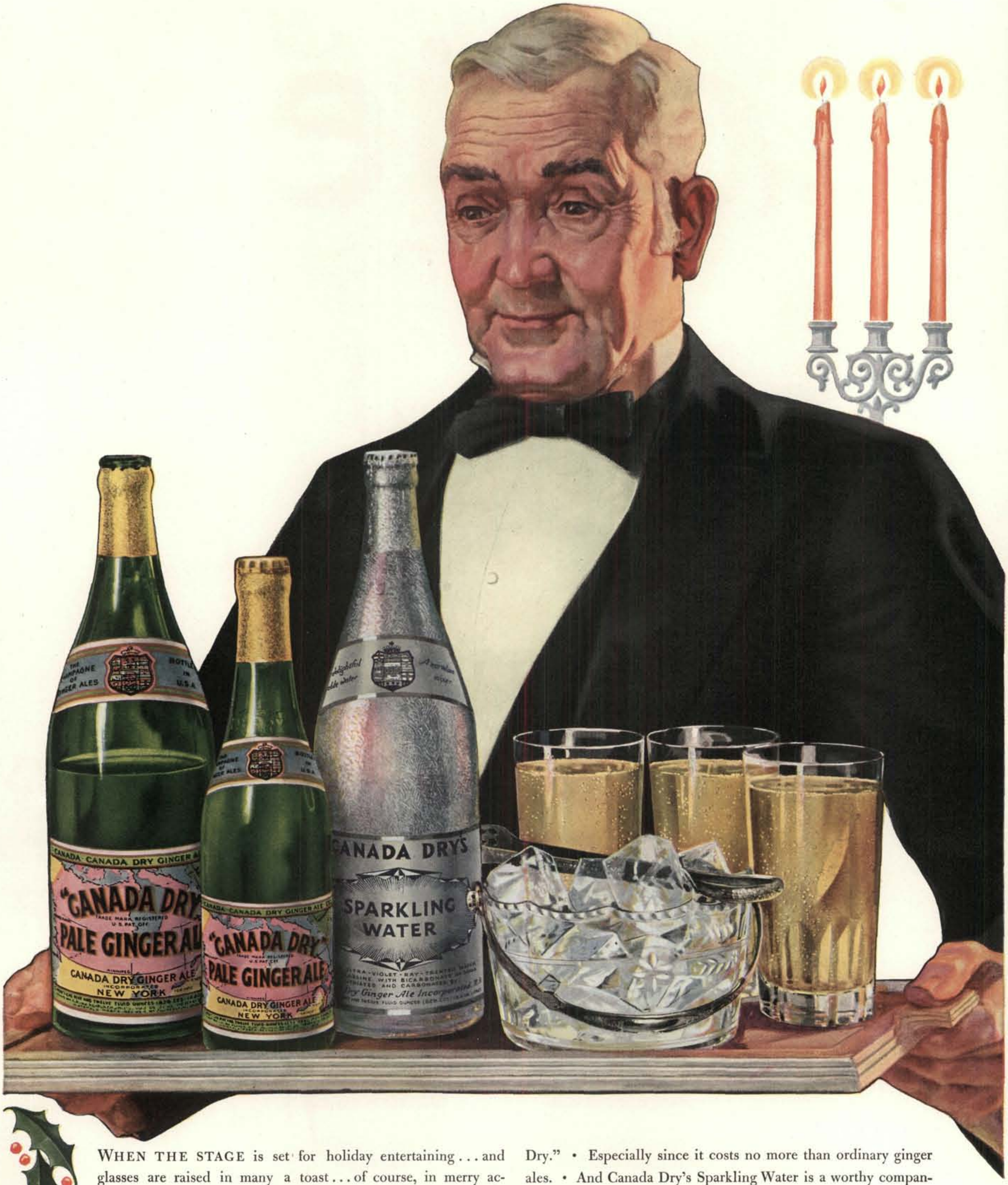
THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES
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PALE GINGER ALE
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CANADA DRY'S
SPARKLING WATER

WHEN THE STAGE is set for holiday entertaining . . . and glasses are raised in many a toast . . . of course, in merry accompaniment to them all, there'll be Canada Dry. • For both friend and family at this gay season, of course, "it must be Canada Dry." • Especially since it costs no more than ordinary ginger ales. • And Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is a worthy companion. • Big bottles . . . 20c, 12-oz. size . . . 2 for 25c. Slightly higher in some localities due to higher freight rates.

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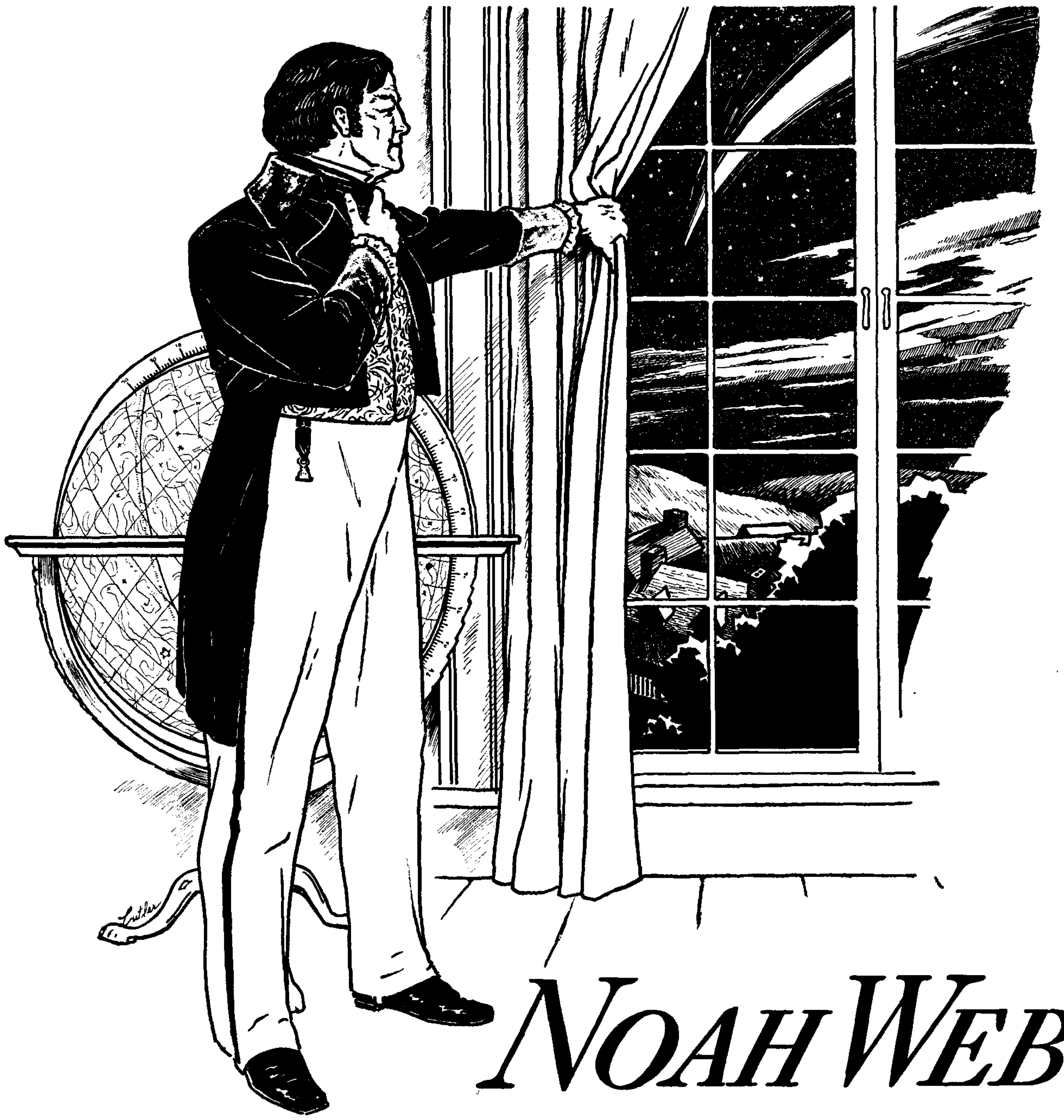

NOAH WEBSTER thought that COLDS were caused by COMETS

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

Master scholar, compiler of the great dictionary, Webster was among the first to inquire into the baffling causes of that private and public menace—the common cold.

His conclusion that colds were due to the fearful plunge of meteors through the sky was far from the truth, but no less distant than that of other savants who assigned colds to the bite of bedbugs, and to "sitting in cold, damp churches." (Dr. Thomas Haynes, 1789.)

For centuries, hundreds of absurd theories as to the cause of colds were advanced only to be sharply exploded. But now one has been presented that Science has generally accepted. This is the filtrable virus theory.

Research men say the bacteria of this virus are so small the microscope cannot see them, so tiny they cannot be trapped by the most selective filters. Only by their harmful effect on the human body can their existence be established. With such a virus, scientists have repeatedly inoculated others with one person's cold.

At the first sign of a cold

Granting that colds are due to a virus that enters the mouth, nose, and throat, is it not a wise precautionary measure to use a good antiseptic to fight such bacteria? Is it not wisdom to keep the oral cavity clean and healthy? Noted physicians tell us that it is. Millions of people find that it is.

Numerous tests have shown that regular users of Listerine did not catch as many colds as non-users nor were their colds so severe. Moreover, countless letters this company has received testify to Listerine's remarkable ability to check colds, and to the almost immediate relief it gives in cases of ordinary sore throat.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it dislodges germ-bearing debris and kills literally millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Yet it is absolutely safe—does not irritate delicate membranes. That is a point of utmost importance in an antiseptic. Excessive strength in a mouthwash may prove to be a danger instead of a protection.

If you spend most of your time indoors, start using Listerine every morning and every night. Figures show that indoor people catch four times as many colds as outdoor workers.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. CO-12, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
LAMBERT

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

LISTERINE *fights Colds and Sore Throat*

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ALEXANDER BAYNE was born to be a hero. He looked, acted, talked and felt the part. And luck was with him. He was young when he got his first command and almost the first thing he did was to make a spectacular rescue. That he took great care to keep his own hide safe was known only to members of his crew. The Line praised and promoted him; he was its hero.

It's tough for a man like that to be faced with a sudden crisis—say an outbreak of fire and cholera in the mid-Pacific. Luckily Captain Bayne had a good first officer, a man who could take charge of the safety of the ship and the honor of the captain. Jacland Marmur tells his story in "The Captain's Dinner."

JUNE MANNERS was the most beautiful girl in the world. Nick Stewart was sure of it. Several million movie fans thought so, too. But they weren't sitting beside her. Nick was, and the only thing he had to complain of was that she hadn't noticed him. "You're in pictures, aren't you?" Nick asked. She noticed him after that. What came of this brilliant opening is told by Irvin Monroe in a Hollywood love story, "So You're Going in Pictures!"

WHEN contract bridge first dawned upon a startled world—back in the days before crossword puzzles, or was it just after?—everyone who succumbed to its splendid complexities became preoccupied with bidding. Most of them have remained so. But a few shrewd players discovered that the new game called for a new kind of defensive play. One of the shrewdest of these, Shepard Barclay, divulges a few secrets and strongly advises you to "Set that Contract!"

FROM the Alamo saloon, which was Wild Bill Hickok's headquarters, to the Bullshead and the Old Fruit, it was just one block, but what a block! That short stretch of Texas Street was the blood-red, beating heart of Abilene, the toughest village in the West. The townspeople stayed away from it and let the cowpunchers boil in from the long trails to gamble and fight and be cheated and killed. Between Texas Street and the rest of the town was a line no man could cross. And yet Lee Bowie crossed it. In a brilliant love story Ernest Haycox records his success.

THE All-America Football Team, chaperoned by Grantland Rice and the All-America Advisory Committee, takes the field amid deafening cheers. Ray Tucker, Kyle Crichton, Arthur Somers Roche, George Agnew Chamberlain and colleagues plunge through the line for substantial gains. Touchdown!

This Week

●

December 15, 1934

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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Plan or Perish. America looks ahead. Page 10

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Wings of Glory. Herman was an inefficient carrier pigeon but a good soldier. Page 12

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Good Football. What the public wants. Page 18

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Keep Up with the World. It's a pleasure. Page 28

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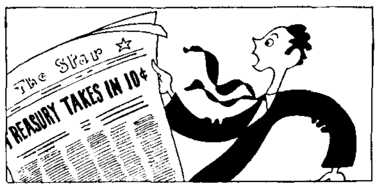
●

Any Week

AS WE understand it, the CCC boys engaged in private erosion work have to be selected pretty carefully. Private erosion is not exactly what you may suspect. It means erosion control on private rather than public lands. Some of this private land is owned by awfully well-bred people from watching whom at the table many of our best writers on etiquette get their material. So you see it wouldn't do to turn every lad loose on private erosion work. There are customs and manners involved. For example, Mr. V. C. Nickerson, private erosion camp superintendent at Pittsfield, Illinois, reports that in his camp there is a sign, conspicuously displayed, stating: "Army regulations require all firearms kept in camp to be turned in to the company commander for keeping. Firearms needed for hunting or social purposes may be checked out from the captain as desired." Thus far the boys have shot none but Republican hostesses.

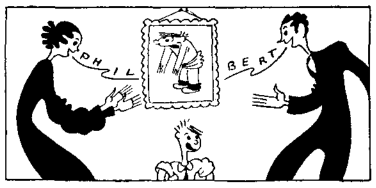
"IF," says Mr. Lawrence G. Orr of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, "I ever pick up my newspaper and read that the United States Treasury has taken a little money in instead of letting a billion out I shall concede gracefully that this great nation has recovered. The only mystery left will be concerning what it has recovered. But I won't make a nuisance of myself about that."



"FINE old lady stopped me on street," wires Mr. Ed. Bankhorst from Topeka, Kansas, "and asked me to broadcast stirring news that Kansas only quote truly Christian and dry state left unquote stop I asked wouldn't it be bad for business stop she said quote better no business than liquor unquote stop So we have to get along somehow with daily truckloads of stuff rolling in from Missouri and Colorado which are not Christian."

AND Miss Lola E. Gerhardt of Chicago, Illinois, informs us that on a recent flight home from Salt Lake City one of her fellow passengers was a "well-known evangelist who was taking his first airplane trip. When we made a happy landing at Chicago," Miss Gerhardt reports, "I asked him how he had enjoyed it and what his sensations were. He replied: 'All very fine, sister, but I could not help thinking of all the sin going on under me.' "

MR. AND MRS. LAURIS KELLY of Canton, New York, are the parents of a small lad named Jack. That is, he was Jack until the Kelly family capitulated to the appeal of Philbert, Frank Owen's prodigy, who performs for you weekly in Collier's. Jack Kelly, we are informed, needs no lessons from Philbert Owen and his parents have conceded this by calling him Philbert. "About three weeks ago," writes Mr. Kelly, "he got into the pantry and opened a drawer which would not permit us to open the pantry door. So we pried open a window which had defied us for twenty years and rescued him. I must close now because Mrs. Kelly has just telephoned me that he has done it again. Nevertheless, with best wishes, I am . . ."



IN ALL the excitement, one of the foremost political issues in Nebraska was almost lost. We find, however, that enough Nebraskans remembered it to turn the state over to Mr. Roosevelt. Last summer, we are informed by Mr. Paul Winterhalter of Lincoln, it was very warm in that city. Seeking surcease, numbers of valuable citizens took to sleeping on the lovely lawns around Nebraska's beautiful and expensive capitol. But, says Mr. Winterhalter, their snores awoke many of Nebraska's legislators and bureaucrats, who indignantly chased the sleeping citizens back to their hot bedrooms. So the question arose "whether it was worse for the people to sleep on the lawn or for government to sleep inside. The folks outside have to pay the bill anyway."

NOW that the football season is over, Mrs. A. Murdoch of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, suggests a few changes. "Why should the public be asked to pay to see our Army and our Navy teams play?" demands she. "I suggest that every fall the West Pointers, accompanied by the full cadet corps, tour the country, playing representative teams in each section free of charge, and the Annapolis team likewise. This would give us all a chance to see the great spectacle and not limit it to those who can afford to buy tickets or who have political pull. Besides, it would keep those boys from thinking so much about war. I am sure they would like it."

DYING for dear old New Deal?

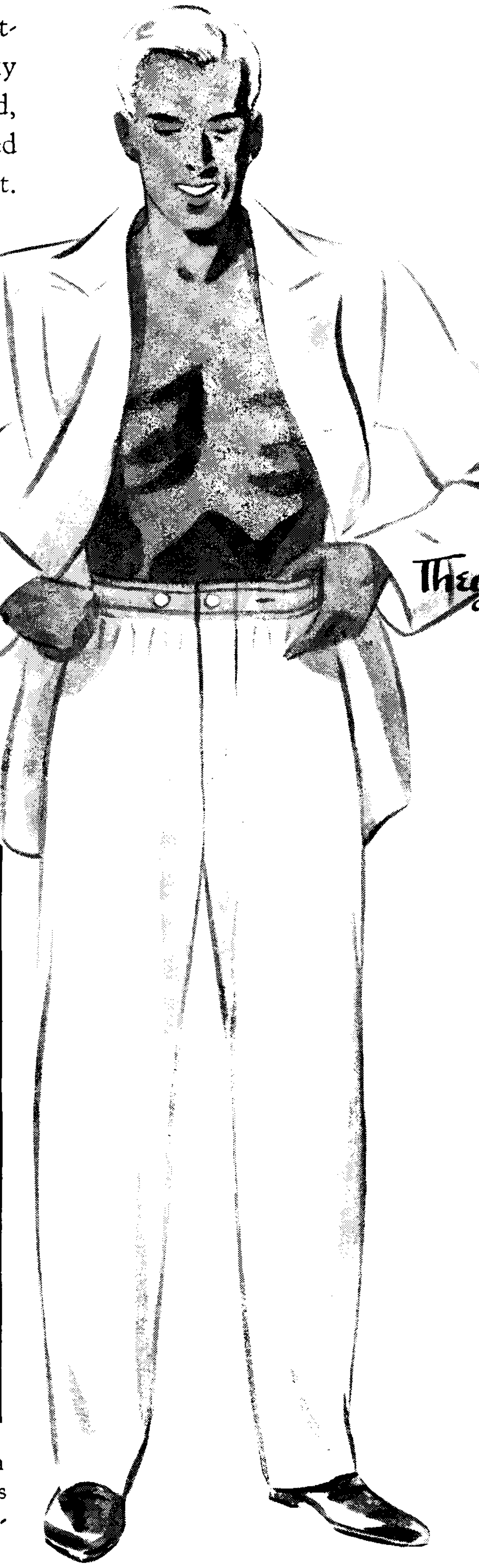
Vol. 94, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home. Copyright, 1934, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Give him Faultless NOBELT Pajamas!

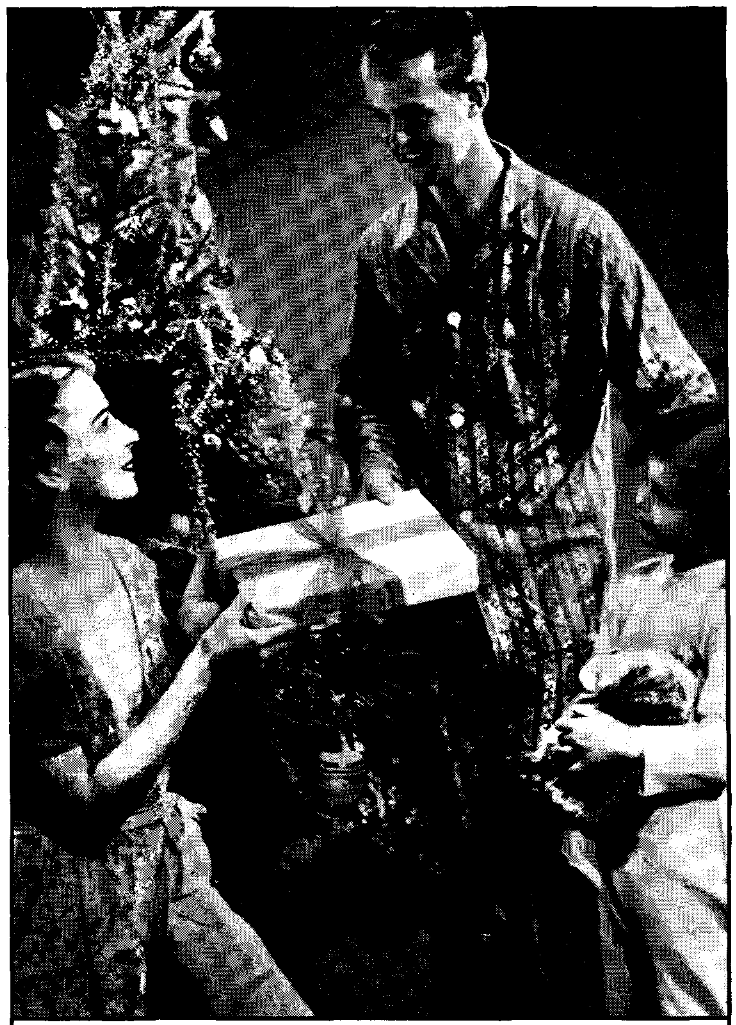
The one real improvement in pajamas . . . they let a man sleep in comfort

The men who get Faultless Nobelt Pajamas this Christmas are lucky . . . they're going to enjoy plenty of good, sound, restful sleep during 1935. The patented Nobelt waistband lets a man sleep in comfort. No drawstrings to dig into the flesh . . . or let the trousers slip down. The broad, resilient Nobelt waistband holds pajama trousers in place gently, without noticeable waistline pressure. Tailored in pajamas exclusively by Wilson Brothers and unconditionally guaranteed!

Sold by your favorite men's store, in every style, fabric and color, from $2 to $15.

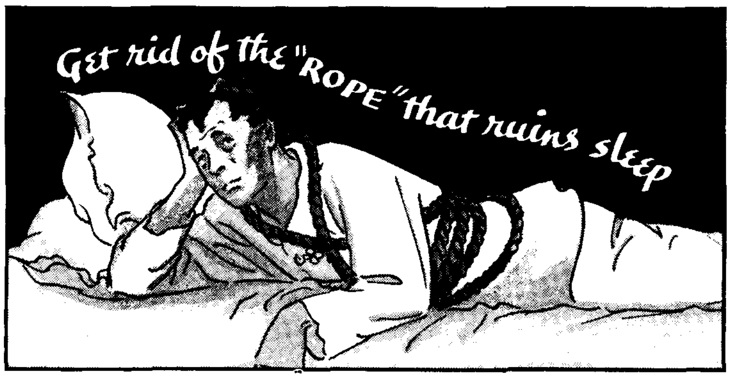


The man on the bed wears a middy style Nobelt in beautifully figured material, one of many at $3. His companion is shown in a Wilmer coat model of colorfully striped broadcloth, $2.65.

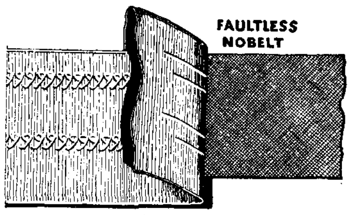


Dad greets Christmas in his lustrous patterned sateen Nobelt Pajamas, coat style, typical of a wide range of sateens and fine count broadcloths which sell at $3 to $5. Notice full cut of coat . . . no skimping here.

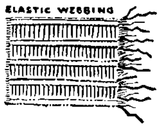
They stay up without noticeable pressure


Get rid of the "ROPE" that ruins sleep

Why FAULTLESS NOBELT is unconditionally guaranteed



The Nobelt waistband is unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the garment. It is a broad, flat band of live sheet rubber which withstands severe mistreatment because: (1) the rubber is chemically treated to stop oxidation, (2) it is *rubber at rest*, under no tension except while the garment is being worn. Nobelt is not like elastic webbing. Just a few tiny rubber threads are used in elastic webbing. To supply sufficient tension they must be stretched about 100% *before* being woven into the waistband. Each rubber thread *is* always under tension. The rubber in the Nobelt waistband is "at rest" except when actually stretched in use. Remember, Faultless Nobelt is *unconditionally guaranteed.*



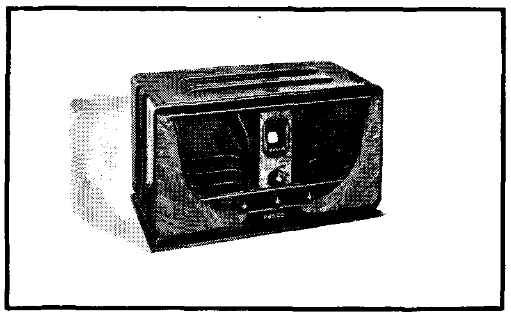
FAULTLESS NOBELT PAJAMAS are tailored exclusively by
WILSON BROTHERS, also makers of V-line Shirts,
Super Shorts, Buffer Heel and Toe Hose, Wilbro Neckwear

GIVE the PLEASURE that only PHILCO PROVIDES

WHEN you give a PHILCO, you give the greatest enjoyment in radio! For PHILCO has that excellence of performance and tone which make it an ever-increasing joy to every member of your family.

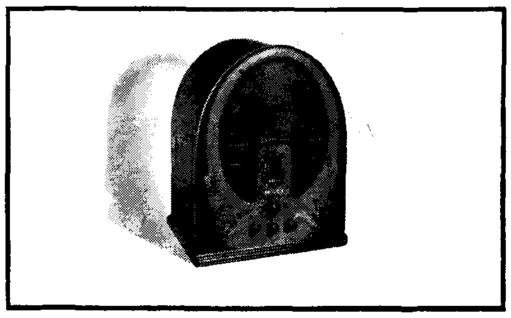
Whether you choose one of the magnificent new High-Fidelity PHILCOS, a Remote Control model, an Inclined Sounding Board type, a Radio-Phonograph Combination, Highboy, Lowboy, Baby Grand or Compact—PHILCO offers you the finest radio it is possible to build.

You may prefer a PHILCO for American and foreign reception or for American reception only—you may require a model for AC, DC, AC-DC, 32-volt or battery operation—whatever your preference or requirements, you'll find the radio you want at the price you want to pay—among the 49 new 1935 PHILCOS! Ask your dealer for a demonstration and details of his liberal trade-in offer and easy payment plan.



45 COMPACT—$49.95

Through skilful PHILCO engineering, this Compact gives you—in a table type radio—tremendous ability to bring in both foreign and American stations. Built-in Bass Compensation provides extra fine reproduction by strengthening the low tones. Other PHILCO Compacts, $25 to $35.

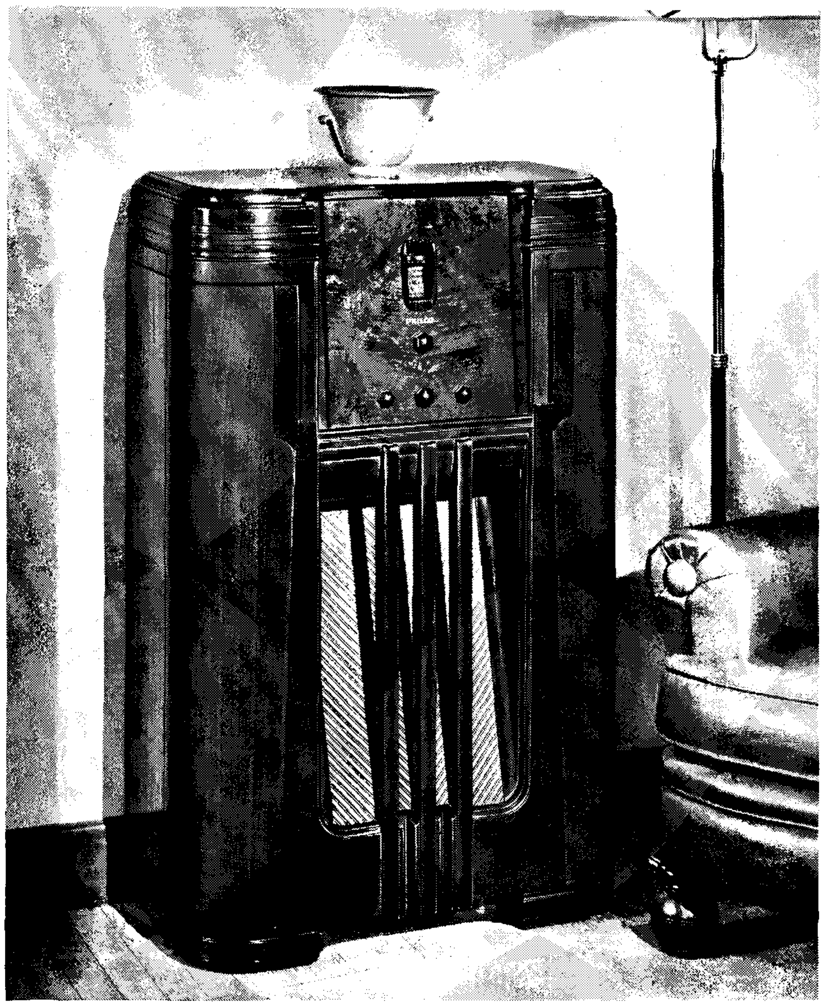


66 BABY GRAND—$39.95

Performance is the keynote of this new radio! Its powerful chassis is especially designed for foreign as well as American reception. It has clear, true tone and its cabinet is of choice hand-rubbed woods. A spectacular value! Other PHILCO Baby Grands from $20 to $89.50.

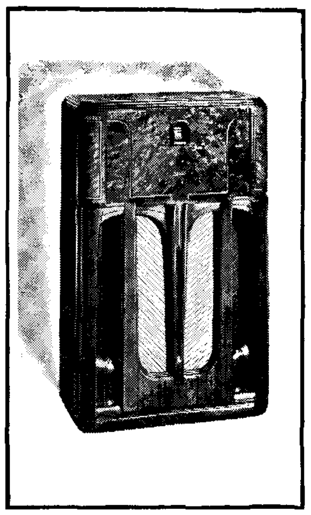
PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality



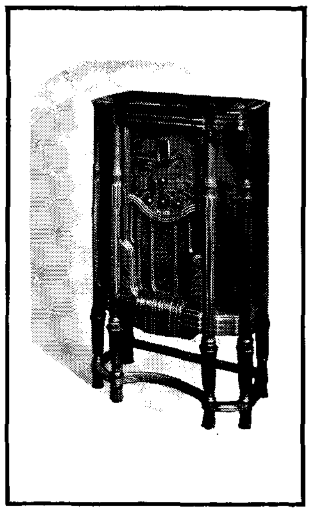
PHILCO 16X WITH INCLINED SOUNDING BOARD—$175

This magnificent PHILCO brings you programs from all over the world with a naturalness that only PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board can give. The famous Shadow Tuning feature enables even a child to tune-in stations easily and with that accuracy which is necessary for perfect tone. Other Inclined Sounding Board models from $75 to $100; with Remote Control, $89.50 to $225; with High-Fidelity, $200 to $600.



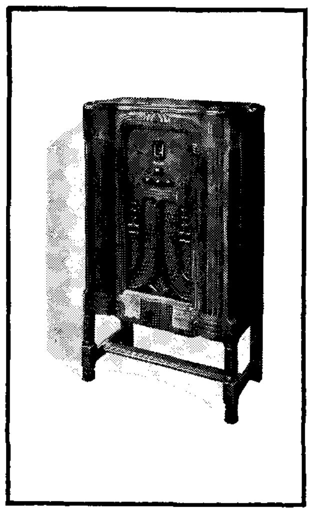
201X HIGH-FIDELITY—$250

The doubled musical range of this new PHILCO reproduces overtones never before heard over the air! With the Sound Diffusing Cabinet and Inclined Sounding Board every note is heard evenly in every part of the room. World-wide reception. Other High-Fidelity PHILCOS, $200 and $600.



118 HIGHBOY—$89.50

A powerful PHILCO for both American and foreign reception. Its ability to reach out over great distances, its excellent tone and beautiful hand-rubbed cabinet of choice, selected woods make it an ideal radio for your home. Other PHILCO Highboys at $79.50 and $129.50.



45 LOWBOY—$59.95

Here is value such as only PHILCO can give! In this radio you get sensational reception of programs from both American and foreign stations, splendid tone and a handsome cabinet of beautifully-grained woods at an exceptionally low price! Other PHILCO Lowboys from $42.50 to $150.

PHILCO RADIO PHONOGRAPHS

A wide choice of superb instruments for reproduction of radio and recorded music, $90 to $600.

PHILCO AUTO RADIOS

There's a PHILCO Auto Radio for your car, regardless of make, model or year. Prices range from $39.95 to $85, completely installed.

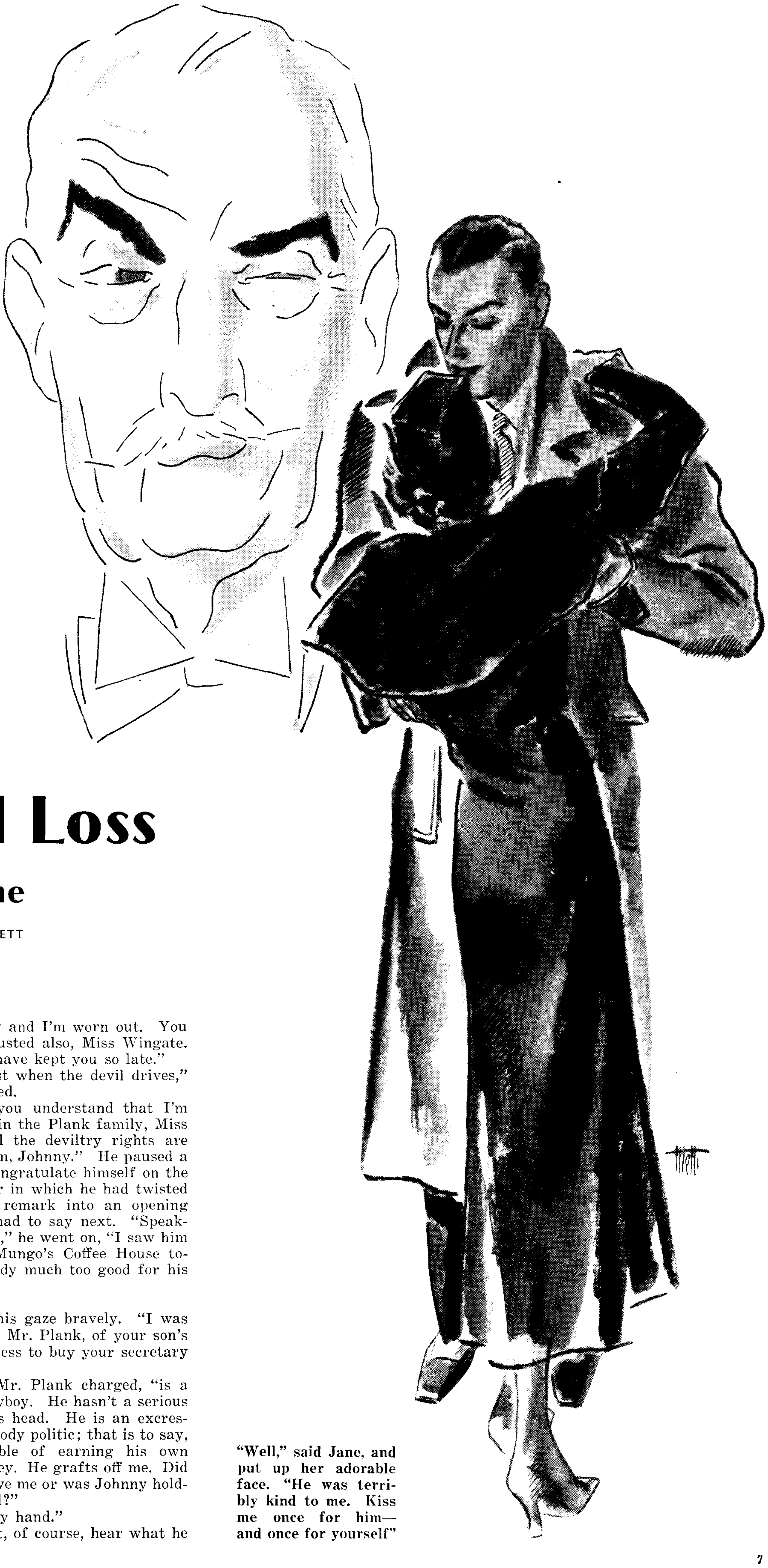
PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES

improve the performance of ANY radio. Replace your old tubes now and enjoy finer reception.

Prices slightly higher Denver and West. All prices subject to change without notice.

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations. Also PHILCO'S program from EAQ, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) Sundays at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

The adventures of that wise old fox, Horace G. Plank, his secretary, who disapproved of playboys, and Horace G.'s playboy son—a business romance which conclusively proves that the old fox understood women



Prophet and Loss

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

FOR twenty years Horace G. Plank, unless out of the city, had not failed to lunch at the Union Club. He was a member of The Table Round—twelve aging, prosperous gentlemen whose wealth and predatory instincts had brought them together and imbued them with the firm conviction that they knew exactly what was wrong with the country and could cure its ills promptly if the politicians in Washington would but listen to them.

On a day in 1928 Mr. Plank violated this hitherto inviolate rule and popped into Mungo's Coffee House for a quick bite. After ordering his luncheon he gazed about him and in a booth, immediately opposite him, was considerably interested to discover his only son and heir, Johnny, lunching with a lady for whom Horace G. Plank had such very high regard that instantly he started as if bitten by a snake.

It was not until after seven o'clock that night that Mr. Plank found time to put into operation his plan for the permanent control of Johnny and his charming luncheon companion of that day. He leaned back wearily in his tall, comfortable chair, sighed and said to Miss Jane Wingate, his secretary:

"Whew-w-w! This has been the very devil of a day and I'm worn out. You must be exhausted also, Miss Wingate. I'm sorry to have kept you so late."

"Needs must when the devil drives," Jane murmured.

"I'll have you understand that I'm not the devil in the Plank family, Miss Wingate. All the deviltry rights are held by my son, Johnny." He paused a moment, to congratulate himself on the adroit manner in which he had twisted her innocent remark into an opening for what he had to say next. "Speaking of Johnny," he went on, "I saw him lunching in Mungo's Coffee House today with a lady much too good for his society."

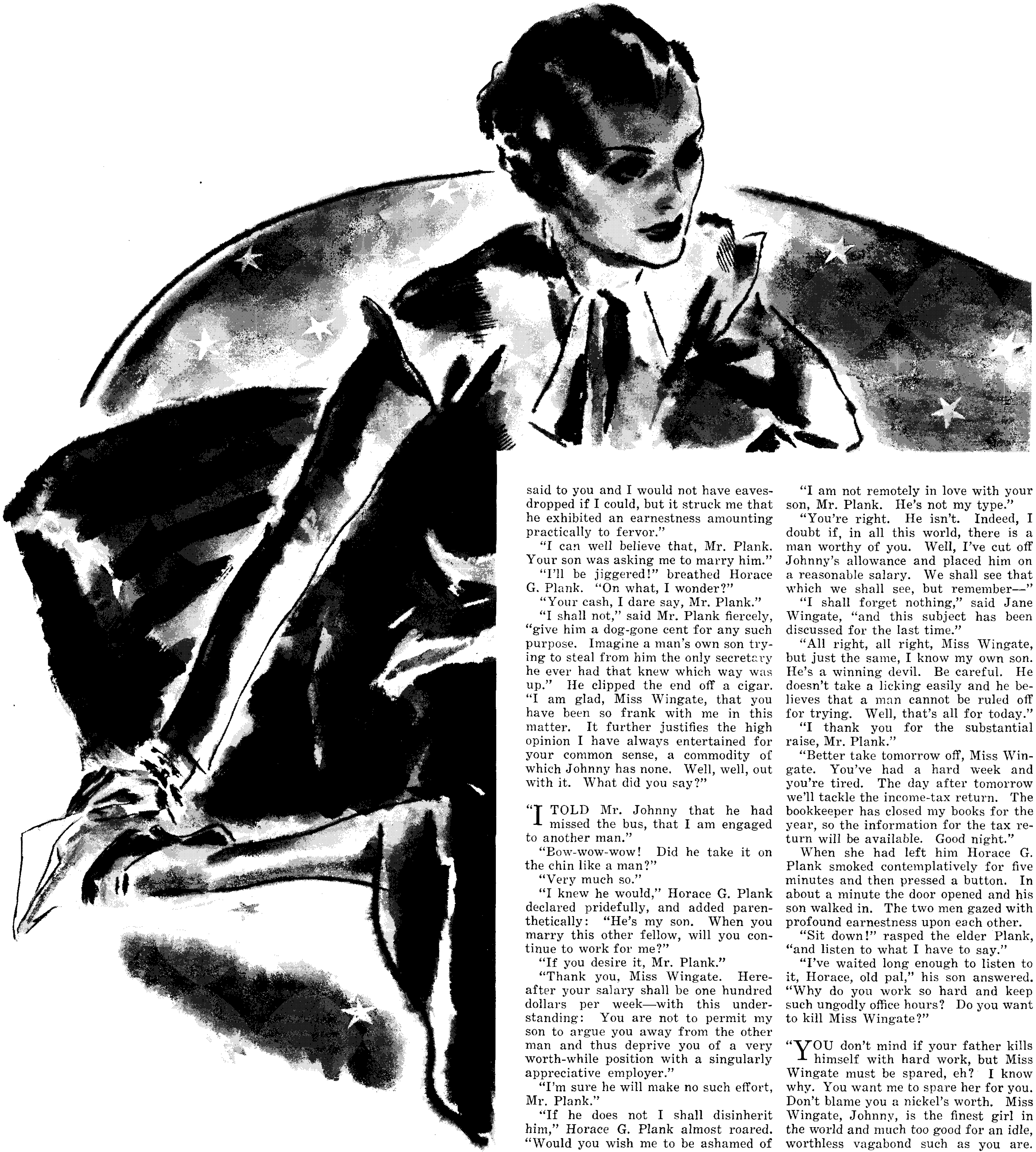
JANE met his gaze bravely. "I was not aware, Mr. Plank, of your son's general unfitness to buy your secretary a luncheon."

"Johnny," Mr. Plank charged, "is a confirmed playboy. He hasn't a serious thought in his head. He is an excrescence on the body politic; that is to say, he is incapable of earning his own luncheon money. He grafts off me. Did my eyes deceive me or was Johnny holding your hand?"

"He held my hand."

"I could not, of course, hear what he

"Well," said Jane, and put up her adorable face. "He was terribly kind to me. Kiss me once for him—and once for yourself"



said to you and I would not have eavesdropped if I could, but it struck me that he exhibited an earnestness amounting practically to fervor."

"I can well believe that, Mr. Plank. Your son was asking me to marry him."

"I'll be jiggered!" breathed Horace G. Plank. "On what, I wonder?"

"Your cash, I dare say, Mr. Plank."

"I shall not," said Mr. Plank fiercely, "give him a dog-gone cent for any such purpose. Imagine a man's own son trying to steal from him the only secretary he ever had that knew which way was up." He clipped the end off a cigar. "I am glad, Miss Wingate, that you have been so frank with me in this matter. It further justifies the high opinion I have always entertained for your common sense, a commodity of which Johnny has none. Well, well, out with it. What did you say?"

"I TOLD Mr. Johnny that he had missed the bus, that I am engaged to another man."

"Bow-wow-wow! Did he take it on the chin like a man?"

"Very much so."

"I knew he would," Horace G. Plank declared pridefully, and added parenthetically: "He's my son. When you marry this other fellow, will you continue to work for me?"

"If you desire it, Mr. Plank."

"Thank you, Miss Wingate. Hereafter your salary shall be one hundred dollars per week—with this understanding: You are not to permit my son to argue you away from the other man and thus deprive you of a very worth-while position with a singularly appreciative employer."

"I'm sure he will make no such effort, Mr. Plank."

"If he does not I shall disinherit him," Horace G. Plank almost roared. "Would you wish me to be ashamed of my own son? He came in about three this afternoon and interrupted me for ten minutes. Wants to come to work in this office. To save time and argument I granted his request. Who knows? He might get interested in business and amount to something after all. I desire that you shall treat him coldly and formally if and when you come in contact with him. If, due to this treatment, he loses heart and goes back to his old playboy existence—well, I don't know what about that but it will mean something or other."

"I am not remotely in love with your son, Mr. Plank. He's not my type."

"You're right. He isn't. Indeed, I doubt if, in all this world, there is a man worthy of you. Well, I've cut off Johnny's allowance and placed him on a reasonable salary. We shall see that which we shall see, but remember—"

"I shall forget nothing," said Jane Wingate, "and this subject has been discussed for the last time."

"All right, all right, Miss Wingate, but just the same, I know my own son. He's a winning devil. Be careful. He doesn't take a licking easily and he believes that a man cannot be ruled off for trying. Well, that's all for today."

"I thank you for the substantial raise, Mr. Plank."

"Better take tomorrow off, Miss Wingate. You've had a hard week and you're tired. The day after tomorrow we'll tackle the income-tax return. The bookkeeper has closed my books for the year, so the information for the tax return will be available. Good night."

When she had left him Horace G. Plank smoked contemplatively for five minutes and then pressed a button. In about a minute the door opened and his son walked in. The two men gazed with profound earnestness upon each other.

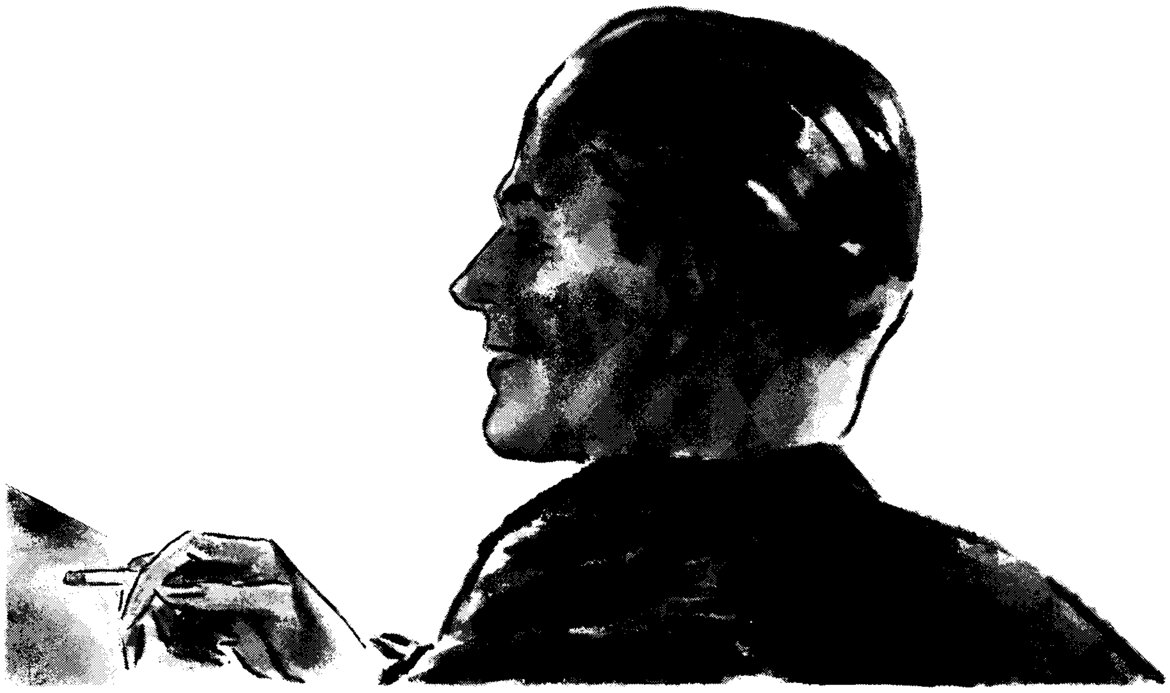
"Sit down!" rasped the elder Plank, "and listen to what I have to say."

"I've waited long enough to listen to it, Horace, old pal," his son answered. "Why do you work so hard and keep such ungodly office hours? Do you want to kill Miss Wingate?"

"YOU don't mind if your father kills himself with hard work, but Miss Wingate must be spared, eh? I know why. You want me to spare her for you. Don't blame you a nickel's worth. Miss Wingate, Johnny, is the finest girl in the world and much too good for an idle, worthless vagabond such as you are. You had your nerve proposing to her, but I forgive that, because your infernal impudence must have moved her to tell you some wholesome truths about yourself. If I'd told them to you (and how often I have!) you wouldn't listen to me. Now you're listening and want to go to work—to be worthy of Miss Wingate. I approve—but unfortunately for you, Miss Wingate does not."

"So she informed me."

"She had the impudence to tell me the same thing—in a nice way. I was tempted to fire her on the spot, but re-



He looked as if he wanted to kiss her; in fact, he leaned toward her, apparently with that plan in mind, but seemed to think better of it. "I suppose you've married and are on your honeymoon," he said

flected that that wouldn't get either of us forward with our respective jobs. I'm delighted to have you go to work anywhere—even in the street-cleaning department of the city—but I am particularly delighted to have you come to work for me. I think I can teach you something of how you should handle, with a modicum of intelligence (assisted by Miss Wingate), the considerable estate I am going to leave you when I shove off. Miss Wingate, being highly intelligent, would have left my employ the minute you entered it, because she would fear what she would have to put up with from you and that it would be difficult to resist you. I know that, because whenever I feel that I should slay you with a dull axe I end up by paying your debts and rehabilitating your bank account. You're really a very worthless pup but, like most pups, lovable upon occasion."

"Suppose," his son murmured, "that you get to the milk in the coconut."

"She's declined to marry you."

"Alas, how true."

"She had her gall to do that! She *shall* marry you! So I raised her salary to a hundred a week. If she has the courage to quit her job after that, it will be proof that she's a mental monstrosity and I forbid the banns. She accepted, even after she knew you're coming to work here. I am a firm believer," Mr. Plank added, "in the vast value of propinquity as first aid to Cupid. Now I've made the ball. You fire it. To hell with you. Clear out."

"Horace," said Johnny, "you're a beastly old skut."

HORACE G. PLANK favored his favorite nuisance with a smile of paternal love supreme. He liked Johnny to abuse him in a very familiar manner. "I'm the old he-fox of the world, Johnny," he bragged.

"There is a line in Holy Writ that makes me think of you, Horace. You 'move in mysterious ways your wonders to perform.'"

"Nothing at all mysterious about it, Johnny. Plain common sense. You're going to make good? Very well! As Miss Wingate notes increased evidences of your reformation, thrift, application, tact and courtesy, she will relent toward you, aided by a desire to prove to me that she has a very poor opinion, indeed, of my very low opinion of my son. You're not worth the powder and I know it and you know it, but she'll not believe either of us."

"Well," Johnny replied wryly, "I'll give you credit for one thing. You're hell-bent on my salvation."

"I can leave you many, many millions of dollars, Johnny, but I cannot leave you happiness. That's wherever you find it—and I have a notion you'll find it in chunks if you marry Miss Wingate. She's everything a woman should be."

"I *thought* I'd been in love before, Horace; but now I really *am!*"

Horace G. Plank gulped, and a very noticeable moisture was visible in his deep-set, stern eyes. "Sonny," he said presently, "how's your bank account?"

"Low," said Johnny.

"I'LL tell Miss Wingate to give you ten thousand the day after tomorrow."

"You take your ten thousand dollars and jump into the Hudson River, Horace. I'm going to play the game, not play at it. Now I'll treat you to a bite of supper and a good show afterward—provided you pay for it."

"I'll go you—you parasite," said Horace G. Plank with great feeling. "Johnny, I do believe we're beginning to live, even if that unknown son of a horse thief she's engaged to has two strikes called on us. Well, suppose we shove off."

Horace G. Plank and Jane Wingate had finished the morning mail. As she gathered up the letters to deliver them to the filing clerk, Jane said suddenly:

"Mr. Plank, why are you so unnatural toward your son? Particularly since he is your only offspring and has never known a mother's care."

So she had been meditating on their recent conversation! Mr. Plank blushed. "Why, I'm not an unnatural father, Miss Wingate. Of course I love the boy. But he's so confounded useless. I can't get him interested in anything except expensive play."

"I have been wondering, Mr. Plank, if your objection to my marrying him was due to the feeling that if, by some miracle, I accepted his honorable offer, you would regard me as beneath him socially. I'd like to get that straightened out."

"Good Lord, no. My objection arises from my very firm opinion that if you married Johnny it would be poor business for you. Believe me when I say you're much too good for him. I've spoiled Johnny and he's too old and set in his ways to be unspoiled. Otherwise, I know of nothing that would give me greater joy than to have you for a daughter. You're from a good family; you're sweet, kind, tolerant, good-natured, practical, humorous, well-educated and very wise. Also you're beautiful. What more could I want for my son?"

Jane flushed pleasurably. "I feel very much better now, Mr. Plank."

Horace G. Plank dismissed the subject with a flip of his hand. "Now, with reference to this young fellow to whom you are engaged. You've carefully weighed his character, age, background, parentage, etc., and have decided that he is the one man for you?"

Jane nodded.

"Well," Mr. Plank continued sadly, "he must be a whizbang, else you'd not waste your time on him. What does the young man do for a living?"

"He is employed by the Utopia Oil Company in their Jersey City refinery. He is a chemist."

"Head of the laboratory staff, I trust."

"No, merely a worker in the vineyard. He has only been out of college two years."

"May I inquire the extent of his salary?"

"Thirty-five dollars a week. He started at twenty-five a year ago."

"Hum-m-m! Harump-h-h-h! And when does this thirty-five-dollar-a-week man plan to marry my hundred-dollar-a-week secretary?"

"WE HAVE figured on a somewhat long engagement, Mr. Plank. He is very proud and independent and refuses to marry until he can earn as much as I do. He doesn't want me to continue to work after our marriage. He regards that as undignified."

"Of course, of course—well, I think I might help your young man out, Miss Wingate. Jim Pelly, president of Utopia, is a friend of mine. Member of The Table Round at the Union Club. I'll speak to him about your fiancé. What's his name?"

"David Hamilton."

Mr. Plank made a notation in his little black book. "By the way, Miss Wingate, have *you* saved any money?"

"I have two thousand dollars in the savings bank."

"Remarkable. Well, get these letters

(Continued on page 28)

Plan or Perish

Not for the West; not for the East, or the South, or the Middle West—a plan for America. A long-range plan that treats our country as a unit, that protects its future against the thievery of wind and rain, against the shortsighted rivalries of sectionalism and politics, against the greed of private interests. Mr. Creel shows you this comprehensively and carefully coördinated scheme as it has taken shape on the Administration's drawing boards

By George Creel

AN ANNUAL appropriation of $500,000,000 for a term of years! That is what the President of the United States intends to ask of Congress for a planned, continuous campaign against the floods, droughts and soil erosion that sap America's prosperity and menace the very life of the nation. Not the usual haphazard battle on a hundred unrelated fronts, but a scientific, coördinated attack that will view the country as a whole, enlisting every agency of government and considering all natural resources down to every drop of running water and every inch of earth.

The Tennessee Valley development, that far-flung adventure in regional reclamation, lies at the heart of the plan along with Boulder Dam, Grand Coulee and other projects already under way. What is being done for these areas will be done for the Mississippi Valley with its twenty-seven states and 49,000,000 people; for the Arkansas Valley that winds a tortuous way from Colorado down through Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas; for the Central Valley of California where a score of rich, populous counties are threatened with economic extinction; for the ravaged lands at the headwaters of the Ohio and the Delaware, and for every other watershed where ignorance and greed have wasted and squandered nature's wealth, dooming populations to poverty and hopelessness.

A great and unparalleled plan in the boldness and breadth of its sweep; a plan that offers the shining, confident hope of a happy, prosperous and permanent America. Dams built not for one purpose merely but all purposes; flood control, low-water control, power, rural electrification, irrigation, reclamation, rural water supply and drainage.

An end to the pull and haul of the past, with geographers, engineers, foresters, sanitarians, city planners, soil experts, industrial and agricultural authorities all working side by side, shoulder to shoulder. The earth restored to its former fertility, and the owners taught to till intelligently; vast stretches returned to grass, to crop-bearing trees and hardwood forests, or to wild life preserves; planned rural communities with the development of local trades, arts and crafts, thus achieving a better balance between agriculture and industry so that superfluous city workers may be drawn back to the land.

Not regimentation in any sense of the word, but a recovery of individualism in the highest sense of the word; an opportunity for countless thousands to make the best of their lives instead of the worst.

Five hundred millions a year for a span of years! A staggering sum, but the men behind the idea ask that it be viewed as a sound investment with every project having a good chance to prove self-liquidating. Boulder Dam, costing $165,000,000, already has water and power contracts in sufficient amount to insure repayment of the money in fifty years with 4 per cent interest, and this takes no account of the millions that will be saved through flood and silt control.

The Columbia River irrigation and power project contemplates an ultimate expenditure of $394,000,000, but its waters will be sold for the irrigation of 1,200,000 acres of land, a vast, rich acreage that would otherwise be lost to productivity. Even if the Tennessee Valley Authority spends up to $350,000,000 by the time of the task's completion, a large part of the money will come back from the sale of power and cheap fertilizer. More than that, the experiment is expected to effect economies in the production of power and electrical equipment that will save the consumers of electric current twice the cost of the project.

In the last analysis, however, the question is one of self-preservation rather than of profit. For years the scientists have warned against the waste of soil and water, pointing to Spain, Greece, Palestine and Portugal as proof that even the most fertile land can become a desert. These warnings have grown increasingly explicit until today many authoritative voices declare that the end of another hundred years may see American centers of population as deserted and desolate as the cities uncovered by archeologists in the jungles of Chiapas and Yucatan.

Those who laugh at this as far-fetched should travel through the Dakotas, where mile after mile of once tillable land is now white with alkali; through the barren, gullied regions of the South where America's oldest and purest strain now scrabbles a meager, wretched existence from land their fathers ruined, the average annual cash income of a farmer ranging from $45 to $86 a year; through the Mississippi Valley, that granary of the world, so ravaged by flood, so burned by drought, so exhausted by stupid farming that great stretches have been abandoned, and earth that used to harvest forty bushels to the acre now yields ten and fifteen.

Aids to Aridity

At every point a reckless, careless people seem to have made it their business to defy nature's laws. We cut down the forests, we plowed up the sod, we drained the ponds and sloughs, we took all manner of pains to rob the soil of nourishment and protection, and worked with equal enthusiasm to deplete the underground water supply. Experts warned that these subterranean reservoirs were not inexhaustible, but we sank artesian wells without number and gayly left the pipes uncapped. For the last ten years the Dakotas have had better than the average annual rainfall, yet aridity is progressive.

America's topsoil is only from two to three feet deep, and beneath that is hardpan, but we have gone on the assumption that it had no bottom, and that all of it was fixed to the spot by some sort of anchor. As a consequence, three billion tons of good growing earth is lost to the fields of the United States every day. In the Mississippi Valley it is as if six thousand truckloads of topsoil were hauled away every minute of every year. When the topsoil goes from the upper levels, sand and clay are washed down into the lowlands, destroying productivity.

What is not washed away is blown away, for we have chopped down trees, torn up the grass and left plowed and harrowed soil at the mercy of the wind. As a consequence, dust storms are increasingly common, and the East may yet become familiar with "Black Blizzards" such as that which started last summer on a front stretching from Oklahoma to the Dakotas, dumping western soil up and down the Atlantic seaboard.

As a good illustration of waste and shortsightedness, take the great Central Valley of California. Lying in the basins of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, it is five hundred miles long, forty miles wide, has 3,000,000 acres of irrigated land and a population of 900,000. There, too, as in so many other sections, people assumed that the underground water supply was limitless, and today, as a result of excessive pumping, lowered water tables threaten to send the valley back to desert and salt marsh. Vineyards and orchards have died in large numbers, others are dying and fields once green with alfalfa and golden with wheat are now as barren as the sandy stretches of the Mojave.

The delta, formed by the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, contains one half million acres of exceedingly rich land, all reclaimed by levees. Due to the Sacramento's diminished flow, the result of unregulated irrigation, the salt water from San Francisco Bay, brought up twice daily by the tides, is ruining the fertile delta lands. The same saline incursion has also worked heavy damage to the industrial district of Suisun Bay, and if unchecked, factories may be compelled to desert the area.

It is not as if there were a lack of water, for every winter sees the Sacramento in flood, working damage and even ruin as it roars down to the Pacific. It is now the plan, after ten years of study and the expenditure of two millions on surveys, to build a great dam far up the Sacramento, where water will be stored during the winter months for flood control, and released during the summer months to meet the demands of domestic water supply, irrigation, navigation and salinity control. A canal will provide fresh water for the industries along Suisun Bay, and water diverted from the delta will be transported southward, using the channel of the San Joaquin as a conduit, and other canals will branch out from a dam at Friant. The estimated cost of the entire project is in the neighborhood of $170,000,000, and federal aid is a necessity.

Should the government provide that aid? By way of answer, the Californians point to the fact that the delta lands produce crops valued at $30,000,000 a year; that the annual output of the Suisun factories is $100,000,000 a year, and that eight counties in the San Joaquin Valley alone have an annual volume of $254,000,000 in retail sales. A buying power five times that of Idaho, twice that of Wyoming or New Mexico, and greatly in excess of Montana, Utah or Arizona. It is as if six western states were faced with annihilation, and aside from the collapse of a great state, the Californians emphasize the loss of federal taxes and the millions that would have to be spent on relief. Attention is also called to the fact that mining engineers estimate that there is still $650,000,000 worth of gold in California's gravel deposits, easily recoverable by hydraulic operations, and that the construction of the Central Valley water project would make recovery possible.

Uncle Sam Steps In

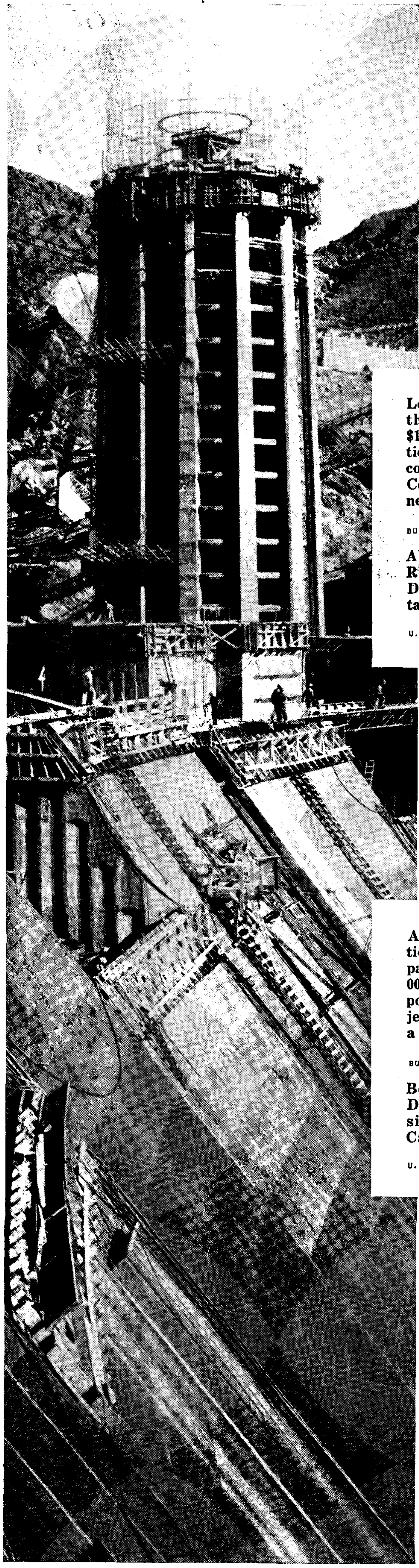
Land going back to desert; a large percentage of farmers turning into hopeless nomads; floods destroying life and property; droughts working ruin and misery; precious topsoil either washed away or piled roof-high by winds; unhappy people packing themselves like sardines in the cities because there is not a living for them in the country; the unhappy situation that thousands now on relief will have to be continued on relief, growing to accept charity as a vested right.

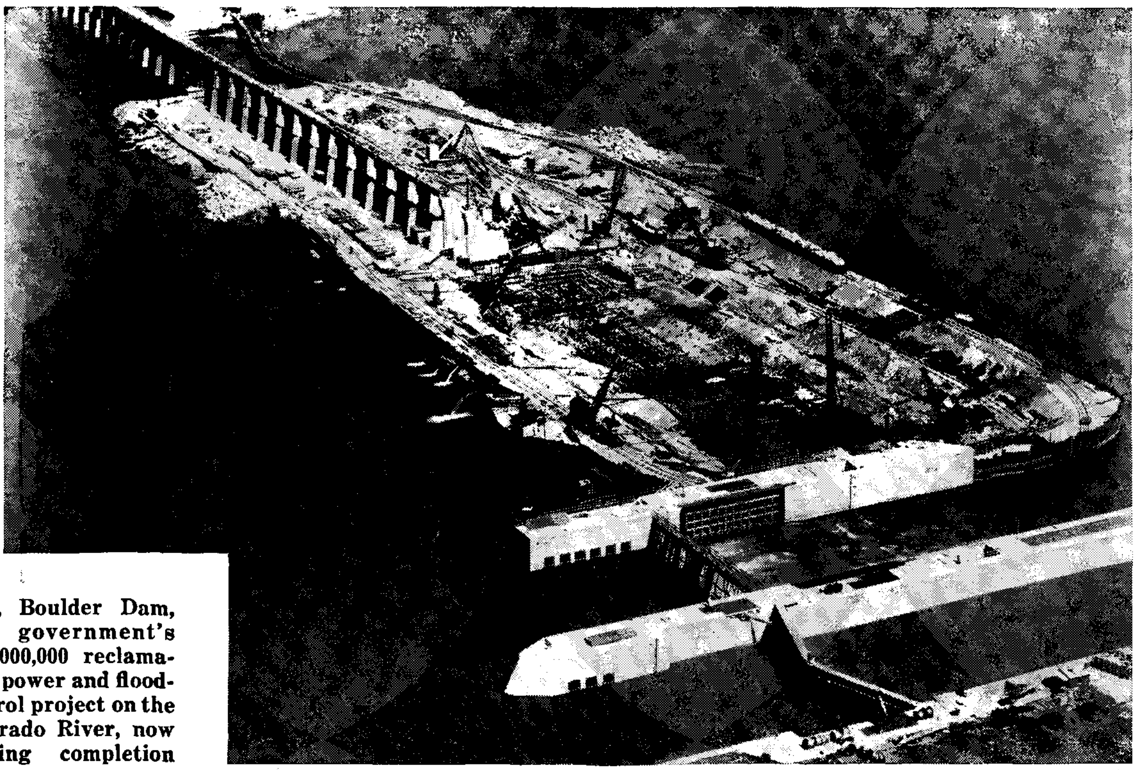
These are some of the conditions that have led to the President's plan for conservation and restoration on a national scale, asserting the federal government's right of control over every drop of running water in the United States, insisting that water resources must be treated as a whole, and that only the complete watershed can be considered as the proper operating unit. The states have made a botch of it with their bickerings, fighting between themselves over rivers and fighting within themselves about upstream rights and downstream rights.

The federal government itself has squandered millions through lack of planning and intelligent coördination. Several years ago one department decided to build a dam for the triple purposes of flood control, navigation and power development. Soon afterward another department built a million-dollar bridge and three millions' worth of highways, all squarely in the center of the area that would be covered by the dam's storage reservoir.

One federal authority sets aside lakes as game preserves and wild fowl nurseries, and another authority drains the lakes to provide new farm lands, only to find that the soil at the bottom of the lake is non-productive. Millions have been spent to restrain floods, but little thought has been given to their prevention. Levees on the lower Mississippi may have value, but how much more intelligent to spend the money on the Miami, the Monongahela, the Allegheny and other tributaries of the Ohio where the floods start. Because dam

(Continued on page 34)



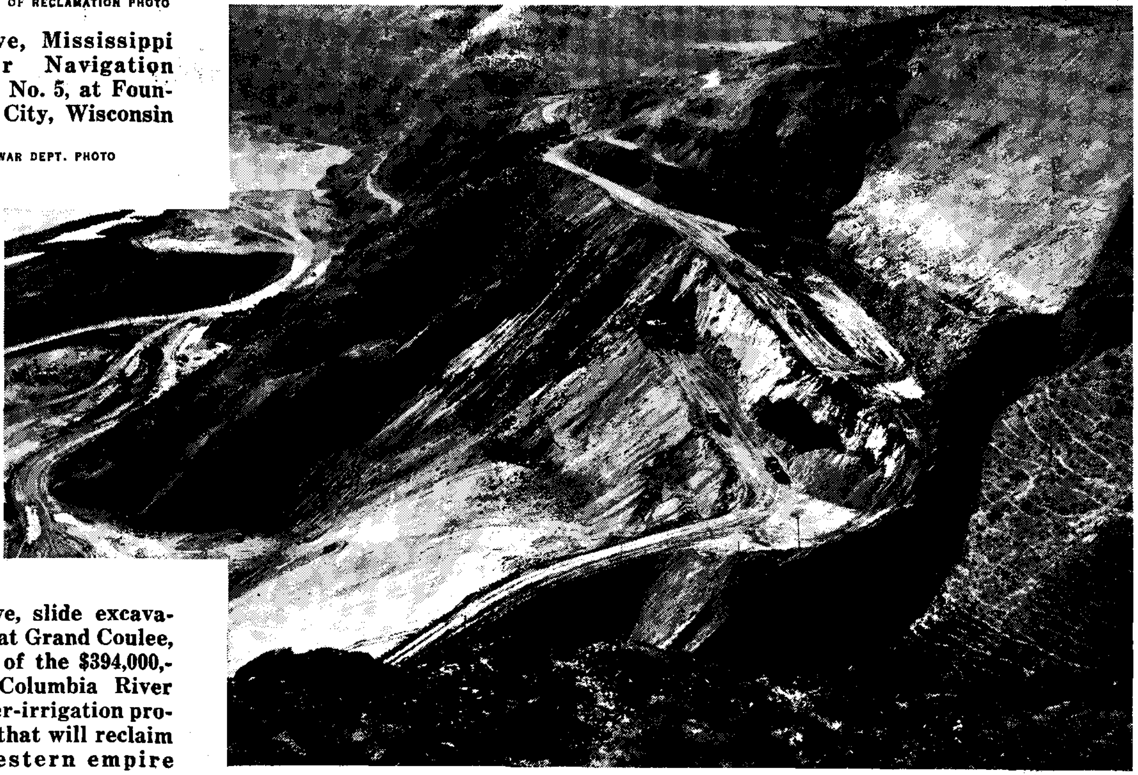


Left, Boulder Dam, the government's $165,000,000 reclamation, power and flood-control project on the Colorado River, now nearing completion

BUREAU OF RECLAMATION PHOTO

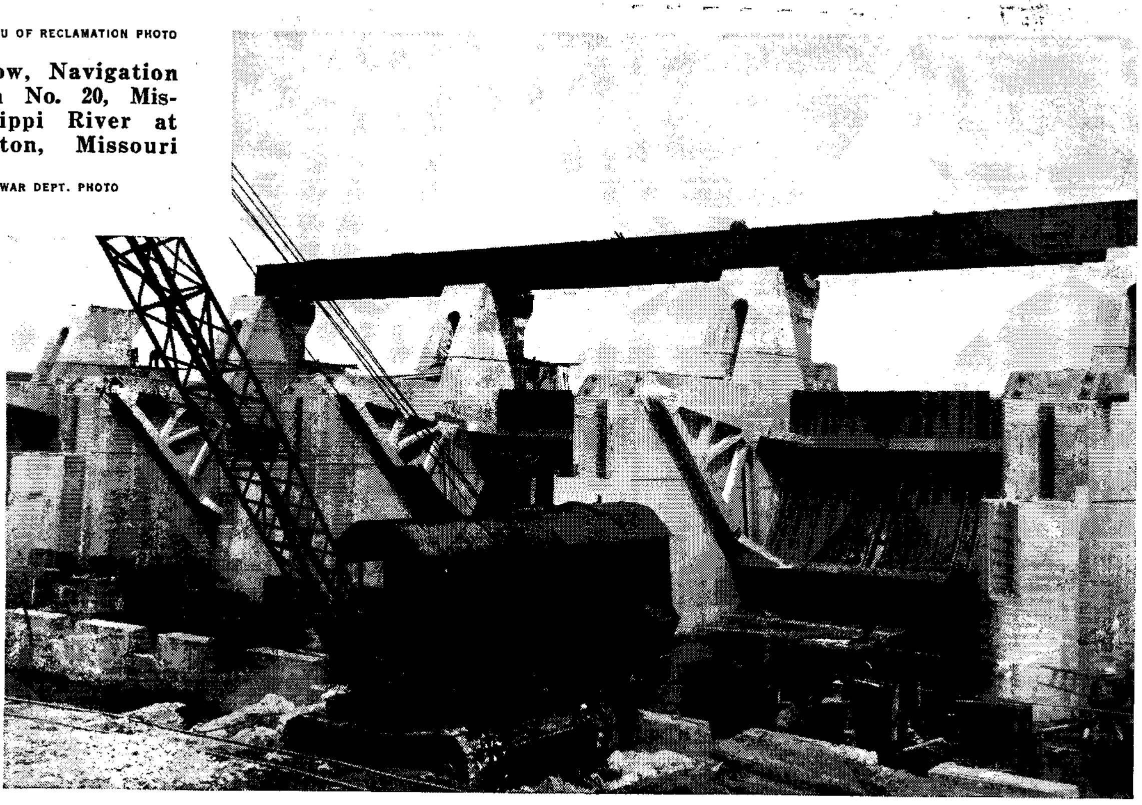
Above, Mississippi River Navigation Dam No. 5, at Fountain City, Wisconsin

U. S. WAR DEPT. PHOTO



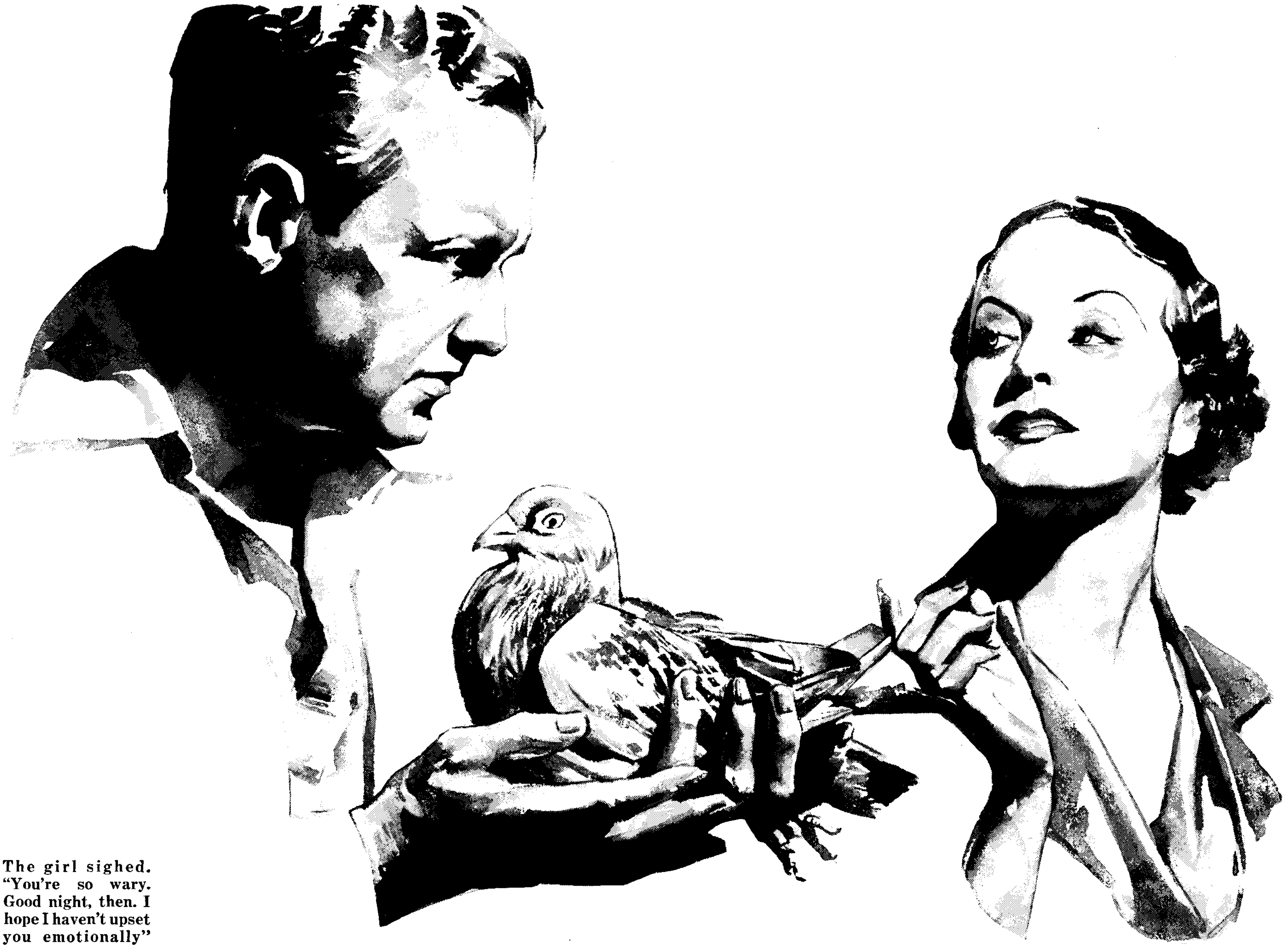
Above, slide excavation at Grand Coulee, part of the $394,000,000 Columbia River power-irrigation project that will reclaim a western empire

BUREAU OF RECLAMATION PHOTO



Below, Navigation Dam No. 20, Mississippi River at Canton, Missouri

U. S. WAR DEPT. PHOTO



The girl sighed. "You're so wary. Good night, then. I hope I haven't upset you emotionally"

Wings of Glory

The story of a flyer who was afraid of love, and a tiny hero who never knew he was one

By Richard Thruelsen

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

WHEN for the third time in two weeks Private Cobb greeted him with the same bad news, Jeff Turner tried to take it philosophically. He shut off the motor, locked his golf clubs in the rumble seat, and climbed out into the hot sun.

"So Herman's back again. Where do I go for him this time, Cobb?"

Private Cobb grinned. "France Field, Lieutenant. A Captain Attison called up and said he had him and for you to come right over and pick him up."

Jeff Turner sighed—the sigh of a man who reluctantly but determinedly faces an unpleasant fact.

"I was hoping that this time he was lost for good. All right—wind up the chariot. Then call the Club and tell Major Lampert not to wait. Tell him I'll meet him at the fourth tee. Tell him I'm off chasing that cursed Herman. Tell him I'm going to give up golf. Tell him anything—but get going, will you? Don't stand there grinning at me."

It took Jeff exactly eighteen minutes to cross the continent that lies between Albrook and France Fields. He took off from Albrook, climbing eight hundred feet per minute, turned his back on the white surf of the Pacific, and flew northwest for fourteen minutes before he picked up more water out in front. Four minutes later he braked his P-12 to a stop and stepped out onto the dust of France Field, nestling on the edge of Limon Bay and the Atlantic.

IF YOU don't believe you can fly *northwest* from the Pacific for eighteen minutes and land on the edge of the Atlantic just look at your map. All this, you see, happened in the Canal Zone, where Jeff happened to be Communications Officer for the 15th Pursuit.

So Jeff climbed down over the two grinning skeletons which decorated the fuselage of the P-12, returned the salute of the approaching mechanic, opened his mouth to speak and, all unaware, fell into a trap he'd been avoiding for years. An ambush, as he thought of it later, all covered up with nothing but the spiteful Herman as a decoy.

"Where," he asked, "can I find Captain Attison?"

The mechanic scratched his head and guessed that Captain Attison must be the one on detached service, from the Signal Corps. Just arrived from the States. He lived straight across the field—just where the car was leaving.

Across the field hurried Jeff Turner. Tall and square and brown of face—a grenadier in golf clothes. Up the graveled walk. A sign above the door, freshly painted: R. A. ATTISON, CAPT. S. C. A pleasant little cottage, right on the edge of the bay, with honeysuckle spreading green fingers over the screens around the porch. His mind on Herman and the major and the fourth tee, Lieutenant Turner rapped on the door. From the shadows a chair creaked and then she came to the other side of the screen and he stepped back, startled.

"Sorry," he said, after they'd stared at each other for a moment. "I was looking for Captain Attison."

THE girl said, "Don't be sorry, you've found him." She smiled just a little, as if in afterthought. "Won't you come in? The captain just left, but maybe I can help."

"Thanks." Jeff slid through the open door and fastened it carefully behind him. Then he turned and got his first good look at Kay Attison.

She was dark, and slim, and the top of her head was level with his chin. Her face was an even, browned oval and her black hair, which looked as soft as silk, was brushed back behind her ears. Everything about her but her eyes appeared very young. They looked as though they'd seen a great deal and found most of it amusingly unimportant. There were slight, crinkly lines of some hidden humor around them now as she looked up at Lieutenant Jeff Turner.

That look should have warned Jeff. But he was feeling so angry about Herman that he forgot completely to put up the guard which had protected his golf from the inroads of romance and matrimony for fifteen of his thirty-five years.

"I came for Herman," he explained. "I'm Communications over at Albrook and your husband called and. . . ."

The girl smiled again, not at Jeff, but at some thought behind her green eyes.

"My father called," she corrected. "Your name must be Turner, then. I'm Kay Attison."

"Oh, yes, of course. Now, about Herman. I don't like to seem abrupt, but I've got a lot of things to do on the other side."

LOOKING at Jeff's flannel slacks, Kay Attison said sympathetically, "Yes, I see. Well, we have your Herman. He came in last night. Of course we knew him right away. You see, Dad trained him and had him at Fort Sill for five years. That's our line, you know."

If he hadn't had the major and that fourth tee and Herman's connection therewith on his mind, Jeff wouldn't have said what he did.

"Has Herman really been trained?" He showed his surprise. "I've been wondering about that. This is the third morning I've had to waste getting him back where he belongs."

There was a little silence while the girl considered him.

"Yes, Lieutenant," she said finally, with a sort of controlled politeness. "Herman's been trained. Of course, you have to know how to handle him."

"I'm a flyer," Jeff reminded her, equally polite, "not a handler." The complete accumulation of Herman's maddening vagaries piled up before him now that he had found the source of all his troubles. Life had been so pleasant before the advent of Herman. The captain was responsible for Herman. He frowned at the captain's daughter.

"Anyway, the whole idea is crazy," he began, when the girl interrupted him with an impatient shake of her head.

"It's not either. If you knew anything about handling Herman—if you'd study the manual. . . ."

"That manual?" Jeff spread his hands. "Oh, Lord, that manual."

"Yes, that manual. Dad spent five years writing it. What's the matter with that manual?" There was an ominous silence. They glared at each other. Jeff discovered, suddenly, that he was looking at a very pretty girl—and a very angry girl. Turning the glare into a grin, he spread his hands in a gesture of inexpressible gratitude.

"That manual? Why there's nothing the matter with it. I don't know what I'd do without it."

"I don't believe you've even read it."

"Why, Miss Attison. . . ."

"Don't Miss Attison me. I told you my name was Kay. And don't get oily and polite. Of course you haven't read it. I doubt if you can read."

Jeff bowed graciously. "Thank you." Then, as she was about to speak, he stopped her with a raised hand. "No, that's all right. As a matter of fact I can't read. You see, I heard of Herman's remarkable training and waited till he arrived, thinking he'd teach me. Now I find he doesn't know any English himself. Why, he doesn't even know the meaning of the word home. At least he never gets there."

It was a triumphant, a proud, a final thrust. Jeff smiled complacently at the sadly shaking head before him.

"What's the matter?" he asked finally.

"It wouldn't be any use—having Herman teach you to read. You'd never get beyond a fourth-grade primer. And now, Lieutenant Turner, let's get Herman for you and get you started back to your golf—before I forget I'm a lady and a captain's daughter and break a chair over that handsome, empty head of yours."

He followed the swirl and movement of her black pajamas through the house. She had a nice stride, he found himself thinking. Wide shoulders, set a bit forward. She'd have a good swing with a golf club. A very attractive, ill-tempered young lady. He remembered, with a sudden shock, Major Lampert. The major had a temper. Probably even now he was waiting aggravatedly at the fourth tee. Then they were out on the back porch and Herman was before them.

He was standing on the porch rail, on one coral leg. Around that leg was tied a small piece of string, which in turn was attached to a post. The other leg was searching through the feathers of his left wing in that leisurely fashion of all somnolent pigeons. At their approach he lowered the searching claw to the rail and the sun flashed upon the metal band bearing his identification as a member of the Signal Corps, U. S. A. For Herman, in theory, was a carrier pigeon.

BLINKING a derisive, amber eye, Herman gazed upon his lord and master.

"See," said Jeff, "he's laughing at me."

"No, he isn't. That's Herman's way of saying he's sorry. Where, by the way, did you release him?"

"Up in the interior. About a hundred miles north. Two of them. The other got in on schedule."

"And Herman's been sight-seeing. He probably saw us arrive on the boat and came over to welcome us. He's very sentimental, is Herman." Kay Attison laughed and then turned with a quick seriousness. "I want to apologize for flying at you before. But—well, this experiment with the birds and the Air Corps in the tropics means a great deal to Dad and I suppose your attitude rather upset me. Not that I can excuse myself that way. So let's forgive and forget."

They shook hands on that and then, on the front porch, with Herman securely nestled in the crook of Jeff's arm, they shook hands again. Jeff found it a pleasant little ceremony.

"You'll keep me posted on Herman, won't you, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, I'll be glad to. I'll see that you get any news there is," Jeff assured her. Then some instinct of caution, bred possibly of the slight excitement of her handclasp, caused him to add, "I don't get over to this side of the Zone much, but I'll see that you hear about him."

Herman took that opportunity to give a deprecative coo, the girl laughed, and then Jeff found himself striding down the graveled walk.

He caught the major at the start of the second nine. A birdie on the tenth swept all thoughts of Kay Attison and Herman out of his mind. Three days of near-par golf and the excitement of the approaching squadron tournament kept them out until one Lieutenant McQuade had the poor judgment to take Herman and another pigeon up into the interior on a reconnaissance mission. The other bird arrived back promptly with McQuade's message. In due time McQuade arrived at Albrook. But no Herman. Three days passed. Still no Herman.

"List him as lost," Jeff instructed Private Cobb. "He probably tried to make friends with one of these vultures we have around here. That makes five lost and seven left. Let's hope we get rid of the rest before they drive me completely crazy."

The phone rang. Private Cobb answered it. Hung the receiver up, grinning. Nodded to Jeff.

"Herman's back again. Same place. Some girl on the phone."

Without hesitation Lieutenant Jeff Turner put into effect a new rule.

"Get McQuade. Tell him he has to get Herman. That's the rule around here, tell him. Whoever loses a bird has to go get him."

SO THE innocent McQuade betook himself over the Continental Divide toward France Field to retrieve the wayward Herman. Departed grumbling and returned, his face wreathed with smiles.

"She's lovely, Jeff. Why didn't you tell me? These birds are going to be a great thing for the Air Corps, all right."

Looking up from a brassie he was cleaning, Jeff Turner said, "Yeah?"

McQuade cocked an eyebrow. "What'd you do to her? She said she thought you were—what was it?—oh, yeah, a little narrow-minded."

"Yeah?"

"She's got everything I haven't been able to find down here in the Zone."

"That's nice."

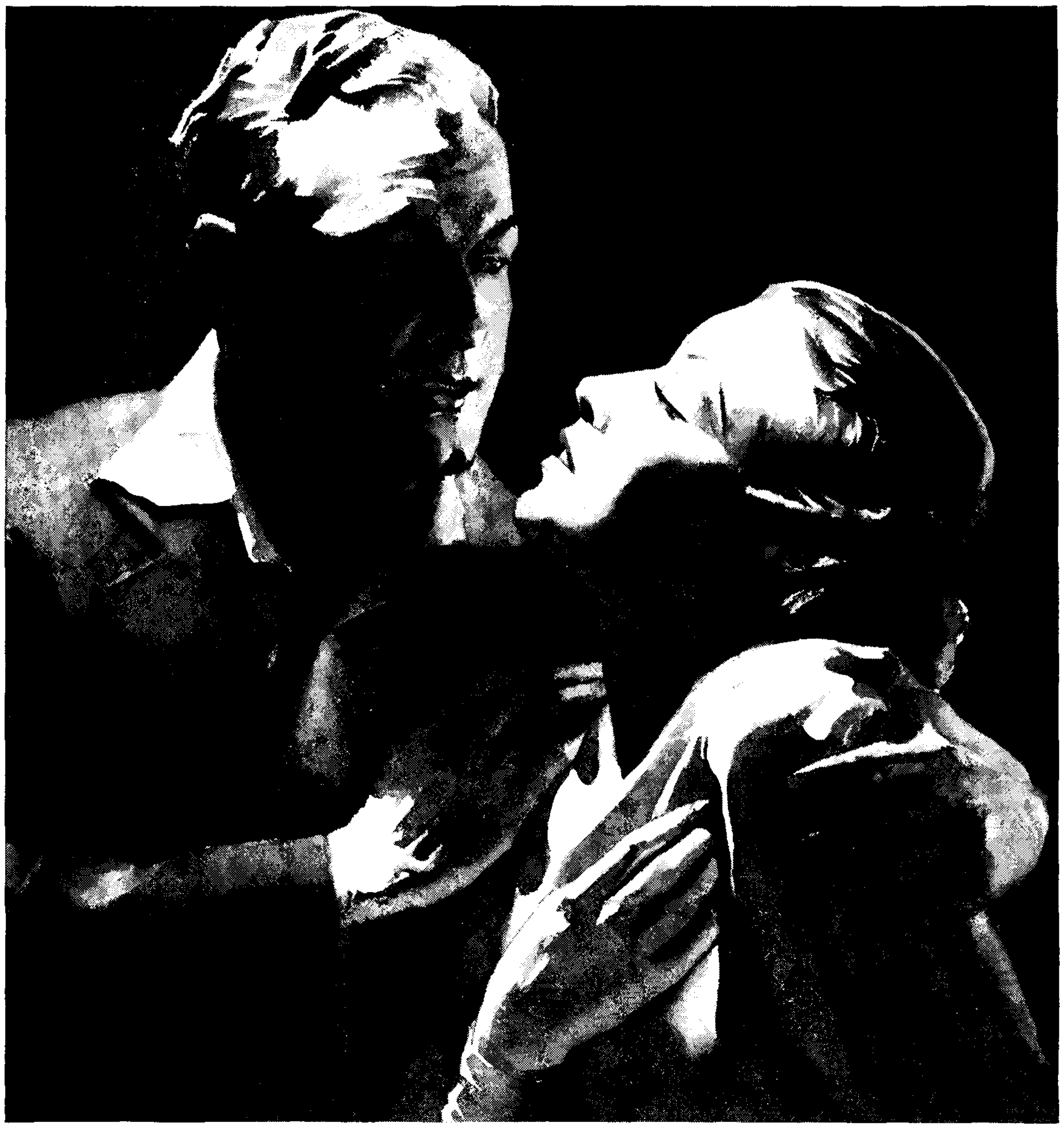
"You sound interested."

"I am. So interested that I'll let you go over there any time Herman gets mixed up in his directions."

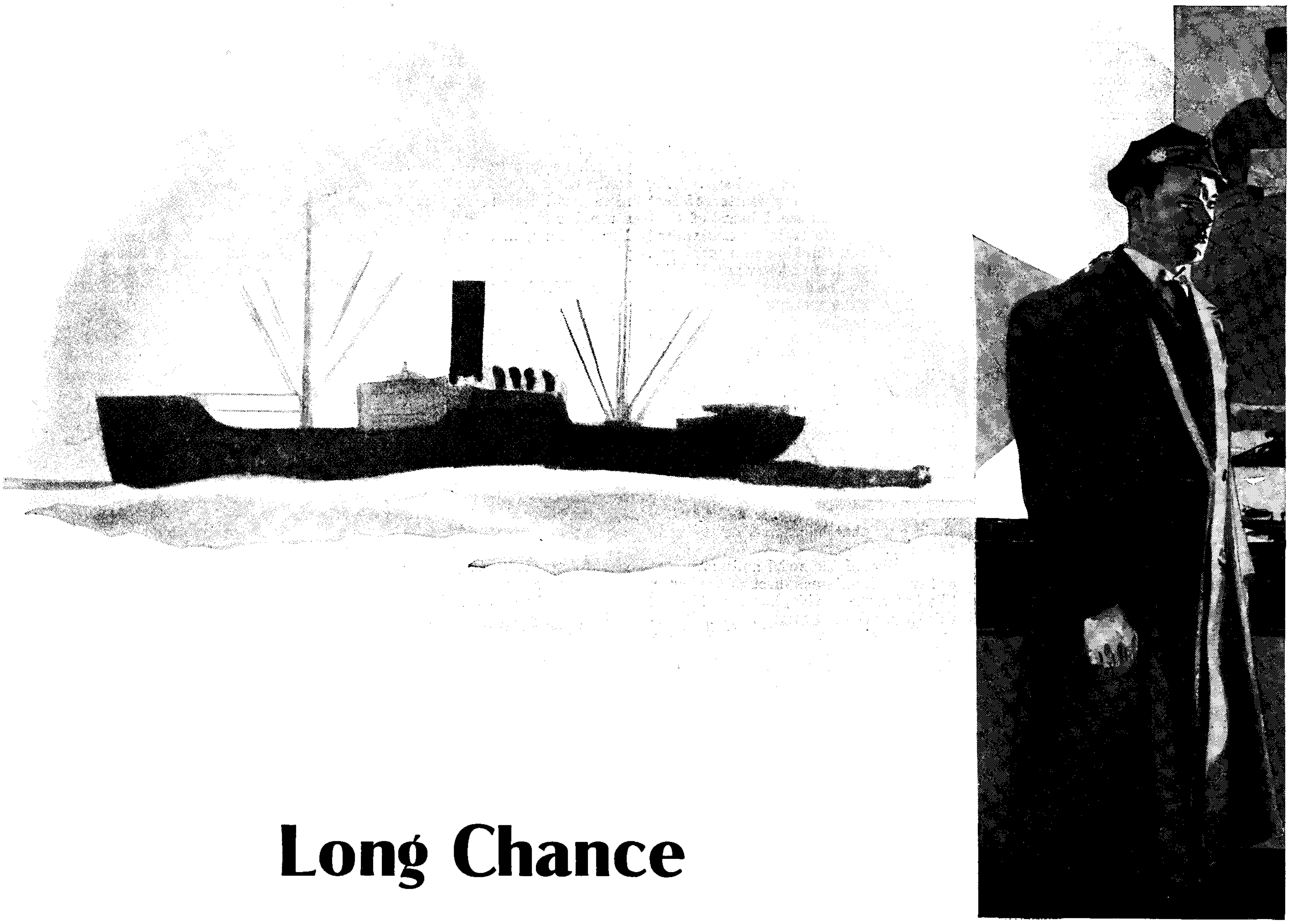
"I'll be taking that lovely, winged goofy-bird out every day," promised McQuade, "and holding my breath till the phone rings."

And so it happened that Herman began a veritable Cook's tour of Panama. For two weeks the hopeful McQuade took him out at every opportunity. North, east, south and west—over the Zone, the deep interior, and the far

(*Continued on page 49*)



Without thinking Jeff put out his hand to stop the movement of her head. His arm slid around her shoulders. It started out to be a hard, brusque kiss. But he found no resistance



Long Chance

Edgar Parmill missing, with one hundred thousand dollars—another singular adventure of soft-spoken James Lee Wong

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

TROUBLE with a thrust bearing held the Palomita in the open sea seventy miles out of San Francisco Bay for three sunlit days and three clear nights. On the fourth evening of her distress, Monday night, a dripping fog obscured the crescent moon. The fog seemed to have a curative effect on the Palomita's thrust bearings. Before midnight, under a slow bell, she nosed through the Golden Gate.

Barely under steerage way a sudden activity replaced the quiet on the ship's forward deck. A power launch drifted out of the night and nestled against the Palomita's quarter. The launch, trailing on a line, slid aft along the tramp's rusty hull for eighty feet and then held her position for eighteen minutes. When the launch cast off and stood away from the steamer she carried a hundred Chinamen who had come over the ship's side. Within the hour these Chinese men had become members of the colony of their countrymen in San Francisco.

The enterprise should have been accomplished with complete secrecy, but before the launch had landed its Chinese cargo the wireless operator on the Palomita had tied in with a short-wave set in a Japanese residence on Fillmore Street. Forty words in private code went through with only casual interference at that hour, to the alert ears of Amano Kimura. To the world at large Mr. Kimura was a recognized authority on various branches of oriental art.

Immediately upon receipt of the message from the wireless operator of the Palomita, Mr. Kimura's interest in oriental art gave place to a sudden activity in connection with a more material project. Forthwith he left his apartment in the Fillmore Street house and headed for Chinatown.

ON TUESDAY morning at nine o'clock in his San Francisco apartment James Lee Wong received Sam Wing. Facing his diminutive Chinese countryman, James Lee smiled. "The years have been kind to you," he said. "You look younger than you did in your freshman year."

"Yale was a grind," Sam Wing answered. "Too much night work."

"And now each night as chief of aviation for the Nanking Government you enjoy eight or ten hours of sound, refreshing sleep?" Irony tempered the speaker's smile. "I hope that you will not sleep too much."

Sam Wing scowled. "I have slept too much," he admitted. "I need your help. Can I tell you my story—off the record?"

After a moment, "On the pay roll of the United States Government I am an operative in the Department of Justice," James Lee answered. "In this room for the moment I am your former classmate and your friend. Tell your story."

"Do you know Edgar Parmill?"

"I met him in Shanghai six years ago. One of the greatest flyers in the world. Is he in town?"

"Parmill and I came in from China last week," Sam Wing said.

"He works for you?"

"He works with me. Nominally I'm his chief. Actually he knows more aviation in ten minutes than I'll learn in a lifetime. We came over to buy four bombing planes from the Meteor people. Parmill has been under cover at the Palace Hotel since he got here. I have been here on Grant Avenue. One of the Meteor representatives is down from Seattle."

"Where is he?"

"At the Palace. We were to have signed the contract for the four planes this morning. Parmill didn't show up."

James Lee nodded. "And Parmill has the money. It's a cash transaction, I suppose. What price the four planes?"

"Twenty-five thousand apiece. Parmill had a hundred thousand in cash at one o'clock this morning—but please do not suggest—"

"You never can tell—"

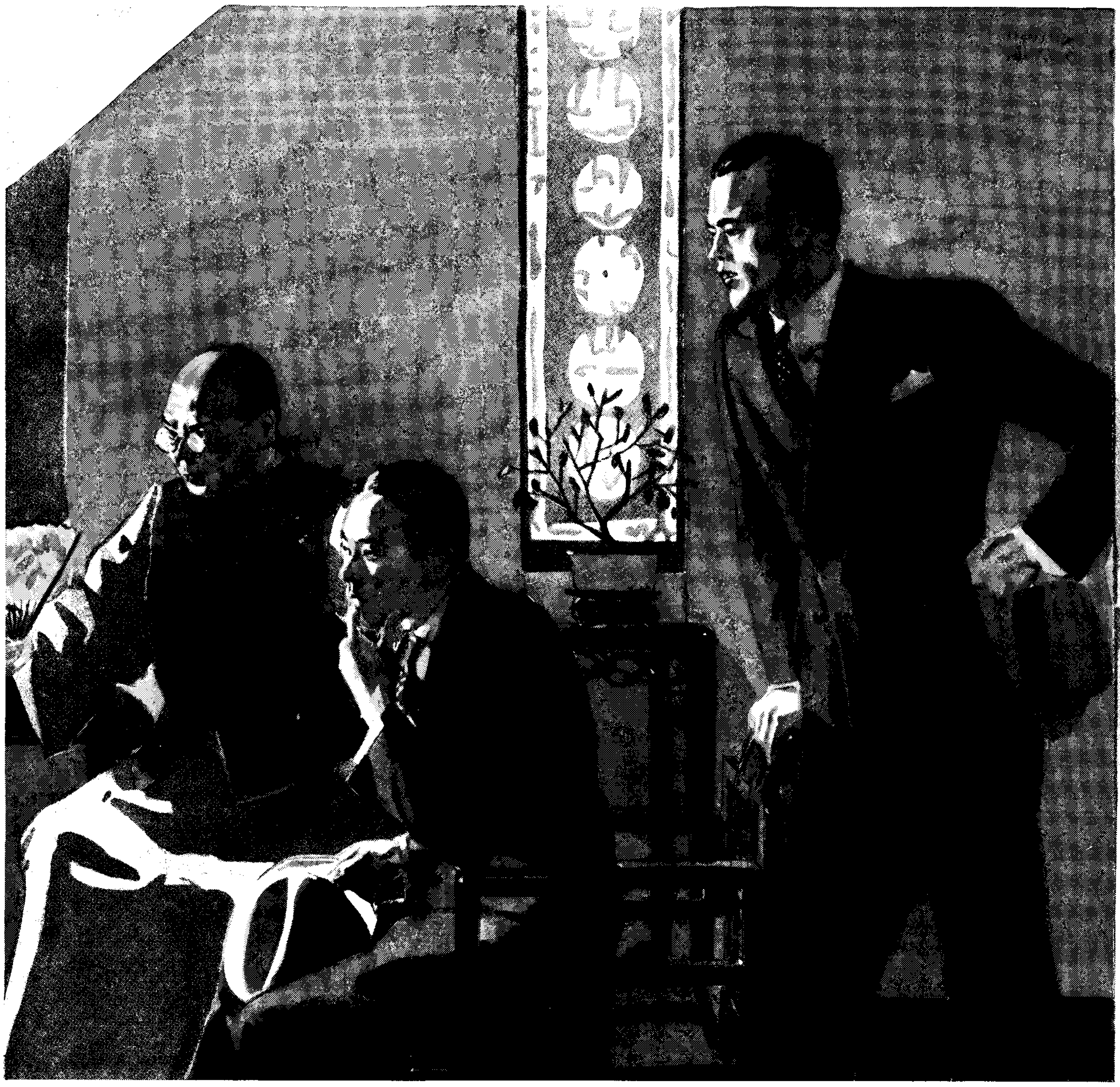
"You can tell with Parmill," Sam Wing declared vehemently. "A million in gold would not buy that man. It's been tried."

"Parmill does not happen to be a Chinese patriot by any chance, does he?"

SAM WING frowned. Facing his tall companion, "You never believed in anything," he accused. "You always that way. You never gave any man credit for decent motives. Parmill is one of China's greatest friends. He is my friend."

"A hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money." James Lee yawned and reached for a cigarette. "Speaking of my beliefs—I believe in human nature," he suggested.

Sam Wing paced the length of the



Addressing the taxi driver ten minutes later, James Lee asked, "Where did you take the American gentleman who left the dinner party at one o'clock or one-fifteen?"

room. Returning, he looked straight at James Lee. "I think I made a mistake coming to you," he said.

James Lee nodded. "You've made several mistakes in your time. Your stupidity is notorious in Tokyo. Your mistake of last night is a perfect example of your stupidity."

"What do you mean?"

"THAT gold-bearing cargo of Cantonese that came ashore from the Palomita."

"You know about that?"

"There is a report of it on my desk over there."

A look of fear clouded Sam Wing's eyes. "Jim," he said, "you wouldn't—"

James Lee shook his head. "No, I wouldn't," he said reassuringly. "Maybe you forget that you're in the house of a friend."

"Then for the sake of friendship find Parmill for me. Our people care nothing about the money. Find Parmill for us. We need him."

"Where did you see him last?"

"There was a midnight banquet—half a dozen of the Five Family men, three or four of the Friends of China crew, an American man, old Sing Lung, Parmill and I."

"Where was this?"

"In the Five Family banquet hall in Sing Lung's house."

"Who was the American?"

"Egan Rylett. He gave ten thousand dollars to the Cause last year."

James Lee nodded. "That was last year," he suggested. "What happened?"

"Specifically, somewhere around one o'clock old Sing Lung and some more of the Five Family men opened the Tong safe and handed over a hundred thousand dollars."

"Handed it to Parmill?"

Sam Wing nodded. "Yes. Parmill and I counted it. He put the money in his pocket. He left Sing Lung's place ten or fifteen minutes later in a taxicab. We were to have breakfast together this morning at eight o'clock. Our date with the Meteor man was for nine o'clock. I telephoned Parmill's room at eight o'clock and there was no answer. One of the hotel men opened the room for me at eight-thirty. Parmill had not slept in his bed. I don't think he returned to the hotel. If he did no one saw him."

James Lee was silent for a moment and then, "Sounds like a tough one," he said. "Let's go over and have a talk with Sing Lung."

Sam Wing's eyes lighted. "You will help me?"

James Lee nodded. "I'll do what I can," he promised.

SING LUNG, nominal head of the Five Family clan, greeted James Lee and Sam Wing in the reception-room of his house. Phrases spoken according to the ritual of Right Conduct used up the first two minutes of the meeting and then, replacing his steel-bowed spectacles, "How may I serve you?" Sing Lung asked.

"Edgar Parmill, the American, has disappeared," James Lee said.

Sing Lung's eyes widened. "With the money?"

"With the money—but that is of no consequence compared to his safety," Sam Wing interposed. "Mr. Lee would like to talk to the taxi driver who took Mr. Parmill to the Palace Hotel. Can you find him?"

Old Sing Lung nodded. "Easily enough. He sleeps every morning in a room rented from my cousin. He will be here in ten minutes."

Addressing the taxi driver, a free-lancing pirate of Grant Avenue's night life, ten minutes later, "You are an Italian?" James Lee asked.

"A Serbian."

"Where did you take the American gentleman who left the dinner party last night at one o'clock or one-fifteen?"

"He wanted to go to the Palace Hotel. He said the Montgomery Street entrance."

"Did you take him to the Palace?"

"He stopped me half a block before we got to Market Street. He said he wanted to get some cigarettes."

"Did you get them for him?"

"He got out and paid me off. He said he would get his cigarettes and walk across Market Street to the Palace."

"Did you see what shop he went to?"

"I never seen him after he paid me. I turned around and beat it back to my stand."

James Lee nodded at the man. "That's all," he said.

When the Serbian had left, "Somebody got Parmill between the cigar store and the hotel," Sam Wing suggested.

James Lee nodded. "Probably. That doesn't help us much."

"What about talking to the cops on that beat?"

"Not yet," Lee answered. "I think I'd like to see Mr. Rylett. Call him up and make a date for me, will you?"

"You going to tell him that Parmill has disappeared?"

"He probably knows it."

"I don't think so."

"How long has he known Parmill?"

"He never met him before last night. Rylett doesn't like many people. He's rich enough so that he doesn't have to. Parmill made a hit with him. They talked Chinese art and stone-age stuff for an hour together. Rylett is a nut on Chinese archeology. When he found out that Parmill had opened up a string of graves in Kansu he went deaf to everything else."

"Rig up a date for me," James Lee repeated. "I may introduce a dash of art into my conversation with Mr. Rylett." Smiling grimly, "Stone-age stuff."

"You sound like Rylett was a member of the enemy camp," Sam Wing objected. "He is a friend of China."

James Lee scowled. "China has various sorts of friends."

"You're still capable of a little twisted thinking."

James Lee's eyes narrowed. "No doubt," he admitted. "Get on the phone and see what you can do with Rylett. Date me for dinner if you can."

GREETING Mr. Lee at eight o'clock that evening, "I am delighted to have you as my guest," Egan Rylett said. "Most opportune! Mr. Wing tells me you are interested in Chinese art. Happy coincidence! Amano Kimura is dining with us tonight. You've heard of him—the great Japanese authority

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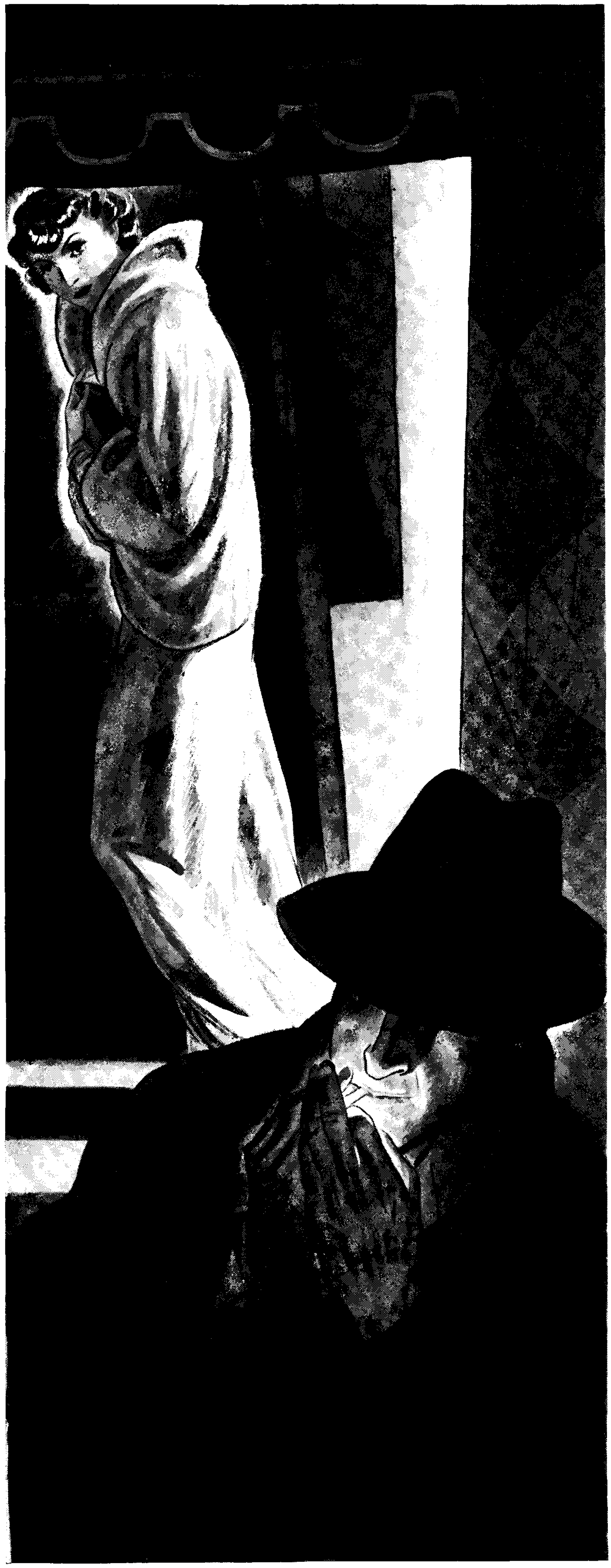

"I saw a man around the corner. I know it wasn't you. But it was someone who at a distance resembled you"

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

LEN HAWORTH, New York's wealthiest playboy, is murdered—shot to death in his apartment. The police, directed by dapper Sergeant Wilcox, question three obvious suspects: Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress, who, engaged to Haworth, had been in his apartment just before the tragedy; Lisa Bellwood, a daring débutante; and Sim Sturdevant, a prominent advertising man known to be in love with the actress. All tell plausible stories—but are shadowed night and day.

Sturdevant, at least, is innocent. A few hours before the tragedy, at the Merrygoround, a night club, he had been chatting with Inez Johnson, the star of the revue. Haworth, intoxicated and accompanied by Lisa Bellwood, had come in, insulted him. He had promptly knocked the man down, walked home, retired. The police accept his statement; whereupon he receives a series of shocks:

Trenna Plaice loves him, tells him she does. Also, she informs him that, only a short time before the shooting, she had owned a revolver—*of the same caliber as the one with which Haworth had been shot!* The revolver, she says, had been lost or stolen in Los Angeles about two months before the murder. Shock No. 2 is administered by Lisa Bellwood, who, infuriated by Sturdevant's indifference to her brazen advances, threatens to tell the police a shocking story: That she had seen him outside Haworth's apartment house, just before the killing!

The third shock comes from Inez Johnson. She has told the police that, on the morning of the killing, she had gone straight home from the Merrygoround. To Sturdevant she confesses that, fearful lest Haworth try to kill him, she had followed the fellow—until he had reached his apartment. "I did it," she exclaims, "to protect you, Mr. Sturdevant. But don't tell Reed Ryan"—a newspaper-man whom Sturdevant knows "—he's my sweetie; and he's terribly jealous!"

Haworth's butler, one Murdoch, phones Trenna, says he has something of the utmost importance to reveal. Before she can meet him he is murdered—shot to death on the street. The police find the killer's revolver. It is the weapon which killed Haworth. It is the weapon Trenna Plaice had "lost" in Los Angeles!

But the actress is safe. It is established that her butler in California had stolen the weapon and pawned it. Greatly relieved, she receives a frantic telephone call from Inez Johnson. The girl has learned that someone knows of her movements just before the murder.

X

THE backgammon game forgotten, Sturdevant and Trenna were still discussing what Inez had said over the telephone when the little blues singer arrived in the apartment, breathless from having run up the stairs. Her impudent face was worried.

"I'm scared," she declared.

"Sit down and tell us exactly what happened," said Sturdevant.

Inez drew a chair close to the bed. She looked at Trenna.

"Have you told him what I said?" she asked.

Trenna nodded.

"Well, that's all there is to it. Someone wanted to get hold of Sam Peters, my taxi man. He called the Peters' flat, said he was Peters' boss—or was speaking for him—and asked where Peters was. Naturally, Mrs. Peters told him. And I'm scared."

She looked appealingly at Sturdevant.

"What am I going to do?" she asked.

"Did Mrs. Peters know that her husband was driving you?" asked Sturdevant.

"Sure she did. Peters had just told her that he was riding me around."

"Did Mrs. Peters tell the man who phoned that you were her husband's passenger?"

"Gosh, I don't know. I was so scared when Peters just told me what he did that I didn't think to ask him any questions. Say, that makes it awful tough for me—if she said I was in her husband's cab."

"Let's find out if she did," suggested Sturdevant. "Do you know her telephone number?"

"I don't remember it, but it's in the book. Samuel X. Peters. I'll look it up."

"Can taxi men afford private phones?" asked Sturdevant curiously.

"This one can. He's quite a character. Everyone around Broadway knows him. He used to have his own business, owned six or eight cabs. He told me, when I first started riding with him, that I could phone him any time and get him. You know, if you want to make a long trip he gives you a rate. He has lots of regular clients. I guess he makes enough extra by having the phone to pay for it." She thumbed the pages of the telephone book that rested on a little table beside the head of the bed and called a number.

"This is Inez Johnson. Mrs. Peters, your husband just told me that someone phoned night before last to ask where he was. You told him where he was, but did you tell him that I was his passenger?" She was silent a moment. "You did? That's all right," she cut in on the woman's anxious words. "It doesn't matter a bit; I just wanted to know. Baby fine? That's great. Give him a kiss for me."

SHE hung up and faced the other two. "She told the man that her husband was driving me. Say, what am I going to do?"

"You're going to keep calm," said Sturdevant. His blue eyes were thoughtful. "You told Trenna over the phone that Mrs. Peters didn't tell her husband until this morning about the call. And from what you've just said I gather that it's not unusual for Peters to get late phone calls."

"His boss is pretty strong for him. Whenever there's any client that's apt to be a heavy tipper he gives the job to Peters. No, I don't imagine there was anything unusual in the boss' telephoning. Mrs. Peters isn't too bright, but she'd remember to tell anything unusual to her husband. And some man knows that I was outside Haworth's apartment. He must have read the papers. He knows that I'm mixed up in the affair. You'd think he'd have told the police about me before this. He knows that I've lied to the police. Why hasn't he told them?"

"You're not angry with him because he hasn't, are you?" smiled Sturdevant.

"No," said Inez hesitantly, "but it's terrible knowing that someone has something on you. What shall I do, Sim?"

Sturdevant reached out for the telephone and called a number.

"Mr. Granby there? Tell him Mr. Sturdevant wishes to speak to him. This you, Tom?" he asked after a slight delay. "Sim speaking. Inez Johnson wants some advice and you're the man to give it to her. Can you come here?"

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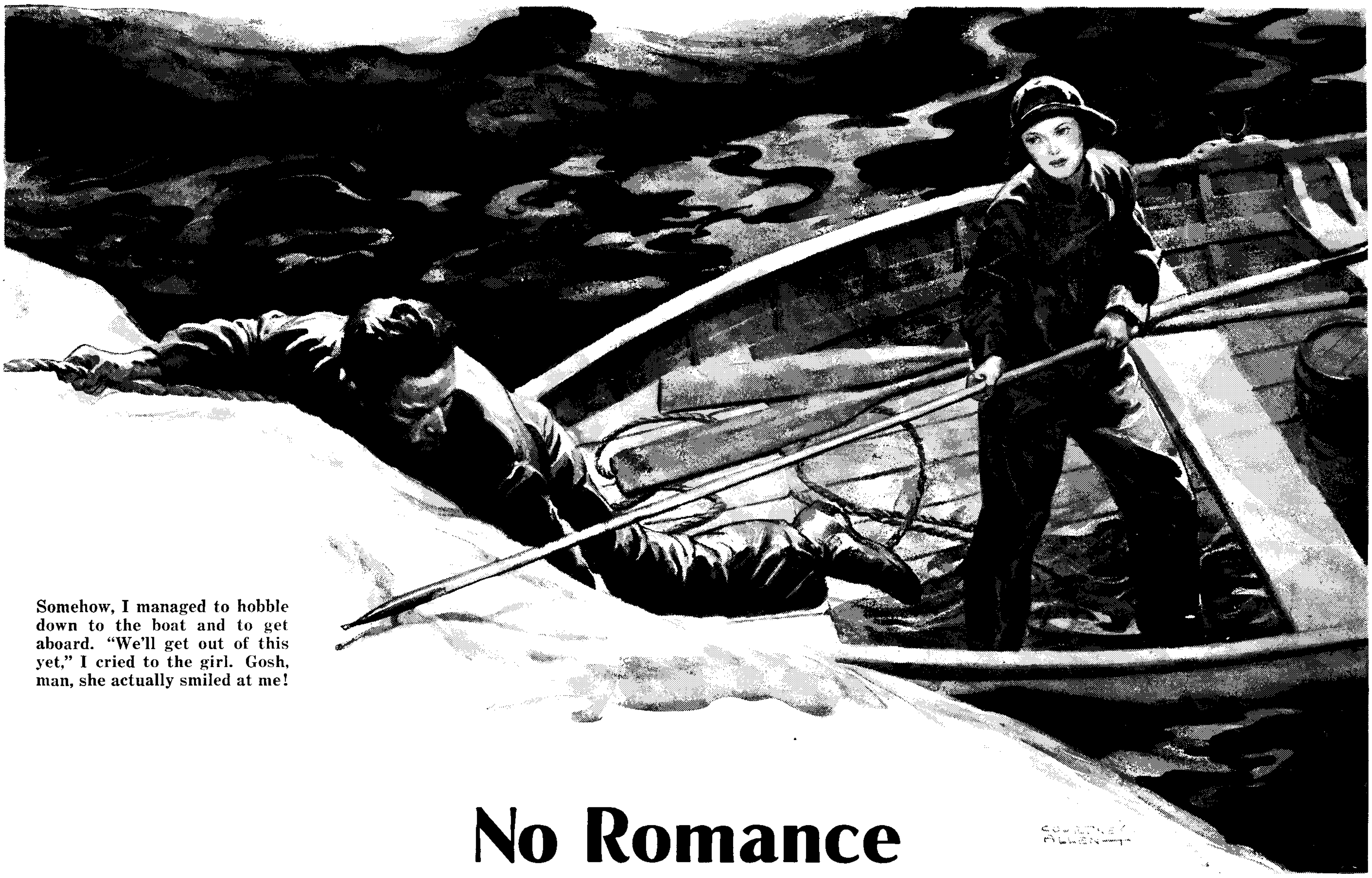


Somehow, I managed to hobble down to the boat and to get aboard. "We'll get out of this yet," I cried to the girl. Gosh, man, she actually smiled at me!

No Romance

Frigid, foggy, storm-swept Cape Horn. A girl—young, helpless—adrift on a giant iceberg. And a job that called for a hero. Let the hero tell the story

By Bill Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

YOU ask me to spin you a sea yarn, eh? You think there's romance at sea, do you? Get it out of your head. Had I my life to live over, I'd rather trundle a truck on a dock than ever go to sea.

Well, all right! I'll tell you a yarn then. But it's no yarn. It's the truth. Truth, plain and simple.

I was second mate of a bark called the Brilliant. A young sprig, I was, strong and light-hearted; and just turned two and twenty. It was my first billet as an officer.

We sailed from Puget Sound for Europe, with a lumber cargo. Fair winds took us down the north Pacific, across the Line, and through the southeast trades. Nothing unusual happened. Everything was commonplace as pie. A day or two after we passed Pitcairn Island, we lost the trade wind and picked up the westerlies. With her yards squared away, she ran for the Horn like a stag with the hounds at its heels, till the Horn was maybe a hundred miles or so to the north and east. You couldn't have wanted a better run, so far. And then, when I came on deck to take charge of the ship one cold morning, the mate pointed ahead.

"See that?" said the mate.

And I said, "Hell, sir!"

The wind had fallen to an air. We were barely moving. The skipper came up from breakfast, looked ahead, and said, "The blink, eh?" All over the sea ahead were patches of fog. The blink, you understand. Ice blink. The fog that, very often, hangs round bergs; hiding them completely. Well, ice is no joke anywhere. But ice off the Horn! Heaven help poor sailors!

By nine o'clock the Brilliant was utterly becalmed on a motionless sea, with the blink a few miles ahead. Day passed. Night fell, black as coal. Biting cold. Graveyard still. As night drew on, it grew even colder. At midnight the mate said to me, "We're amongst the ice."

I said, "Too bad, sir!"

When dawn came you could not see across the deck for fog. The mate and I walked forward together, to see that the crew were keeping handy. When wind comes from the heart of a calm down there, you need your men in a hurry. They were all handy. So we started back to the poop.

On the quarterdeck we paused, and stared into the dense fog. And, as we stood there, the fog of a sudden opened; wafted by a little vagrant air. There was opened before us a little narrow lane; a sea lane maybe twenty feet or so wide. And blocking the end of that little sea lane was ice. A berg, maybe a hundred yards or so from the ship. And on the ice were two prostrate bodies, face down. And between them was a kneeling figure, clad in oilskins; with hands upraised in supplication. And then, in a jiffy, the fog closed in.

The mate and I dashed for the chartroom, shouting to the skipper as we ran. He stepped to the deck, looked round, and said, "I can't order a boat away in this weather. She might never get back." That was truth, sure enough; for down there calms give way to gales in no time at all.

Well, as I've told you, I was a young sprig, not fearless so much as thoughtless. "Can I ask for volunteers, sir?" I asked.

THE skipper shook his head. "They'd all volunteer, and it'd be letting them go to their deaths," he said.

And then I asked, "May I take the gig and go alone, sir?"

The gig's a small boat, you see. One man can handle her, at a push. The skipper looked at me, and I at him. And in a couple of minutes the gig was in the water, and I was in her.

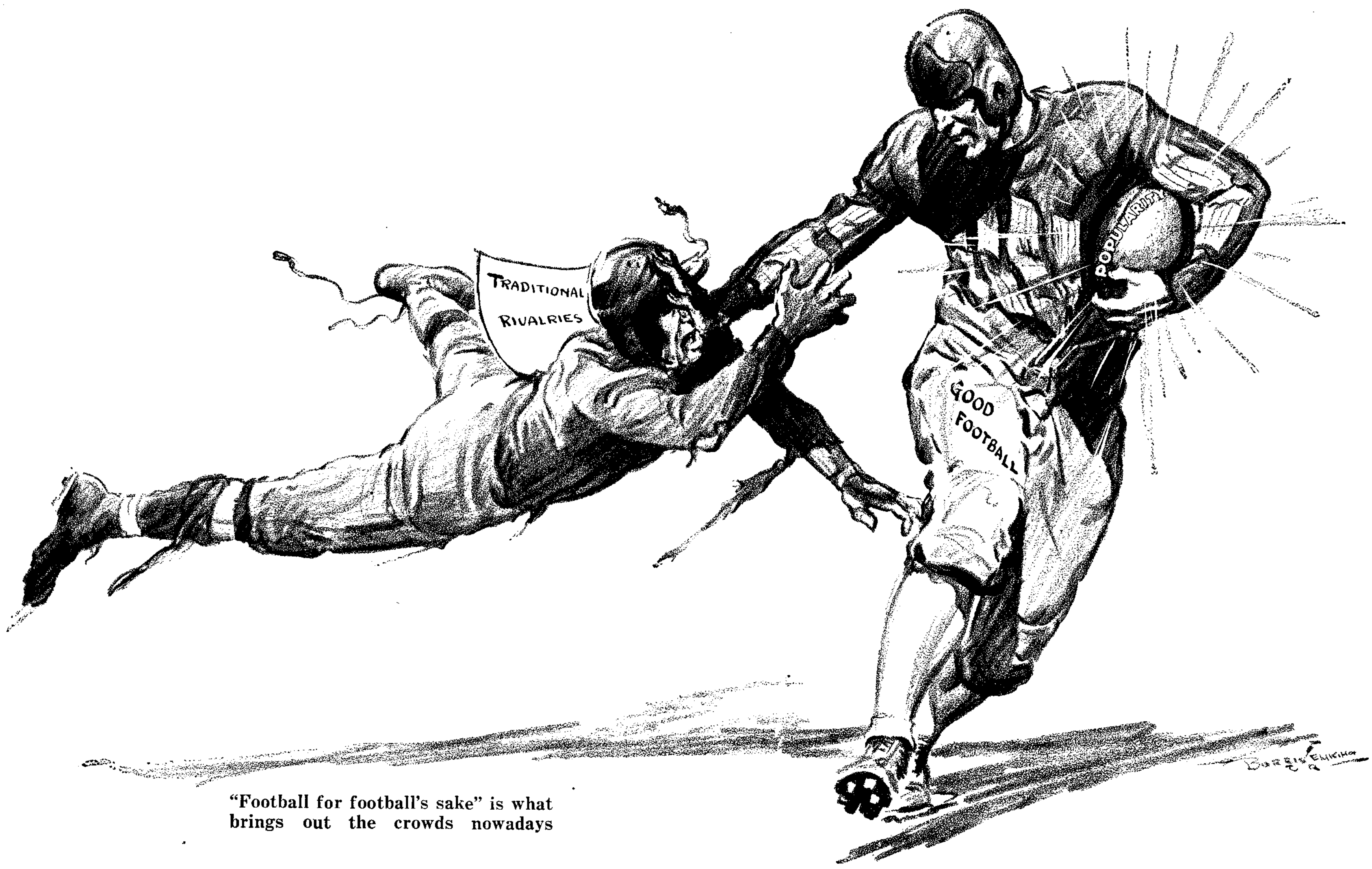
Lined along the rail, the crew stared down at me; their forms half hidden in the heavy fog. Looked like a row of ghosts. "Keep the foghorn sounding, sir!" I called up to the mate. The foghorn would serve to guide me back to the ship. I saw the mate nod his head. A ghostly head on ghostly shoulders.

I shoved off, and in half a jiffy there was no ship. Alone, in a tiny boat, on the Cape Horn sea, a chill ran through me. But I fought my fear away, and lay back on the oars. Losh, I couldn't turn back now! And then, in a few moments, fear worse than before sent shivers through me. The fog horn had ceased and there was utter silence all about me. Utter silence save for the little ripple of the water at the gig's sides. I ceased rowing, to listen. Not a sound save the ripple. And then, with a jolt that nigh flung me backward into her bottom, the gig struck the ice. And then understanding came to me of why the foghorn had ceased. I must have brought some portion of the berg between me and the ship, and it was cutting the sound from me. You know how bergs are? Bays, capes, cliffs, arches, caves, along their edges.

Hoping to pick up the sound of the fog horn, I rowed slowly along the edge of the berg; and, of a sudden, I heard it again. I was rowing beneath a great overhanging mass of ice when its sound reached me. "Thank heaven!" I said. And then, louder than before, I said, "Thank heaven!" again. For, just as the gig came from under the overhang, a man dropped from it into her stern sheets—a little fellow garbed in oilskins and seaboots.

"Anybody else on the berg?" I asked eagerly. Shaking his head, the castaway pointed in the direction whence came the sound of the foghorn. He was a swarthy little man, evidently a Chilean. Unable to speak any English, he urged me by gestures to hurry to the ship. So I flung myself upon the oars.

(*Continued on page* 39)



"Football for football's sake" is what brings out the crowds nowadays

Good Football

Today the crowds that watch football games are made up of people who understand what it's all about. They pay their money to watch good football, not because of a burning desire to see old Siwash win. And this critical attitude has had one important consequence—good football

By Grantland Rice

ILLUSTRATED BY BURRIS JENKINS, JR.

ON a certain October afternoon this past fall 55,000 spectators were packed around a football field. Only a few blocks away, where another game was just starting, there were 35,000 in the stands with over 10,000 turned away. Here was a total group of 100,000 people who had turned out to see two football games in the same neighborhood, far removed from the traditional battle plains of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Michigan and Notre Dame.

This was the New Order in football steaming up. One crowd had come to see St. Mary's big, fast team meet Fordham at the Polo Grounds, the other to watch Columbia battle the Navy at Baker Field.

There was no angle of old-fashioned, traditional rivalry that drew out these two gatherings. One hundred thousand spectators came out that afternoon because they expected to see two fast exhibitions of modern football, played up to the hilt.

In the old days it was largely tradition, the bands, the cheering and the color that helped fill the stands. Now crowds come to see football played—the best brand of football they can look at—and this goes for every section of the United States.

What has brought about this big change in the public viewpoint?

Not so very long ago there were only a few good teams in the country.

There were few high school or prep school teams that had any skillful coaching. The professor of English or the assistant professor of mathematics, who might have been a sub on some team, would be the only instructor.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago in most universities the head coach was the only coach. He had no line coach or backfield coach or end coach to help carry on the job. I know one well-known head coach who also had to mow the gridiron twice a week.

Most of those who came out to try for the team knew little or nothing about football. I've seen one head coach stand up for an hour to be knocked down by twenty tacklers in turn, battered and bruised, trying to teach his raw recruits something about the game.

The Avalanche of Stars

The first big change came about when thousands of high schools, prep schools and freshmen outfits began to take football seriously and secure the best coaching staffs they could find.

This demand brought on another new institution—the coaches' training school. These schools, located in New England, the Mid-West, the Far West and the South, have been directed by coaches with established reputations for teaching fundamentals, for strategy and for building plays.

The game was no longer a secret. The best plays that Rockne, Warner, Little, Howard Jones, Zuppke and others could devise were shown and taught to thousands of coaches scattered from one coast to the other. These plays were all diagrammed in newspapers. They were described over the radio. They were outlined in close detail in slow-motion pictures.

The hidden secrets of smart football no longer belonged to a few men, to an isolated group. They spread from the growing army of younger coaches to the public at large and this increasing public finally began to understand what it was all about, to appreciate the finer points of play.

At about this time there was another type of public information that began to spread the story of how good football should be played. This came from the professional teams, made up largely of ex-college stars who naturally developed the game to a much finer point. These professional teams, masters in the art of fundamental play, blocking, tackling, passing and kicking, have been playing before crowds that range from 10,000 to 40,000 spectators who at last have begun to understand the details of football as fans understand baseball.

This new knowledge brought about a big change from the old order of things. The multitude at large no longer thought about or talked about ancient names and ancient prestige. Today they turn to the teams that are playing the best brand of football. They are looking to the winners.

A week before Pittsburgh played Southern California in the Pitt Stadium

(Continued on page 48)

The All-America Football Team
selected by
GRANTLAND RICE
and the All-America Advisory Board
will appear in
NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Lady from Paris

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS,
Collier's Staff Photographer

Re-enter romance—by courtesy of Lucienne Boyer, who has taught Broadway what the word glamour means

Lucienne Boyer, the little French girl whose songs have captured the fancy of New Yorkers and Parisians

ABOUT singers who sit on pianos, there is some dispute. Generally it comes down to the weight of the lady and the health of the instrument. In extreme cases mention is made of the singing, but this is a secondary consideration. In old vaudeville days singers avoided the tops of pianos on the theory that a standing target is almost too much temptation for an audience. With the decline of the two-a-day and the acquisition of refinement on a national scale, the matter is confined strictly to scientific grounds. When the piano is strong enough and the lady is small enough, no legal action is possible.

We mention this because of Lucienne Boyer, the French singer who is now in America, sitting on pianos and singing songs. Miss Boyer is small enough and in addition she is a good singer. Even more than that, she is a vivid personality and it is possible that during her stay Broadway will have a return of romance. It is only on rare occasions that glamour rears its lovely head in that section bounded on all sides by neon lights and nobody is going to stop her if she stirs emotions which have been dormant since the days of Jenny Lind. However that may be, it is true that the young blades have taken to showing up in the lobby around 10:30 at night in what used to be known as a swallow-tail coat and a white tie. Ordinarily they would be around at 8:45 in a sack suit and a new shoeshine, prepared to be bored or amused, as the tide went. The fashion now is to come in when Miss Boyer sings and to depart directly afterward.

It's Different Now

From Miss Boyer's side of the footlights this is gratifying enough because on her only other appearance in America she sang her little songs in a Shubert revue and was finished in such quick order that anybody seeking to catch her on the wing would have needed to be on skids. Since then she has become the rage of Paris and is now among us, doubling between the Continental Varieties and the Rainbow Room on top of Radio City. What we have again is the age of stage-door johnnies and flowers in the dressing-room and mash notes.

Miss Boyer—pronounced as it would be in French, Bwa-yay—has definite and disagreeable recollections of her first appearance over here. She played in A Night in Paris on the Century Roof.

"I sing one song in French," explains Miss Boyer, "and I sing one song in English and zoop! the curtain comes down and that is all. Every night I do it, and that is all."

She gives a description of the curtain falling, not only on the scene but on her American career. It was all very hurried and abrupt and the tempo of the thing seemed to affect her in other ways. She was married while in New York in another zoop! performance and still does not like to think about it. The divorce came later in Paris.

However, things are better now. She is drawing $2,600 a week in Continental Varieties and $2,500 a week in the Rainbow Room, and whole families have been known to live on such a sum. Her ten-room apartment on the thirtieth floor of a New York hotel houses her tropical fish, her trunks and gowns, and various members of the New York foreign colony have come in to practice the native speech.

Things were not always like this. Miss Boyer is a native Parisian of a poor family. Her father, a machinist, was killed in the war. Her mother worked in a munitions factory during the war and continued to keep the family until Lucienne got started on the stage.

The Boyer family was what its daughter refers to as a *bonne famille,* which seems to mean not merely a moral or a good family but a happy family. M. Boyer loved Mme. Boyer and they all sang a lot around the house and got on well together. In the process of rising from poverty to fame it would make a nice story if a manager had happened to hear Lucienne singing through the casement and had come in to sign her for opera, but what really occurred was that she spent two years carrying packages and wrapping bundles before she got a job as typist at the theater run by M. Rozenberg.

The main difficulty with her job of typing was the typing. It has been rumored that she had no knowledge of the machine whatever but Miss Boyer denies this with spirit and insists that she could give it a stirring workout with two fingers. As to her stenography, she was working on that. Since she was assistant to M. Rozenberg's secretary and since she was helpful to the secretary in ways other than in business, she got on well at the start.

"I used to bring her flowers," cries Miss Boyer, leaping up to show with

(Continued on page 52)

Two on Safari

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

SENT from London to Africa on a strange assignment—to find a young Englishman, Laurence Morland, who has disappeared in the interior of east Africa — Ballard Mallory, an American adventurer, meets Josephine Cascoden, a fascinating girl who insists on accompanying him on his safari. Aware that his mission is a perilous one, Mallory argues with the girl. But she is adamant—*she is going with him. And she goes!*

The safari started—with Ali, the headboy who speaks many dialects; Jocko-Achmed, the cook; Abdul, a noted gun-bearer who becomes Josephine's personal servant; Bongo, the horse-handler; and many others—Mallory finds himself vainly trying to answer some puzzling questions. He has been offered a nominal salary, if he finds young Morland alive; if, however, the boy is dead, he is to be paid a bonus of five thousand pounds. *Why?* The girl is not even aware of their destination; yet she has joined him. *Why?* At times, she seems to be strongly attracted to him; at other times, she gives every evidence of actually loathing him, hating him. *Why?* Who is this "Jo" Cascoden? *What* is she?

Half convinced that she is a spy, sent from London to report on his activities, he endeavors to force her into an incriminating admisson of some sort. She cleverly outwits him, will not permit herself to be trapped. And presently Mallory realizes that, regardless of who she is, what she is, he is in love with her. . . .

Arrived in a section where the missing boy had once been, Mallory hires a master tracker, one Tugotug, who, he believes, may lead him to Morland. Then, preparing to press on, he has a long talk with Josephine, tells her he loves her. She listens attentively but is noncommittal. Whereupon, Mallory changes the subject abruptly. "Who," he asks, "is Laurence Morland, and what is he to you?"

For a time the girl is silent. Then: "Laurence Morland," she says slowly, "*is the one person on earth I love above all others.*"

Amazed by this unexpected announcement, Mallory does not believe the girl. To test her, he takes her in his arms, kisses her. She does not resist; her eyes hard, her lips cold, she merely lies inert in his arms. And Mallory knows, at last, that, whatever her reason for forcing herself upon him, *she does not love him.*

VIII

BALLARD slept badly. Problems have a way of clearing up in the night, but in this case he awoke to no solution. It was only when he met Josephine face to face across the breakfast table that he discovered his fears were groundless. The strange woman who had stepped out from nowhere to tease him on the night before had vanished so completely he doubted his own memory. He looked into frank eyes and a face aglow from cold fresh water. These were not the eyes he had kissed, nor the lips nor the neck; this slender figure in a boy's shirt and breeches could never be heavy.

"What's on today?" she asked cheerfully.

"The same old thing, only more of it. We've got to stock up, go in for plain butchering."

"Why?"

He looked at her with troubled eyes. "Beginning with tomorrow you're going to see a great difference. Local supplies will stop coming in and there won't be any game—not even a duiker or a guinea fowl."

"How do you know?"

"Because we're going to hit a wide trail swept as clean as the Old Road of Gwambe."

"What's that—the Old Road of what?"

"Gwambe. He was the first man. He came from the north and traveled south. Where he marched it was as though a horde had passed and to this day no grass grows on that straight, wide road, leading from nowhere into the Promised Land. Natives say they have seen it, gleaming in the distance, but when they try to cross it, it isn't there."

They worked hard that day and by evening Josephine looked like a stable boy who had been kicked and rolled in the dust. Under the small felt hat she wore when shooting, her hair was plastered to a grimy forehead. Her cheeks were smudged and her few garments wringing wet with plain sweat. She gulped her tea, feeling that even were it boiling it could not harm the burning cavity of her throat and body. Ordering an extra tin of water, she stayed in the bath a long time, but at dinner she was still so tired she could scarcely eat.

"Wait a minute," said Ballard. "I've got what will fix you."

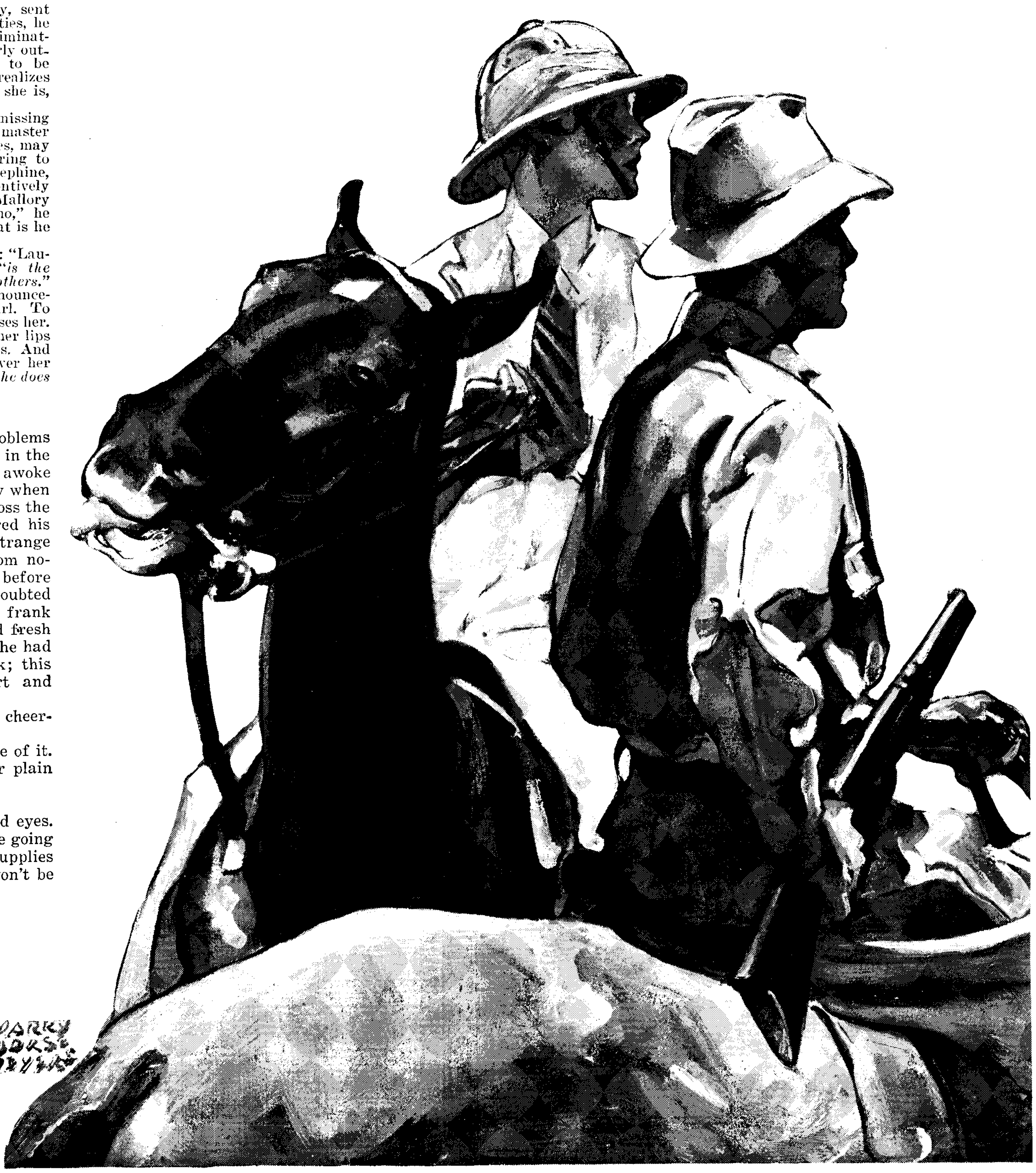
He went to one of the large canvas bags hung where the breeze by condensation would chill the water within them. Plunging in his hand, he drew out a bottle of champagne and opened it on the way back to the table.

"Oh!" breathed Josephine after the first sip. "What made you think of this tonight?"

"I didn't. It's always there; you can have it whenever you like."

UNDER the stimulation of the wine she managed to eat a little but rose from the table as soon as her first cigarette was finished. "I think I'll turn in."

"Oh, no, please!" he cried, springing



to his feet. "Look around a bit, Jo. Walk with me."

"No. If I did you might have to carry me back. I'm tired, and it's actually chilly tonight."

He snatched off his tweed jacket, threw it over her shoulders and held it in place by an arm around her waist. Thus they walked to her tent. He raised the crossed bobbinet curtains, but when she had entered he followed her in. Sensing his presence, she switched on the battery lamp and turned to look at him. He was stooped over, calmly readjusting the mosquito bars. With a shrug of her shoulders she kicked off her mosquito boots, slipped into bed and lay with her head propped high on the doubled pillow, her hands clasped across her middle. He removed some of her things from the single chair, placed it close to the cot and sat down.

"We've got to have a talk and it has to be tonight," he explained.

"So it seems," she said, meeting his gaze with level eyes.

"Jo," he said earnestly, "please don't be like this. I've got to get near you—near enough to have you hear what I'm going to say."

"How can I help hearing?"

"That's not it—not what I mean—and you know it. You needn't be afraid. Give me your hand; let me touch you."

SHE remained quite still except that her eyes traveled slowly over his whole body and back to his face. Then she extended her hand, palm up. Seizing it, he turned it over and gripped her fingers, not as a suppliant but like a tossed boat coming to anchor.

"You're a good sport, Jo; this is what I needed. I've got something to tell you and I've been putting it off."

"The longer you put off saying a thing, the harder it gets," she said in her natural low voice.

"I know that, but the chance never seemed to come. Now it's here, I don't know how to begin."

"What's it about? Make a start—"

"Laurence Morland."

"Oh."

Once he had taken the plunge words came easily. "Africa does queer things to a man; it either makes or breaks him. I don't mean it's a breeding place for towering successes, but that when the grade isn't up it's bound to go down—a lot farther down than anywhere else. Sometimes it's the solitude that does it. That's why a lone missionary is absolutely taboo and why the British never let a resident commissioner stay out more than eighteen months at a stretch. But sometimes it's something else—something a lot worse."

"What?"

"A sort of farewell to all the shackles of behavior—a headlong plunge out of decency. Here's my question, Jo. If you found Morland had done just that, wouldn't it change your feeling toward him?"

"No," she answered so promptly that his eyes shot to her face in doubting interrogation.

"It wouldn't make any difference?" he insisted.

"It couldn't. It would hurt me terribly, of course, but I would feel toward him as I do now."

"I don't think you get me," he said slowly. "I didn't want to name the steps down the ladder into hell but I guess I'll have to."

"Begin at the top," she suggested lightly.

Anger stained his cheeks a dark red. "Black women or black drink, then both together. Illusion of omnipotence. The screaming voice, the goodby to control, the sjambok in an ignorant hand. Spurting blood and the dead servant. Astonishment, dismay, terror. The eye too bleary to bring down game, but sharp enough to shoot down the first mutineer. Followers, blood-drunk and howling for food. The sense of bridges burnt, of in-for-a-penny, in-for-a-pound—a sense as contagious as smallpox. The first inglorious raid. Then the last descent; the frenzy to kill the defenseless—the jaded appetite for butchery that can get a thrill only out of the slaughter of a child."

Josephine's fingers twitched violently and her face turned deathly white; then, most astonishingly, she laughed.

"You can laugh!" he gasped.

"Because I don't believe you," she answered.

"But it's an old story—a formula!" he insisted. "It's been written in blood across the face of Africa a dozen times!"

"I don't believe it," she repeated almost inaudibly.

HE SANK back and her fingers would have slipped from his hand had not an almost imperceptible pressure on their part induced him to cling to them.

"Then I'd be a fool," he murmured, "to try to say the rest."

"How can you tell? It might help you even if it can't change me."

The words urged him on as gently as the faint pressure of her fingers had led him to retain his hold. "It's this," he continued. "Suppose Morland were dead."

"But you assured me he isn't," she said quickly, half raising her head.

"I know, but suppose he were. Can you imagine ever loving me as you love him?"

Her head sank back. "No," she answered deliberately. "It would be impossible."

"Never?"

"Never."

He released her fingers definitely and sat with his shoulders slouched and his hands hanging between his knees, his eyes on the floor.

"Then that ends it."

"Ends what?"

"Everything between you and me, for there has been something between us, I don't know what, but there's been something. It's ended. Tomorrow I'm going to send you to the coast."

"I won't go."

"Don't be silly. If I tell Ali to put you on board a steamer for Delagoa Bay you can be sure you'll go even if he has to have you sewed into Matogada's machila. You'll go, all right."

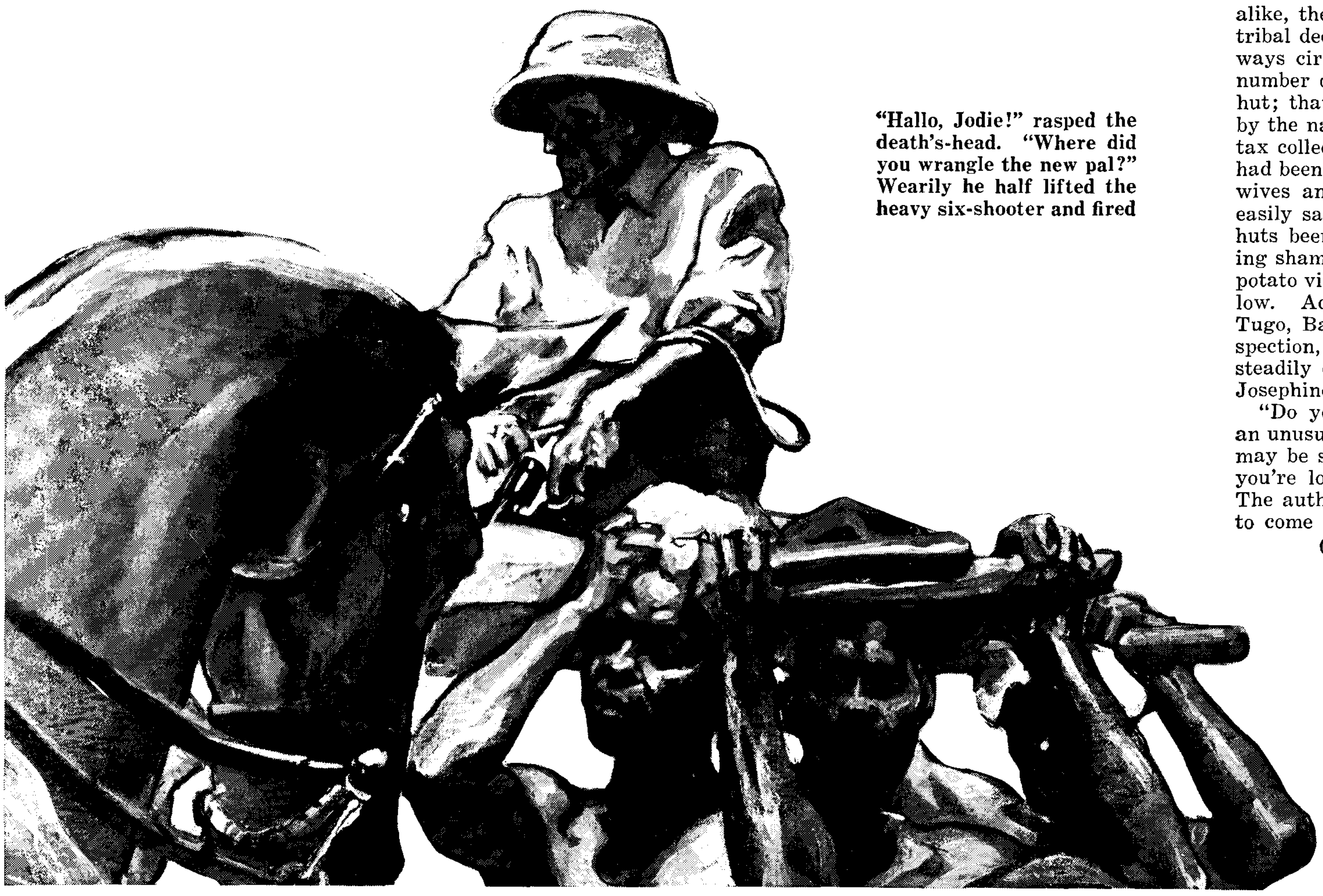
She reached to the table, snatched up her scissors and, holding them like a dagger, drove the points into her left wrist. The action was so quick there seemed to be no interval between the inception of movement and the spurting of her blood. His eyes starting from his head, he seized her arm and jammed his thumb against the severed artery, simultaneously shouting to Ali to fetch the medicine chest. For an anxious quarter of an hour he worked at sterilizing the wound with permanganate crystals and stanching the flow of blood. At last the job was finished, the wrist bandaged, and only now had he time for anger. He got up from his knees and stood looking down at her pale face.

"I always thought you were mad; now I'm sure of it. Why? Why did you do it? Of course you'll say you don't know!"

"I do know, and so do you," she answered, still in the grip of the emotional incandescence which had made the wounding of herself a violent necessity—a release and a joy. "I've shown you whether I'll go to the coast or not."

He made a gesture toward her bandaged arm. "That? It won't lay you up for a day."

"Where are your brains?" she asked in a voice he had never heard before. "Do you still believe you can send me away or do anything else with me by force? Please put out the light and go."



"Hallo, Jodie!" rasped the death's-head. "Where did you wrangle the new pal?" Wearily he half lifted the heavy six-shooter and fired

SHE was right; the unconquerable spirit knows no master. He obeyed her and went out, stooping, still half dazed, to weight down the bobbinet behind him. As for her, she lay awake most of the night with an aching arm; nevertheless the next day she was able to be about, though it took her twice as long to dress. She could not handle a gun, even the light one which had been assigned to her so often it began to seem her own, but with Abdul's help she could mount and once in the saddle felt quite all right. At the start Ballard ignored her, but she was content to be let alone. For several hours the desolation he had predicted was not in evidence, which made the shock all the greater when the safari, its marching songs abruptly stilled, stumbled into the first ruined kraal.

All the villages were built exactly alike, their construction conforming to tribal decrees a thousand years old; always circular, they varied only in the number of their huts. To each wife, a hut; that was the law, first originated by the natives but now enforced by the tax collector. The chief of this hamlet had been a humble man with only three wives and his establishment had been easily sacked. Not only had the flimsy huts been damaged, but the surrounding shambas of millet, maize and sweet potato vines had been trampled and laid low. Accompanied by Matogada and Tugo, Ballard made a slow tour of inspection, the cloud on his forehead steadily darkening, then he sought out Josephine.

"Do you get the layout?" he asked, an unusual sharpness in his voice. "You may be so blind you still can't see, but you're looking at a first mild sample. The author of this mess expects never to come back; he may have some fool

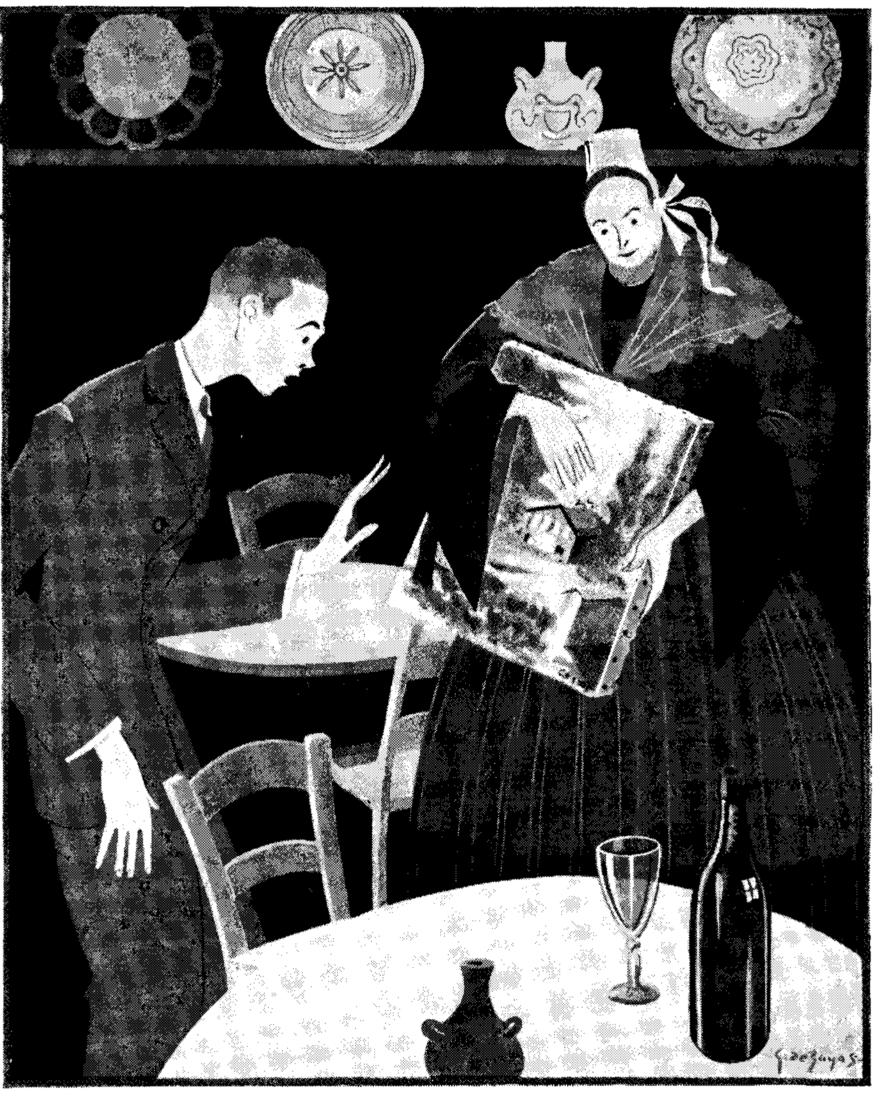
(Continued on page 42)

Signed But Not Witnessed

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



No, no; she liked this picture. Let him find another

THE two American artists said, *"Bon jour, Madame,"* as they passed through the café, on their way out. *"Bon jour, Messieurs,"* she answered, looking up politely from her knitting, but she gave the red-haired one the rare compliment of a smile. Mostly, she paid no attention to them, this procession of painters which had wound endlessly through the doors of the inn ever since she could remember. From the long-ago days when she had been a schoolgirl in a black smock, they had been here, scattered about the countryside like crows in a cornfield, painting, always painting.

As a child, she had peered over the shoulder of M. Monet, while he painted her father's haystacks; that old man, M. Cézanne, had made a portrait of her, and that other, that odd *type,* M. Matisse, had painted her picture, too, without any nose at all.

They came and they departed, Frenchmen and Englishmen and Americans; so long as they paid for their room and board, they were all of a piece to her. And the inn flourished for Madame Fleurot as it had for her father before her. A good property, a fine living. . . .

Bill Huggins and Leighton Schuyler were merely two more Americans to Madame; the fact that Bill spoke French with a Texas drawl and wore cheap ready-made clothes while Schuyler had the accent of self-admitted culture and the outer garments of Bond Street meant nothing to her.

LEIGHTON made etchings, partly because they seemed to him more in a gentleman's line—there is something a bit distinguished about an etching, you know—and partly, though he did not proclaim the fact, because he really could not tell one color from another. Bill painted. He painted with what paints he could scrape together on whatever surface he could lay hands on: pieces of old cardboard, canvases discarded by wealthier artists. So long as he painted, he was happy.

Schuyler was going to Spain for the winter; early in October he packed his belongings into his little car and departed for Paris. On the day before he was to start south, he emerged from the Ritz bar to the rue Cambon and came face to face with Bill Huggins. He would have nodded and passed on, but the Texan stopped him.

"Hello, there, Schuyler!" Excitement radiated from Bill's blue eyes; he was grinning. "What do you think? A few days ago I happened to ask Madame if there were any old canvases knocking around the place that I could use. 'M'sieur, the attic is full of them,' she told me, and right away I got interested. I looked 'em over—mostly junk—and all of a sudden— You know that blue of Cézanne's?"

Leighton Schuyler nodded, his lips suddenly tight.

"It was a landscape, not signed, but unmistakable. I just sold it to Dumay for twenty-five thousand francs—and I'm off for Italy." He laughed. "Buy you a drink, fella?"

He had an engagement, Schuyler answered stiffly. Yes, he was going to Spain in the morning. So long.

He went on quickly, hastening to get away from the Texan's happiness. It made him almost physically sick to know that all summer long a Cézanne had lain in the dust of that attic, a few boards' breadth above his head. That such an oaf should have found it! And suppose there were other treasures!

Sunset found him back at the inn. Madame Fleurot greeted him without emotion.

His plans had changed unexpectedly, he told her; friends were joining him in a few days. Until then, he had thought he might do one more picture, perhaps an oil, this time. . . .

Most of that night Schuyler lay awake staring at the ceiling of his chamber, the ceiling which, in reverse, was the floor of the attic. Others than Cézanne had stayed here, other immortals. Who knew what he might find?

In the morning he inquired with elaborate carelessness if Huggins had chanced to leave any old pictures behind. Madame's eyes snapped; he had, she answered almost vivaciously, given her one for remembrance, a study of the poplars by the river. M'sieur would like to see it?

It was not, Schuyler explained, the art of Huggins which interested him; what he desired was something to paint on, himself, though of course he would be charmed to see the picture. His lips tightened as he looked at it; grudgingly he admitted that the Texan was not without talent—but it was meager exchange for a Cézanne. Madame would be in a frenzy if she heard about the twenty-five thousand francs! It was, he murmured, *très bien; alors,* if Huggins had chanced to throw out any old canvases.

MADAME laughed musically, her eyes almost dancing. "He throws out nothing, that one!" she said, and because she seemed anxious to be about her business, Schuyler did not press the matter. He must bring up the subject of the attic warily; the French are such a suspicious race.

But it was Madame herself who saved him the trouble. When he returned to the inn, that afternoon, she was knitting in the café, as usual. "You inquired about canvases, m'sieur," she reminded him. "In the attic, perhaps—"

He was trembling with excitement as he mounted the stairs. His fingers shook as he picked over the canvases. He held them up, one after the other, staring, searching desperately for some sign. Unmistakable technique.

And then he found it. He knew it was a Cézanne, for the simple reason that it was signed.

This bit of canvas, he explained negligently to Madame, holding it tightly, would do him nicely. Reluctantly he was forced to give it over to her outstretched hands.

But it was pretty, she objected, holding it high. With the contrariness of women, she clung to it, shaking her head when he would have taken it back. No, no; she liked this picture; it was sympathetic. She would hang it in the café. Let him find another piece.

Leighton Schuyler achieved a shrug. If he could only get it away from her before she saw the signature! He smiled, engagingly. "I'll tell you, Madame—I'll pay you as though the canvas were new. I'll give you twenty-five francs for it!"

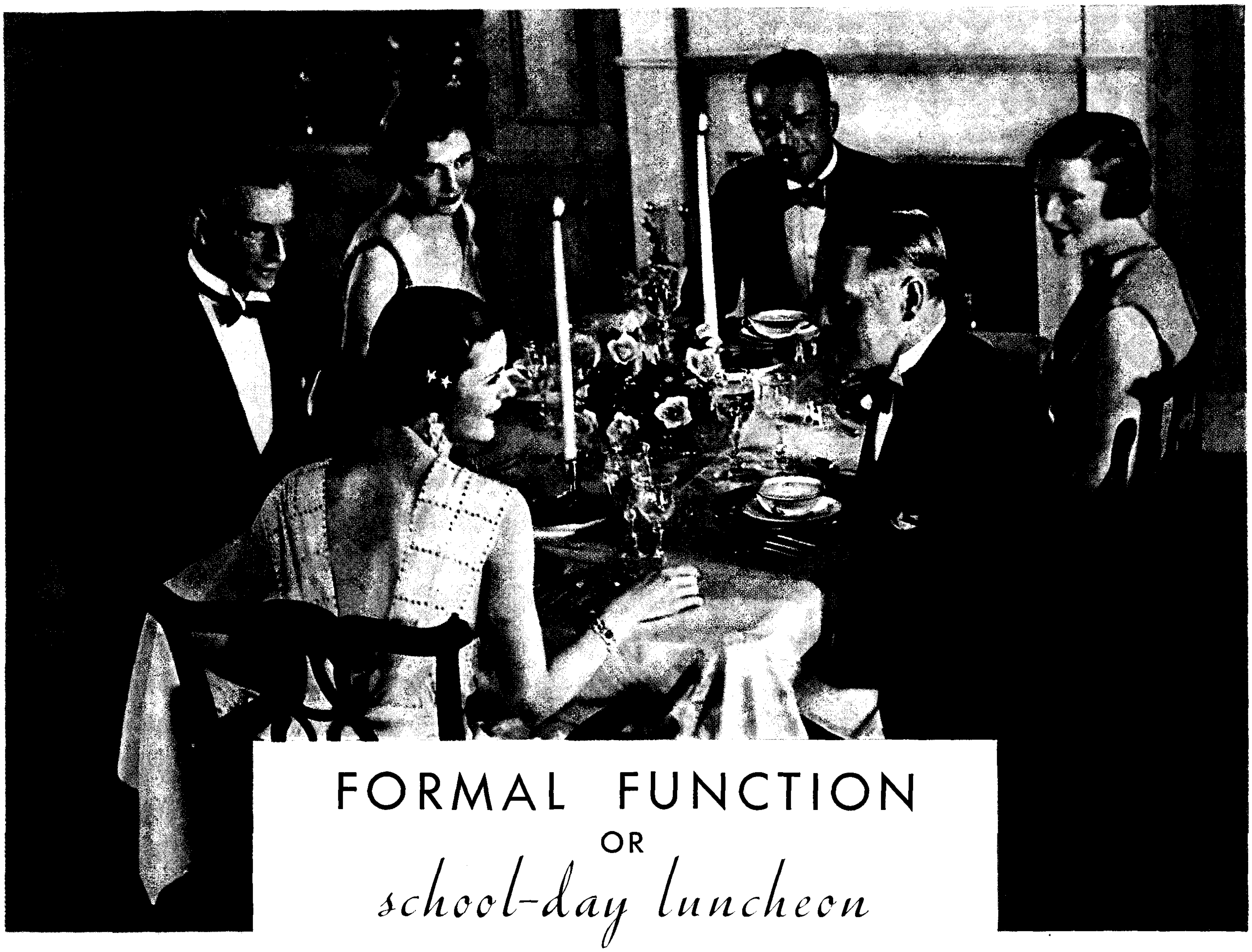
"So?" said Madame, still keeping it beyond his reach. "But with a picture already there it should be worth more! At least a hundred francs."

He let her think that she was driving a sharp bargain. One hundred francs for an old secondhand square of canvas—no wonder these French thought all Americans both mad and millionaires! One hundred francs for a Cézanne worth at least twenty-five thousand . . . not so mad, if she but knew! Reluctantly she gave him the picture, and the exchange was made.

Now he had only to get away quickly, without arousing her suspicions. A telephone call to Paris . . . changed plans . . . unexpected departure . . . as he drove off he was glowing with triumph. He'd have to find Huggins first of all, see his face, when he told him! "—so I went back and found another! Signed, at that—though of course I'd have recognized it, anywhere. And that clod of a Frenchwoman, thinking she'd got the best of me!"

The clod of a Frenchwoman knitted placidly in the café, after Schuyler had gone. With the twelve thousand five hundred francs which Monsieur Uggins had insisted was her share of the picture he had found, she was going to enlarge the café. The old man, M. Cézanne himself, he would approve. She would buy new tables for new artists to lean their elbows on, while they talked endlessly of art. And with the hundred francs of that other, that *cochon* who had come sneaking back to root like a veritable pig, in her attic—she nodded her head, happily, at a sudden thought. But it was fitting; it was of the most *à propos!* One hundred francs is the price of a pig—M. Cézanne would laugh from heaven!—one beautiful strong pig, in exchange for merely copying his name, as he used to write it himself. . . .

For an instant her needles poised, motionless. *Mon Dieu,* how she had held her breath for fear he would touch that name and find the paint not yet quite dry, in spite of her holding it in the oven that morning, after she realized for what he had returned! But he was too stupid, too greedy, that animal. She shrugged contentedly, and the steel of needles flashed again in the last rays of the sinking sun.



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school-day luncheon

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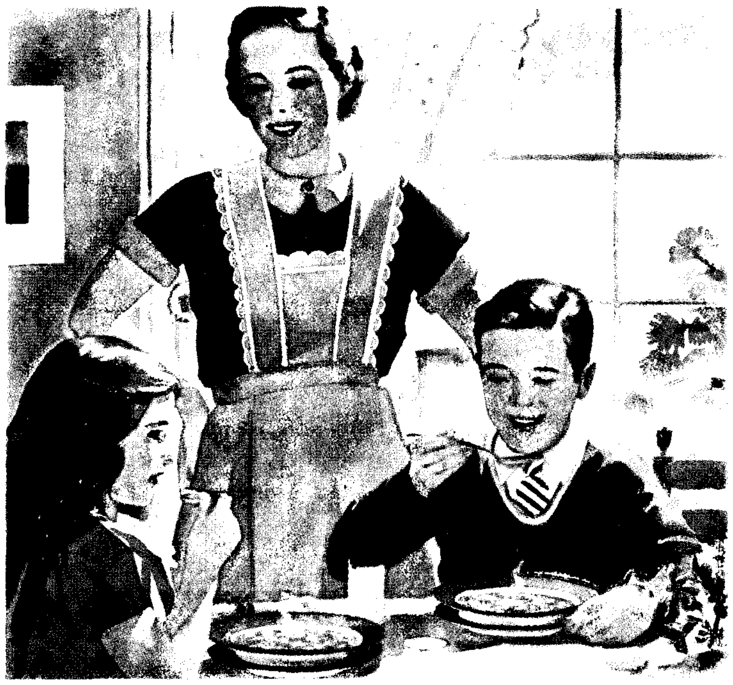

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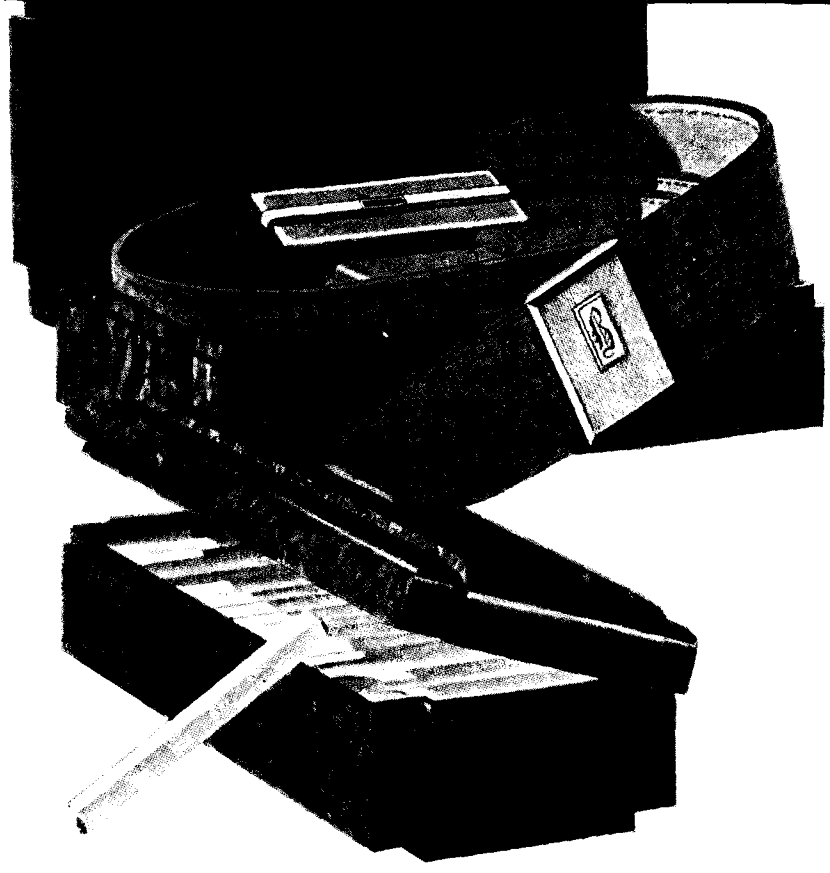

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AS ILLUSTRATED, SET COMPLETE . $3.00
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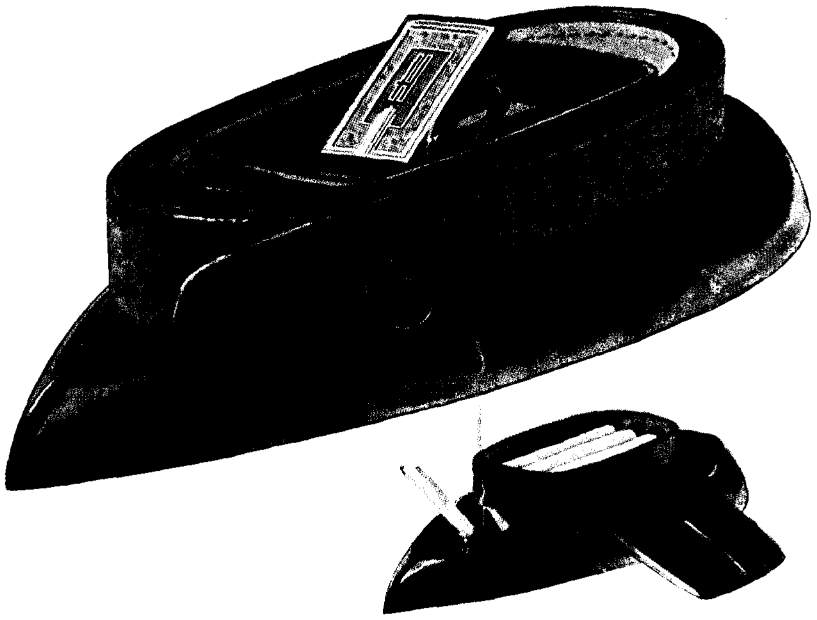

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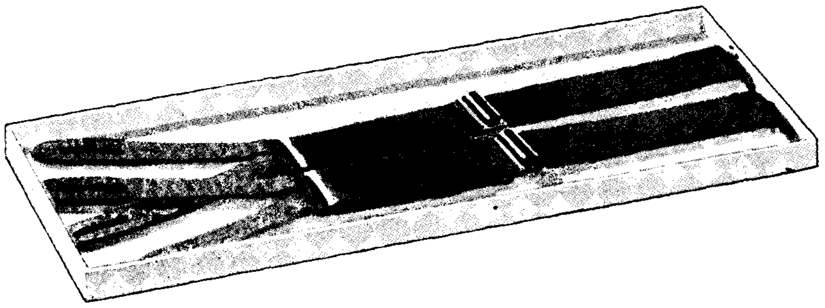
SET COMPLETE $2.00—WITH PIGSKIN BELT, SUEDE LINING $2.50



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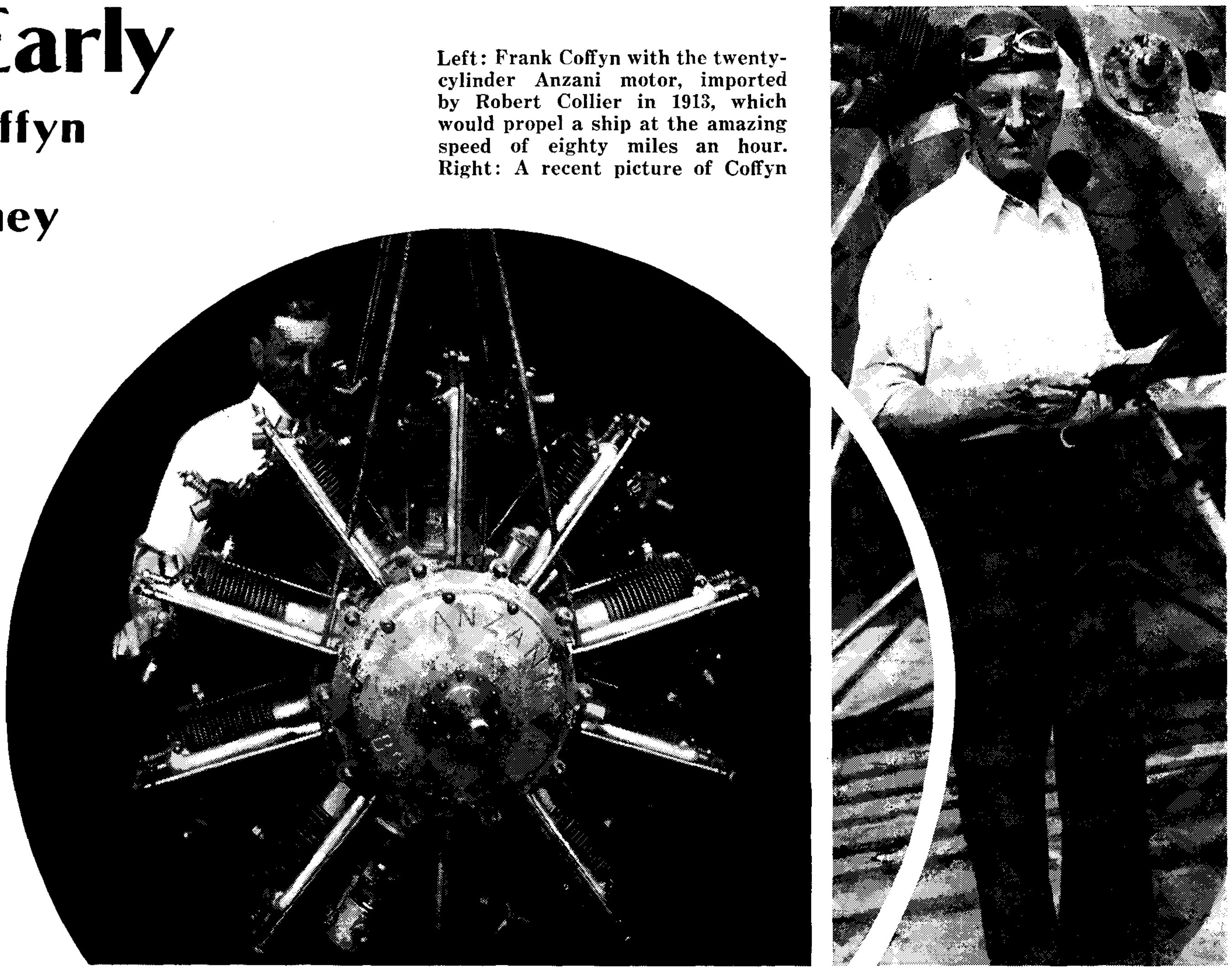
I got up Early

By Frank Coffyn

as told to

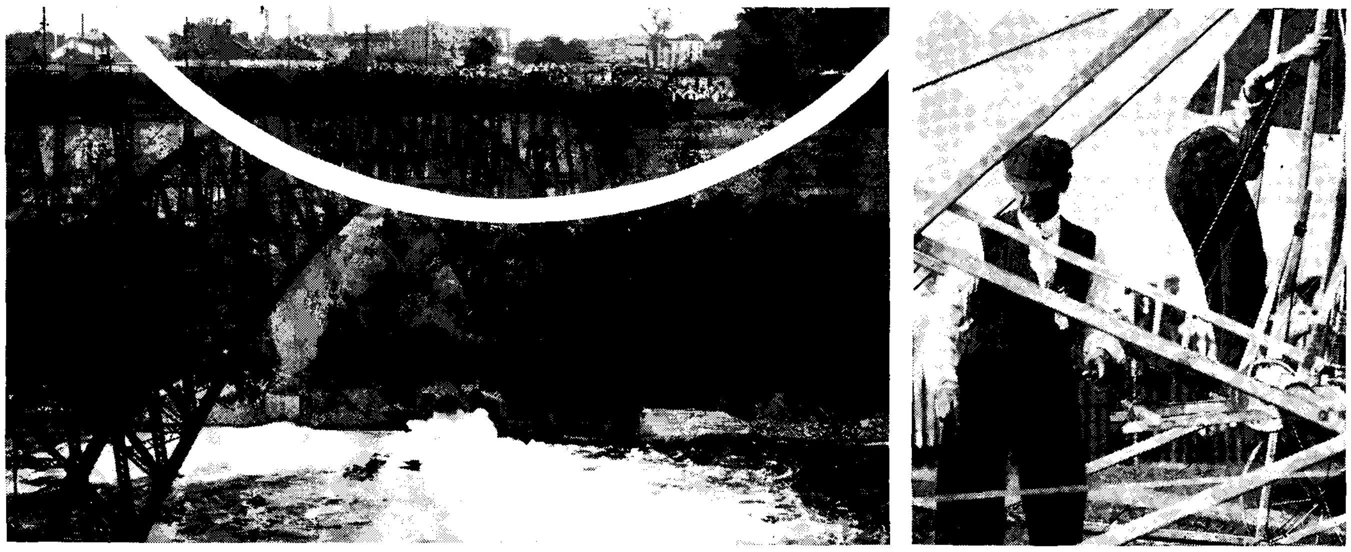
W. B. Courtney

There's no frontier left like the one crossed by the men who first flew in heavier-than-air machines. It was high adventure then to leave the ground. Every flight was an exploration into a new and mysterious element. And the men who flew—proud, swaggering, valiant young men—were adventurers to their finger-tips. Here one of them, Frank Coffyn, shows you what it was like then



Left: Frank Coffyn with the twenty-cylinder Anzani motor, imported by Robert Collier in 1913, which would propel a ship at the amazing speed of eighty miles an hour. Right: A recent picture of Coffyn

KEYSTONE ACME



BAIN NEWS KEYSTONE

Left: Lincoln Beachey, in a spectacular flight down the gorge at Niagara in 1911. The ship is flying so low that it seems to be immersed in the spray. Right: Duval La Chapelle inspecting an early ship before flight

DUVAL LA CHAPELLE was my good friend. I am sure you have never before heard of him. Besides Orville Wright and myself there are not three other living men whose eyes might glisten at the sound of his name. Yet, I should like to tell you about Duval La Chapelle; for in him, to my way of thinking, were embodied all the virtues and foibles, all the heedless and romantic loyalties, of the entire flock of earliest birdmen. He was the oneness of an obsessed brotherhood. His slight figure was a composite likeness of the rowdy, posturing, swaggering, egotistic and valiant young men who, a quarter of a century ago, were marked by turtle-neck sweaters and checkered or plaid caps. (You turned the cap backwards for ascending.)

La Chapelle was a Frenchman, of course; and a mechanic. A good French mechanic. Ask any Yank pilot who flew with the French in the war; or buttonhole a veteran motor-race driver. He will swear to you that *better* mechanics than *good* French mechanics do not walk on mortal ground. A good French mechanic has no eye for women nor palate for food or wine. In him all the gusto and masterly aptitude of his normal compatriots for things of the flesh are sublimated in a spiritual passion for cold steel. For him hot oil affords the most subtle and exquisite fragrance—a cam shaft is poetry in motion, and the rhythm of tappets is the song of the Lorelei. That was La Chapelle to a crossed T, and I did not think we were going to be friends, for he gave me hell within an hour after our first meeting.

It was my second day in the barn which the Wrights used for a hangar, near Dayton, Ohio. La Chapelle was next in authority there to the Wrights themselves when it came to laying a finger on the engines. He told me to take off a water pump to repair leaks and to key the shaft arm. I misunderstood him, and filed the shaft too much. Well, you should have heard that Frenchman! I figured the damage was a little less than tragic, and I asked him please to let me try to remedy it. When I was through he was pleased with the result. I had gone without lunch to finish the job, and he gave me one of his oranges.

After that we became friends, and talked as friends do. Part of his pay for services as mechanic was flight instruction. I have never known a man so eager to fly. But one day he was fumbling for a tool on his bench and it happened that I looked at him closely and then I noticed something. "Duval," I said, "you're nutty, if you go on!"

"Shut up!" he said, and he was very excited. "Frank, don't you ever say that to anybody—don't you do it!"

I did not say a word to anybody and he went on to solo. When you flew solo in those days you were an "aviator." So Duval La Chapelle was now an aviator, and very proud. Then late one afternoon Wilbur Wright stood talking to us as we watched La Chapelle flying. It was a beautifully clear, warm evening; and you get plenty of light at dusk out in that flat Ohio prairie country, with so much sky around. We could see La Chapelle was fixing to come down.

There was no carburetor on our old twenty-five horsepower, four-cylinder, four-cycle, Wright engine; thus, no throttle. Our take-off speed, flying speed and landing speed were practically the same. You could wangle a little acceleration or deceleration by advancing or retarding the magneto. None of the flexibility of a normal power landing of today, when you can play with your throttle to amend or improve your approach.

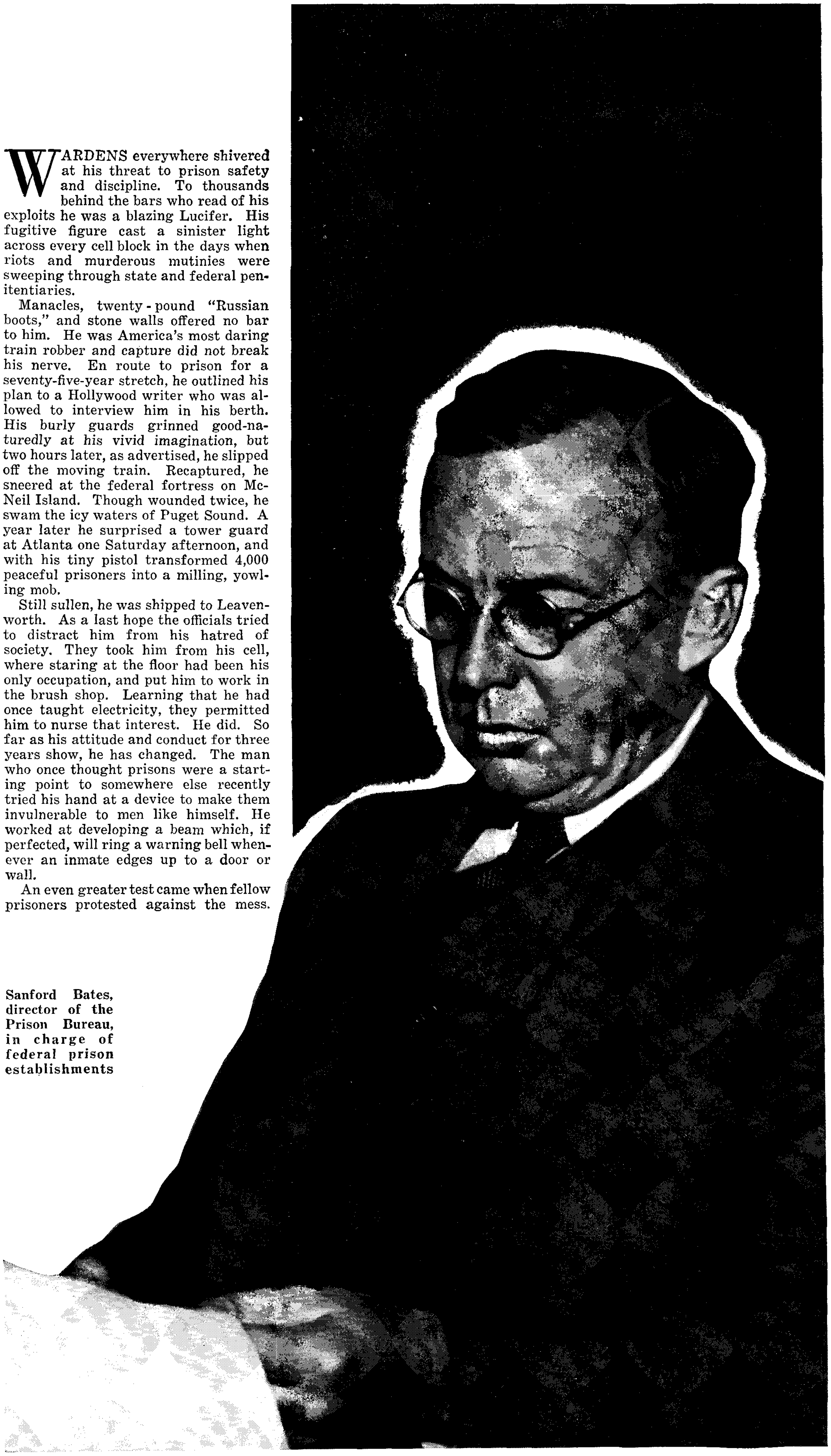
A Handicapped Birdman

Our gliding efficiency was so trivial that the instant you retarded the magneto you started for the ground hell bent. If you saw you were going to make a bad one you might be able to "catch" it and go around again—provided you had some altitude left, provided your engine took the sudden advancement of the magneto.

Well, you could see that uncertainty bothered La Chapelle that evening, but he managed to keep up and started to circle the field again. "What is the matter with him?" exclaimed Wilbur. "He was coming right down into the barn. Why doesn't he come down out in the middle of the field, where he has room?" I remember that while La Chapelle put-putted around I talked vaguely of some brave theory that he was demonstrating how you could with safety land a plane precisely with reference to your objective, so that you needn't waste a lot of time wheeling it in afterwards from the far ends of the field. If Wilbur or the others paid any attention to what I was saying, they forgot it when La Chapelle started to come down again.

He was plunging directly toward the hangar. It did not seem that he could miss it. We all yelled and scattered, for we were in the danger zone. He missed the hangar and landed all right. Wilbur was all set to lecture him, but when he got close to La Chapelle he

(Continued on page 55)



Sanford Bates, director of the Prison Bureau, in charge of federal prison establishments

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IFOR THOMAS,
Collier's Staff
Photographer

WARDENS everywhere shivered at his threat to prison safety and discipline. To thousands behind the bars who read of his exploits he was a blazing Lucifer. His fugitive figure cast a sinister light across every cell block in the days when riots and murderous mutinies were sweeping through state and federal penitentiaries.

Manacles, twenty-pound "Russian boots," and stone walls offered no bar to him. He was America's most daring train robber and capture did not break his nerve. En route to prison for a seventy-five-year stretch, he outlined his plan to a Hollywood writer who was allowed to interview him in his berth. His burly guards grinned good-naturedly at his vivid imagination, but two hours later, as advertised, he slipped off the moving train. Recaptured, he sneered at the federal fortress on McNeil Island. Though wounded twice, he swam the icy waters of Puget Sound. A year later he surprised a tower guard at Atlanta one Saturday afternoon, and with his tiny pistol transformed 4,000 peaceful prisoners into a milling, yowling mob.

Still sullen, he was shipped to Leavenworth. As a last hope the officials tried to distract him from his hatred of society. They took him from his cell, where staring at the floor had been his only occupation, and put him to work in the brush shop. Learning that he had once taught electricity, they permitted him to nurse that interest. He did. So far as his attitude and conduct for three years show, he has changed. The man who once thought prisons were a starting point to somewhere else recently tried his hand at a device to make them invulnerable to men like himself. He worked at developing a beam which, if perfected, will ring a warning bell whenever an inmate edges up to a door or wall.

An even greater test came when fellow prisoners protested against the mess. They overturned their plates and beat a tattoo on the tables with their knives and forks. Guards call it "yammering," and wardens dread the ominous sound. It may forbode a break or a fatal fight. A few years back the train robber would have been a ringleader in such a show. But when they looked to him for leadership this time, he stared back coldly. His beans unspilled, he arose and slipped from the hall to his cell amidst a snarl of curses and catcalls. That took more "guts" than his ventures on the outside.

The man who didn't spill his beans is only one example of the revolutionary reform of our federal prison establishments. Sanford Bates, director of the Prison Bureau, doesn't boast that the desperado has been "converted." It may be that he has simply bowed to fate or been institutionalized. But he is living in an entirely different atmosphere from that which further embittered him at McNeil and Atlanta, and he seems to have responded. He is taking the rap under a penal system which has been expanded and modernized from the dank, old-fashioned kitchen to the airy, newly built classrooms. It has been accomplished without ballyhoo for the same reason that the name of the prisoner has been withheld at the request of his keepers. He used to be a number, a bad number, but now he is a man in the eyes of those who will shape his life for the next sixty years—a man with his own individual make-up and problems.

When Prisons Bred Crime

Five years ago, long after this train robber entered prison, the federal system consisted of four walls and a key for "locking them up and turning them out," to use Mr. Bates' description. New prisons had not kept pace with new laws. There were only six utterly inadequate institutions. Problems of housing, guarding and feeding were so demanding that nobody thought of what the convicts' attitude would be when they got out. Society enjoyed some protection during their stay in the "big house," but as ninety-five per cent eventually go free, there was no assurance for the future.

Prisons bred crimes and criminals. Men had to double up and sleep in dark, airless basements and corridors. There was no segregation of young from old, diseased from well, hardened old-timers from impressionable first offenders, guilty from innocent in detention jails where they awaited trial. There was hardly any work, and habits of idleness were cultivated. Recreation meant only meaningless milling of stony-eyed men in the yard. Drug addicts and feeble-minded shrieked all night. When not downright brutal, guards thought they had discharged their duty in keeping decent disorder. Wardens' main concern was the smooth running of their plants.

There was a similar neglect of mental and physical health. The food was soggy but sufficient to keep them perpendicular. One full-time general practitioner cared for several thousand men, and his kit rarely included anything but pills. A few men might loiter in the mess hall for sporadic schooling at night, but their big idea was to get away from themselves and their cells.

(Continued on page 36)

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B. *17 jewel movement in 14 K. gold filled case. No. 2041 (natural), No. 2040 (white). Black silk cord. Also comes with leather cord. $47.50*

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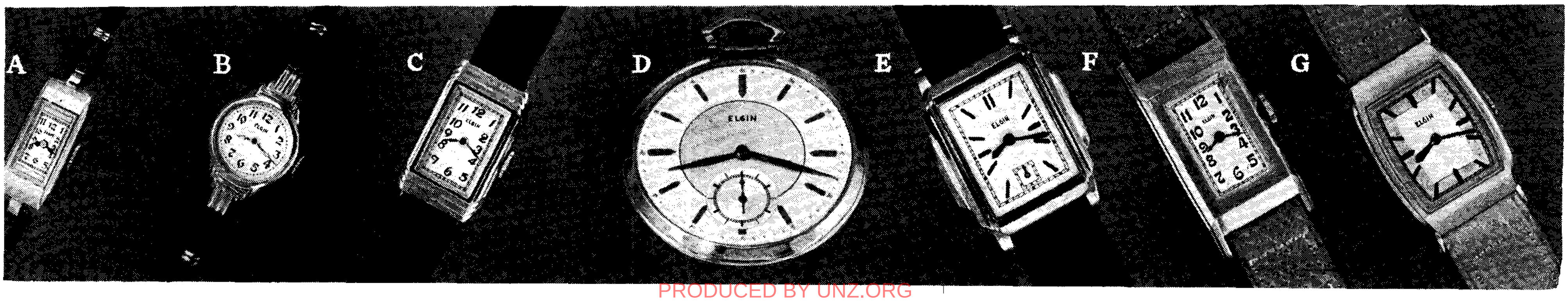

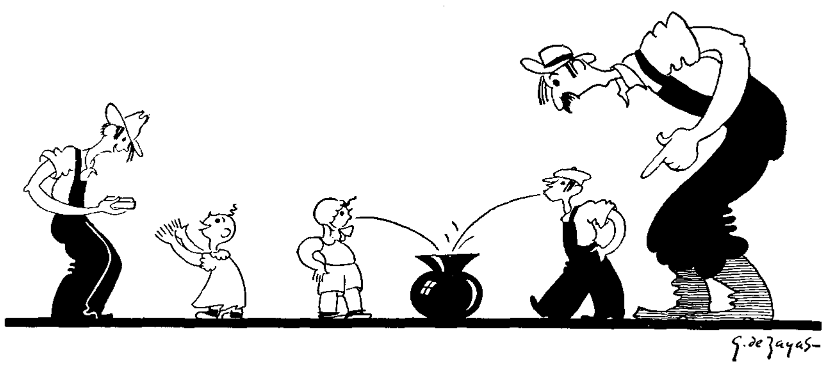

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The United States shudders at the habits of oriental children. Yet in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia today there are a number of pure-bred American boys and girls who openly begin the chewing of tobacco at the age of three.—*By H. N. Bruun, Chicago, Illinois.*

Kitzbühel, Austria, is one of the few places in the world which believe that the dead should share in the Yuletide celebration. On Christmas Eve, this picturesque little village in the Tyrol has, for many years, decorated each grave in its cemetery with a tree lighted by candles and other small lights.

Up to about 25 years ago in our larger cities, many saloon-keepers had a simple but successful way of increasing their morning business. After they had cleaned the sidewalk, they would throw a couple of mugs of beer in front of the door, the strong aroma of which had a deadly effect on the resistance of the passers-by.—*By R. G. LeCompte, Atchison, Kansas.*

No man has ever or can ever surround himself with absolute silence. In the most sound-proof and sound-absorbing rooms ever built, even the beating of the heart and the flowing of the blood make sounds that are loud enough to register several decibels on electric sound-measuring instruments.—*By Capt. C. W. Dresser, Los Angeles, California.*

One of the oldest and most universal games of children is Cat's-Cradle, which is played by means of a loop of string stretched on the fingers and taken from one player's hands to another's so as to produce various geometrical figures. This game is played in nearly every country in the world, even including New Guinea, where the children of the wildest savages on earth know several intricate varieties of it.

The Bible had a hard time finding its way into the English language. The first two editions had to be printed outside of England, one in Zurich in 1535 and the other in Paris in 1539. In America, the first Bible was printed in the Indian language in 1663 and the second in German in 1743. Not until 1782, or 143 years after our first printing press started, was an English Bible printed in this country.—*By John Clyde Oswald, Pelham Manor, New York.*

More than 1,300,000,000 persons, or 65 per cent of the entire population of the world, live today in countries whose newspapers and magazines are not only heavily censored but whose editors are given daily "instructions" by dictators or government press bureaus. Thus news published in these countries is colored or distorted to an unbelievable extent, undoubtedly a great menace to the peace of the world.

In Japan, nearly all little girls are obliged to take care of their younger brothers and sisters. It is not uncommon to see a small maid, only four years of age, playing in the street with an infant strapped on her back. They are taught to bear such burdens with safety by practicing with a doll for several hours a day from the time they are able to walk.

A study of 902 major wars fought since 500 B. C. was made recently by two Harvard professors. The statistical index that they used to "measure" each one was based on its duration and the number of combatants, casualties and countries involved. One startling fact brought to light was that the World War was eight times bigger than all the other 901 wars combined.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue. New York City.

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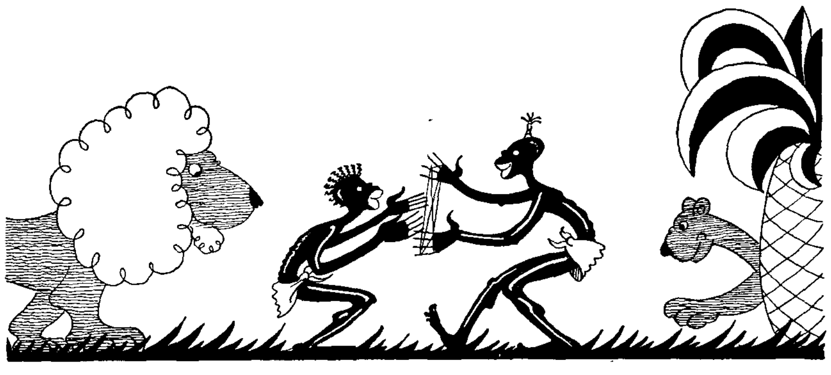

Prophet and Loss

Continued from page 9

out and at luncheon today I'll see what I can do for David Hamilton."

He did enough. He took Jim Pelly into his confidence, explaining to the latter how bad a stumblingblock young Mr. Hamilton was to his son's happiness and, conversely, to his own. "Jim," he concluded, "do me a favor. Get this Hamilton boy out of our way."

"All right, Horace. I'll have him fired next Saturday night."

"No, no, no, Jim. I'm not low enough for that. I wouldn't take the livelihood away from a Hottentot. Can't you transfer Hamilton to some other Utopia refinery—say down in Texas or out in California? Give him a raise; if he's a capable commercial chemist put him in charge of some little plant; let him think it's a promotion and that he's on the way up."

"I'll see what I can do, Horace."

Four days later Jane Wingate asked if she might be permitted to come to work at noon the following day—a request readily granted. When Horace G. Plank returned from luncheon that day he noticed that Miss Wingate had been weeping.

He was genuinely concerned. "How now?" he demanded.

"I have just come from seeing Mr. Hamilton off on the steamer. He has been given a substantial raise in salary—a hundred per cent increase, in fact—and transferred to the field laboratory in Venezuela. If he makes good he will be given a hundred dollars a week."

Mr. Plank remembered that there are venomous snakes and typhoid fever and malaria and tropical dysentery in the swamps of Venezuela, but decided not to mention that to Miss Wingate. "Well, I hope he gets along just bully," he assured her with a heartiness he did not feel and an inner resolve to ask Jim Pelly what the dickens he meant by risking Miss Wingate's happiness so recklessly.

"Why," said Jim Pelly, when the matter was brought to his attention, "Hamilton will be all right if he boils his drinking water, sleeps under a mosquito net, doesn't drink and doesn't mix with the natives."

"Well, if my boy doesn't make the grade in a year I'll tell you and then you offer to send Hamilton home. I'll feel like a murderer if anything happens to him."

HORACE G. PLANK looked up from a rough computation of the income he would have to pay for 1928. "This," he said to Miss Wingate, "is absolutely murderous. I'll have to reduce it and the only way I can do that is to charge something off to profit and loss."

"I've been considering that too," Jane replied. "I've been wondering if it wouldn't be wise to charge off your Atlas Mining & Milling stock. You have a million dollars invested and have never gotten a dividend out of it."

"And never shall, Miss Wingate. But you can't just charge off stock in a live corporation merely because it has never paid a dividend and you know it never will. You've got to make a legitimate sale; then you can charge off what loss you have suffered thereby."

"I suppose I'll have to be the goat," Jane murmured. "I'll give you a thousand dollars for all your Atlas stock. In some manner or other, however, I'll have to get my money back."

"Of course, of course, Miss Wingate. But we must avoid the appearance of making a wash sale. . . . Ah, I have it. I'll get Jim Pelly to buy the stock for a thousand dollars; six months later you buy it from Jim for a thousand dollars, transfer it to your name, tuck it away in a safe-deposit box and then sit by to make forty thousand dollars on your investment—perhaps more.

"You may have to wait a few years but you're bound to win heavily. We have a twenty-stamp mill on the property, a flotation plant that wouldn't flotate our recalcitrant ore, ore buckets, electric plant, tools, laboratory, bunk houses, mess halls and kitchen, office—cripes, we have everything and as it has seen little use and has been well cared for, it has very good secondhand value and one of these days it will sell for about fifty or sixty thousand. Then the board of directors will make its first and last dividend and dissolve the company."

"Oh, Mr. Plank, do you really think that?"

"I *know* it."

The following day Jim Pelly, always obliging, purchased the Atlas Mining & Milling stock and six months later sold it to Jane Wingate, without profit. Immediately, however, Horace G. Plank charged off *nine hundred and ninety-nine* thousand dollars and saved himself almost a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in income taxes, which constituted his first and last dividend from his one and only flyer in a gold mine.

TIME tiptoed by. Johnny Plank, seemingly ashamed of his futile, playboy past, entered with zest upon his employment in his father's office and, to his own amazement, began to like it. He followed his father's orders strictly. Never was there a more obedient, interested or industrious ex-playboy. Gradually Jane lost her stand-offish attitude toward him, while Horace G. Plank plowed along deeply in his financial furrows and paid no attention to the blighted romance.

The crash of October, 1929, erased it completely from his mind, for he had other things to think of. On the fifteenth of November he went into bankruptcy; on the twentieth of November he had a stroke and on the twenty-second he died. On December first the referee in bankruptcy canceled the lease of his expensive offices, closed them and dismissed Johnny Plank, Jane Wingate and the few employees who had been retained to straighten out the tangled accounts and present an orderly picture of the ruin.

Johnny and Jane walked out of the office together. At the elevator Johnny said: "I don't know what's going to become of me, Jane. I've learned something of the stock and bond brokerage business and investment banking, but somehow I have a notion the country's all washed up on that. At any rate, I'll have no more of it. I suppose you'll have no difficulty securing employment. You're so terribly efficient."

"I hope so, Johnny." A long pause. "Well, goodby," she said and held out her hand. Johnny glanced up and down the hall, saw that he would not be observed, took the hand and kissed it. "The hell of it is, Jane, I still love you and probably always will. It's going to be hard to put behind me the memory of you."

"Why, Johnny, I thought you had done that long ago."

He shook his head. "I was like a cat, watching quietly at a gopher hole, waiting for a favorable opportunity to pounce. Goodby, darling. Good luck and God bless you."

"If you feel that way about it,

(Continued on page 32)

5,136 *Letters tell you*
THE PEN TO GIVE THIS YEAR

5,136 persons recently wrote us that their Waterman's have given thorough satisfaction for more than 25 years—some from 48 to 50 years. An unapproached record of faithful service!

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Writing Sets at $3.75, $4.25, $5, $8, $10, $15

Pens—$2.75 to $10 Desk Sets—$7.50 up

PATRICIAN—Aristocrat of pens for men. Onyx (shown), Moss Agate, Jet. Finest pen made. **$10** Pencil $5

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LADY PATRICIA—An exquisite pen for women and girls. Persian (shown), Onyx, Moss Agate, Jet. **$5** Pencil to match $3

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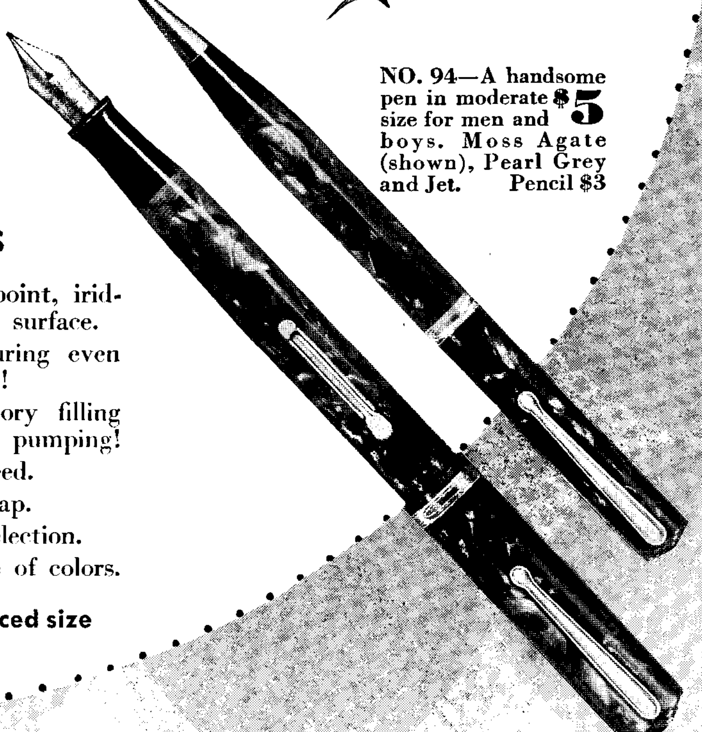

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HOW DID YOUR CAR START this morning? Slowly... grudgingly... with your starter growling and whining? That's dangerous business—for "cold stiffened" oil in the crankcase can cost you a pretty penny in repairs.

That's *why* Socony-Vacuum's new way of making Mobiloil Arctic is so important to every car owner who drives during the Winter months.

You can't *see* the difference this process makes in motor oil. But your engine can *feel* it—when you start your car in the morning—and there is no drag on the crankshaft.

It *feels* it—when hard driving makes the motor hot—and Mobiloil Arctic sticks to its job, without thinning out dangerously under the searing heat.

It *feels* it—when you pile up the miles—and this purer, cleaner oil keeps on providing efficient lubrication with no gum or sludge deposits which can be charged against crankcase lubricant.

The reason for these improvements in performance is very simple indeed. All oil refining is a process of removing natural impurities.

Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process is a more *efficient* refining method. It *dissolves* the natural impurities—washes them away much as soap and water wash away dirt, leaving a much *purer* oil.

You might well expect to pay more for an oil that makes starting easier, that lasts considerably longer, that flows quickly at low temperatures, that is the *world's finest Winter oil.*

But Mobiloil Arctic still sells at its regular price. We haven't added a penny to the cost.

Be good to your car this Winter—if you want a good car next Spring. Look for the Mobiloil sign with the red Gargoyle—or for the sign of the Flying Red Horse—and refill with Mobiloil Arctic made by the Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING WINTER OIL — now m
out of petroleum—by getting rid of more of the *nat*

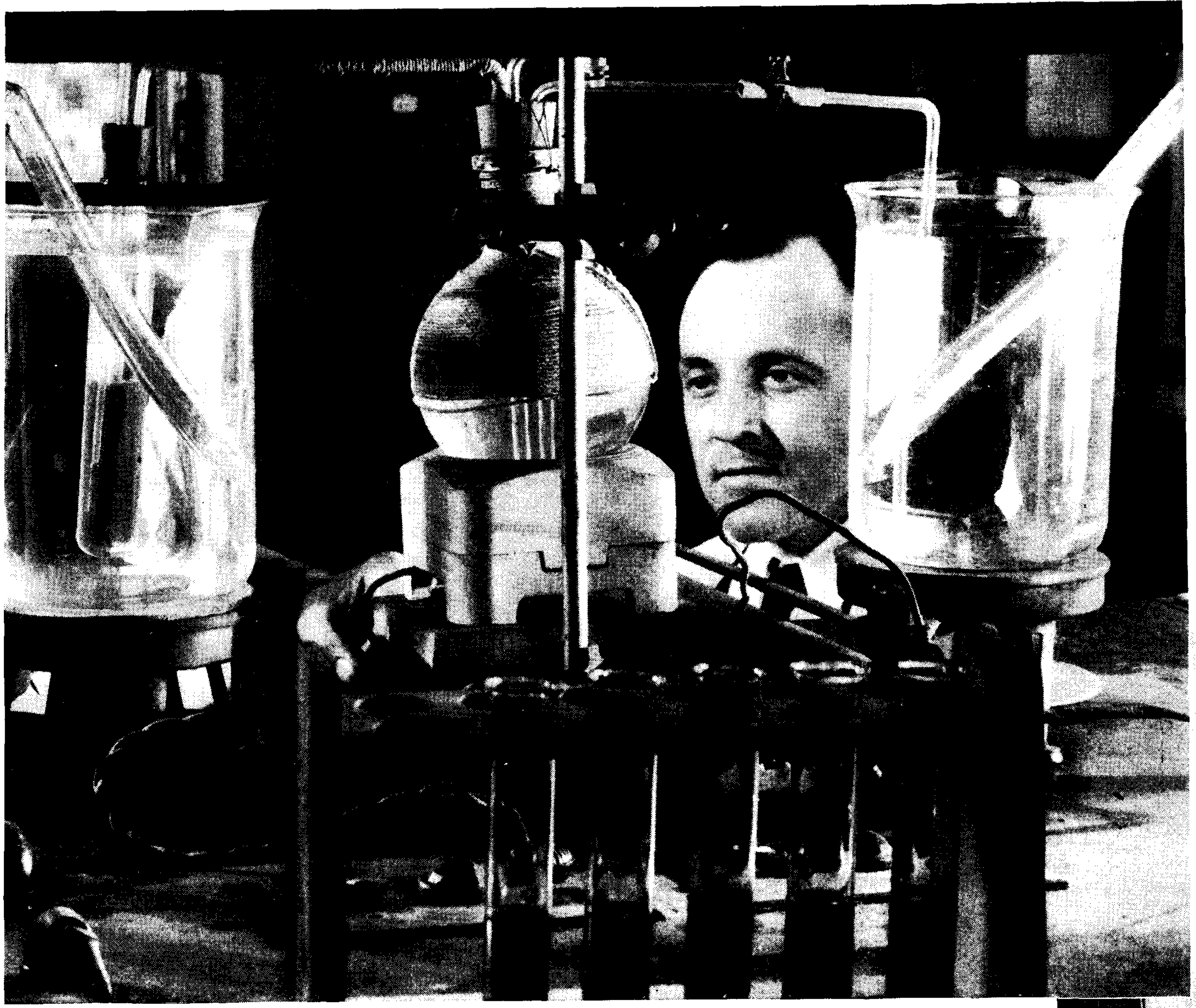
Mobiloil Arctic

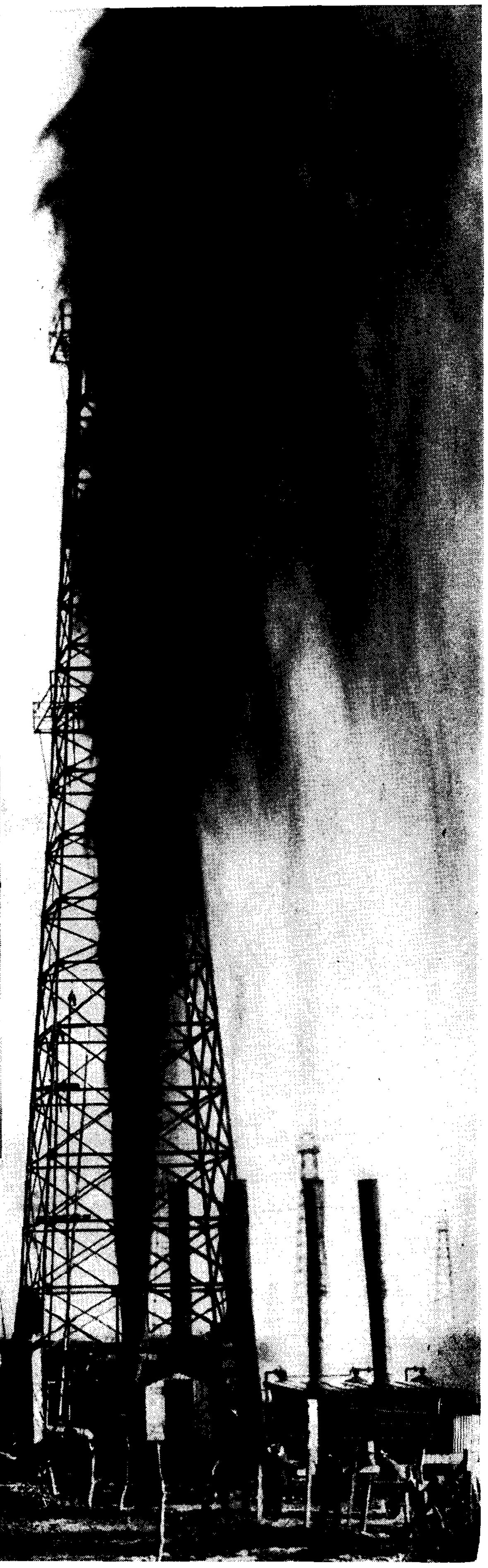
SOCONY-VACUUM

MADE BY THE NEW SOCONY-VACUUM CLEAROSOL PROCESS

-Vacuum Process FINEST WINTER OIL

Easier in Cold Weather





er than ever! Men working for months in the laboratory found a new and better way to get more of the *good* *purities.* Good motor oil is made — not found — and the extra value in Mobiloil Arctic is proof of it!

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1 STARTS MUCH EASIER...which means faster starting as well as less drain on your battery, less strain on your starter and less wear and tear on your engine.

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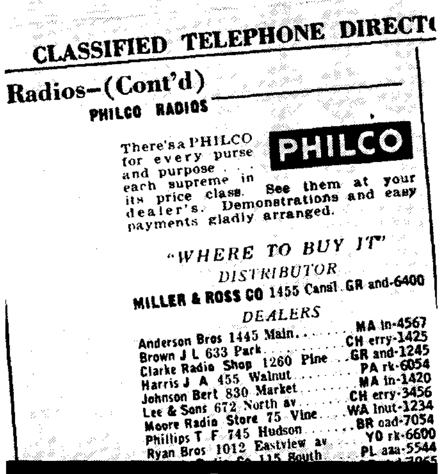

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Ryan Bros 1012 Eastview av . . . YO rk-6600
PL aza-5544

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

Prophet and Loss

Continued from page 28

Johnny, I'll have you understand that a kiss on the back of my gloved hand doesn't cover the situation. I think you're grand—a very great deal grander than your father ever thought."

"We understood each other thoroughly. There were no hard feelings."

"Well," said Jane and put up her adorable face. "He was terribly kind to me. Kiss me once for him—and once for yourself."

So Johnny did. Then the elevator door clanged open. "Go on, get in," Jane commanded. "I'll take the next car."

He saw that she was crying and he obeyed. And here let us leave them both.

Time, after its immutable habit, continued to tiptoe along. Some six weeks after their parting Johnny wrote her stating that he had sold his motor cruiser for five hundred dollars, his automobile for eight hundred, some jewelry for five hundred and his collection of first editions for a thousand. "When a panic strikes this country," he added, "New York is its center and the vibrations rock the Atlantic seaboard. They reach the Pacific Coast in full force about a year later. So I'm taking my small capital and emigrating to San Francisco, hoping to locate a position of sorts there while the going is still fair. Would you mind if I write you from time to time and let you know how helpless and inefficient me is getting along?"

Jane replied that she would be happy to hear from him frequently and would, in turn, advise him of her success in dodging the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

IN THE summer of 1933 Jane received a letter from a New York law firm, inquiring if her stock in the Atlas Mining & Milling Company was for sale and, if so, would she be good enough to state her price.

"Those wretched minority stockholders on the Board of Directors are up to skullduggery," Jane soliloquized. "They've had a good offer for the equipment, so they want to buy my stock cheap and save as much salvage as possible for themselves. I'll fool them."

So she wrote the law firm that she could not consider a cent less than one million dollars!

To her amazement she had a reply to that! It was pointed out to her that the mine had never paid a dividend; that the late Horace G. Plank had owned eighty per cent of it, for which he had paid approximately one million dollars; that in 1928 Mr. Plank, realizing that the mine had no value, with the exception of the secondhand value of the equipment, had sold his stock for a nominal sum, in order that he might make lemonade from his lemon, via the income-tax route. That the purchaser of the Plank stock, Mr. James Pelley, had evidently purchased it to oblige his friend Plank and had then disposed of it to her—probably given it to her.

Jane was reminded that the mine had not operated since 1910; that since 1910 its stock had not been quoted on the San Francisco Mining Exchange; that since 1922 not a single share of the stock had changed hands except the Plank stock and, doubtless, she was in a position to know why. She was further informed that the price she asked for her stock was wholly ridiculous; that at best, taking into consideration the value of the equipment at the mine, an offer of one hundred thousand dollars for her stock was excessive, although in order to close the matter promptly they were willing to pay her that.

"There is," quoth Jane, "a Nubian gentleman lurking in the woodpile, and since the woodpile is in California, I shall have to go to California to rout him out."

Johnny Plank came down to the automobile agency where he was employed as a salesman, and found a telegram awaiting him. It ran:

AM IN SAN FRANCISCO AND WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU IF POSSIBLE STOP PLEASE CALL SUITE 756, HOTEL ST. FRANCIS STOP WILL BE IN ALL DAY. JANE WINGATE

Half an hour later Johnny was knocking at the door of Suite 756. Jane opened the door for him and held out her hand. "So nice of you to come; so nice to see you again, Johnny," she greeted him. "I couldn't bear the thought of passing through San Francisco without looking you up. How are you, Johnny? And how are you getting along in this cold, cold world?"

"Practically staggering, Jane." He looked as if he wanted to kiss her; in fact, he leaned toward her, apparently with that plan in mind, but seemed to think better of it. "I suppose you've married that lad that got in my way and are here on your honeymoon."

"Wrong the very first time, Johnny. He never came back. It seems he invented some new process for breaking down oil and making a superior gasoline and more of it at less money. He was smart enough to take his process to another company, which bought it, paid him a royalty and made him general chemical engineer in charge of all their distilleries or whatever you call a gasoline-manufacturing plant. So he's quite rich and getting richer and I suppose he began to figure that I don't measure up to him socially. At any rate, he gave me the foot, Johnny."

"Are you broken-hearted?"

"I am not. I'm delighted."

"Still a plain working girl, Jane?"

"Whenever I find something at which I can work."

JOHNNY sighed deeply while his eyes devoured her. "Well, Jane, I missed you with the first barrel, but here goes for the second. After I came to California I took a course in the expression of personality, and by dint of that and considerable hard work I manage to sell enough cheap automobiles, despite the hard times, to make about three hundred dollars a month. I have nearly three thousand dollars in the bank and I hereby lay that, my monthly income and my bleeding heart at your feet. And if you can't see a bribe of such proportions I shall not blame you a bit."

"I really should refuse you, Johnny, because you lacked the courage to kiss me when you came in. However, you can kiss me now."

"Jane, do you actually love me?" he choked.

"I fell in love with you about three months after that pinhead chemist went out of my life. And I'm here now because I still love you."

Johnny beat his chest gorilla-fashion. "Come here," he commanded—and Jane came. They went into a huddle to discuss the next play.

"I'm going down to the bank and draw out some of my hard-saved three thousand," Johnny announced. "Also, I shall book two seats on the plane to Reno, and we'll be married there this afternoon. In California we'd have to give three days' notice of our intention to marry. Check out of this suite. It's too expensive. Tomorrow you scout around and rent us a small apartment—and see to it that we have a practical fireplace, because I want to hang over it an oil portrait of my father. He was hell-bent on having you for a daughter-in-law and laid his plans accordingly. The old ruffian knew his women.

"I suppose you thought he was kind to my hated rival for your sake. Fooey! He was merely clearing the road for me. The day the financial props fell out from under him he said: 'Johnny, I think she's weakening. Stay with the fight, boy. I can't leave you a nickel but I think I've fixed it to leave you happiness.' I was such a fool, Jane. I thought there could be no happiness where there wasn't an excess of cash. I've had to live and learn something of the delights of poverty. I guess my dear old man wasn't smart, eh?"

"His son takes after him in looks and intelligence. However, why stand here swapping compliments? Shall we get on our horses?"

WHEN Johnny Plank came home one night a week later, his wife saw at a glance that the world had dropped out from under him. "Don't hoard it, Johnny," she urged. "Who's dead now?"

"Nobody—I've been fired. The automobile agency that employed me has sold out to a competitor, who'll sell both cars with his old staff."

"Grand!" Jane exulted. "Now we'll be free to enjoy our honeymoon."

"We can't afford it, Jane. For heaven's sake, don't make a waster of me, now that I've reformed."

Said Jane: "Take a look at that, you social parasite, and see if you cannot work up a circulation." And she handed him a certificate of deposit for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable to Jane Wingate Plank. In about a minute Johnny said, tremulously:

"Darling, what does this mean?"

Jane explained. She told him all about her Atlas Mining stock—how, having held it, she had finally sold it *at her price.*

Johnny wagged his head in delirium. "Horace always said you were a rara avis. Cripes! I'll bet there are very noticeable seismic disturbances in Woodlawn cemetery this moment—old boy trying to climb out and cheer."

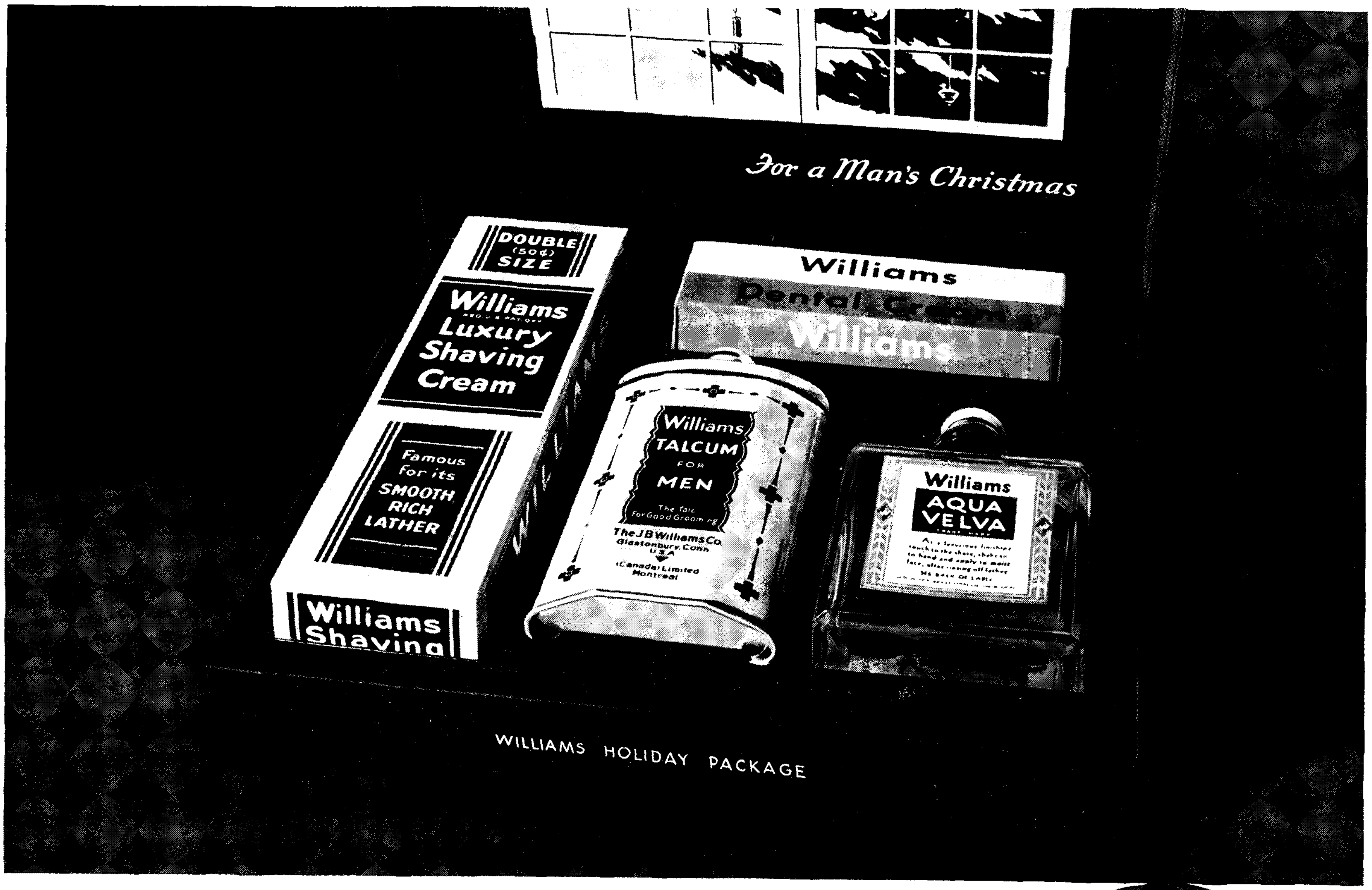
"Oh, but you've only heard an eighth of it. I have seven other installments coming, Johnny—I sold for just two millions."

Johnny seemed dazed. "But tell me," he gasped, "how on earth you managed to make a million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars on a one-thousand-dollar investment."

"The New York counsel for the Syndicate wrote me and offered me one hundred thousand. Immediately I became suspicious and came out to the mine to investigate. Learned plenty from the local gossips. New discoveries of ore, new smelting processes and new gold prices. So I sold. But I might have gotten more money, but why be a pig and delay the start we're making at just living?"

Johnny took her on his knees and drew her face down to his, and from above the fireplace Horace G. Plank gazed down upon his handiwork with prideful dignity. Johnny sighed with contentment and peace. "At any rate, sweetheart," he declared presently, "you can never accuse me of having married you for your money!"

a gift of surpassing FACE VALUE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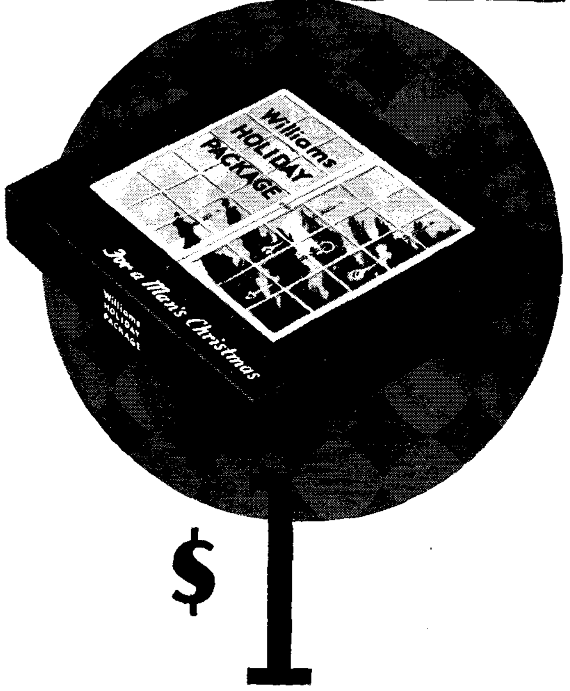
The gift without guesswork for every man who shaves—what he likes, what he needs, what he will delight in daily. It contains a double size tube of Williams Luxury Shaving Cream . . . a flask of exhilarating Aqua Velva for after shaving . . . a tin of Williams Talc . . . a tube of Williams Dental Cream (none better) . . . a great big dollar's worth, in a gay Christmas box, wherever toilet goods are sold. The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—LaSalle, Montreal, Canada.


Williams HOLIDAY PACKAGE
For a Man's Christmas
Williams HOLIDAY PACKAGE
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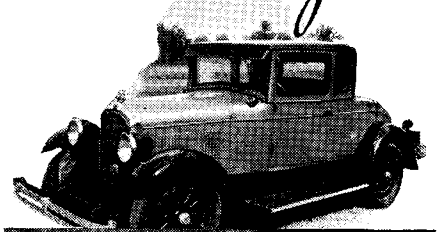
Williams HOLIDAY PACKAGE

"Finish Rot" will never ruin this car's Beauty!



Driven 100,500 miles. Simoniz keeps this car beautiful. Owned by R. E. Quinn, Canton, Miss.

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Millions say: "By all means Simoniz your car!" They know that, old or new, every car should be Simonized. And here's the reason! Simoniz positively stops "finish rot." It keeps this destructive decay from eating away and ruining the finish.

So always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car if you want it to stay beautiful. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and safely restores the lustre. Simoniz, too, is easy to apply. In addition to keeping cars beautiful, it makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

KLEENER
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MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
MAKES FINISH LAST LONGER

Plan or Perish

Continued from page 10

builders have not called in the foresters and soil experts, silt from gullied hillsides has filled the storage reservoirs.

A stop will be put to this sort of thing, just as states are going to be asked to quit their wrangling and join with the federal government in whole-hearted coöperation. Unified and comprehensive regional planning is commanded by common sense and by every instinct of self-preservation. Hit or miss conservation and development must give way to order, design and forethought. The experience of the Tennessee Valley Authority, gained in the comparatively short time of a year and a half, proves conclusively that these objectives can be attained.

The Wheeler Dam is being built fifteen miles above the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, and far up on the Clinch River, some eighty miles beyond its junction with the Tennessee, the mighty Norris Dam is in process of construction. As a result of this highly coördinated system of dams, not only is power assured the whole year, but flood control is guaranteed and also low-water control.

One of the principal attacks on the Tennessee Valley Authority, and on every other federal project for the development of hydroelectric power, for that matter, is that the country is already oversupplied. By way of answer, a recent survey showed that sixty per cent of the farmers of the United States owned automobiles, forty per cent had telephones, twelve per cent running water and only five per cent used electricity. All of which would seem to indicate that while automobile manufacturers and the telephone companies have been up and doing, power people have slept on the job.

New Land for Old

The Tennessee Valley Authority, studying these figures, proceeded on the theory that the trouble was underconsumption, not overproduction, insisting that the demand could be doubled and trebled very quickly if the prices on electric current and electrical equipment were lowered. As a result, the Electric Home and Farm Authority was brought into being, a million-dollar government corporation backed by a credit of ten millions from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Today a housewife in the Tennessee region can walk into her local dealer's and buy an electric range, an electric refrigerator, an electric water heater and a portable motor on time. The dealer collects the full amount in cash from the Electric Home and Farm Authority, and each month the local electric company adds an item to the housewife's bill that in four years amortizes the total cost of the appliances together with interest. The money, of course, is duly remitted to the EHFA. Due to discovered economies, inventions and mass production, prices are about one half what they used to be.

What has been done in the Tennessee Valley can be done, and will be done in every other region. This does not mean government competition with private industry in any harsh sense of the word. The TVA is commanded to avoid construction of duplicate physical facilities and to guard against wasteful competitive practices. Some private lines have been purchased in Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, but in most cases working arrangements are made for transmission and distribution. The Electric Home and Farm Authority has the right to operate in any state in the Union and will undoubtedly do so, but its activities build up local dealers.

Soil erosion in the Tennessee Valley had reached the state of stark tragedy. Out of 742,000 acres of non-forest land in one drainage area, more than 500,000 acres had been washed away, and the land ruined for agriculture. Hillsides, once thick with magnificent hardwood forests, had been bought up for twenty-five cents an acre and cut bare. One poor struggling wretch had tried eleven farms in succession and was found starving on the last.

A fine step of the TVA was to retire submarginal land from cultivation, putting it back into grass and trees. Instead of hitting or missing, however, as in the past, experts set up nurseries to find the best crop-bearing trees and shrubs both for human consumption and as feed for stock.

Agricultural experts are working side by side with the foresters, explaining the necessity of changing from plow crops to grass crops, showing the advantage of "wood lots," of contour plowing and "strip farming." A stretch of alfalfa or clover between corn, cotton or tobacco conserves moisture and protects the topsoil against rain and wind. Does anyone imagine that such instruction is not needed in the Mississippi Valley, the Arkansas Valley and many other agricultural areas where the wastes and ignorances of the past are taking heavy toll today?

When it came to housing the workers for the building of the great Norris Dam on the Clinch, the TVA did not throw together the usual ramshackle construction camp, doomed to abandonment, but set about the creation of a permanent rural community. Simple, comfortable houses, completely electrified, were put up to rent for twenty-five dollars a month, each with four or five acres of ground for garden plots. One house in the town was set apart for the demonstrations of a "home expert," and other experts laid out a model garden for the purpose of showing the workers just how a family could feed itself through the summer, and lay by enough for the winter months.

A dairy farm and a poultry plant were likewise established, not only to supply the community, but also to teach dairying and poultry raising to the workers themselves as well as to the farmers of the countryside.

President Roosevelt stands convinced that what has been done in the Tennessee Valley can be done in similar regions throughout the United States, and that it has got to be done. Water must be conserved and wisely administered if we are to endure as a nation. Agriculture, all too often as it is practiced today, leads to abandonment of the soil. More and more the truth is being driven home that no man has the right to say, "I am absolute owner of my ground, and will do with it as I please." He is merely the custodian, and should be made to see to it that he passes on good land to the next generation instead of barren stretches.

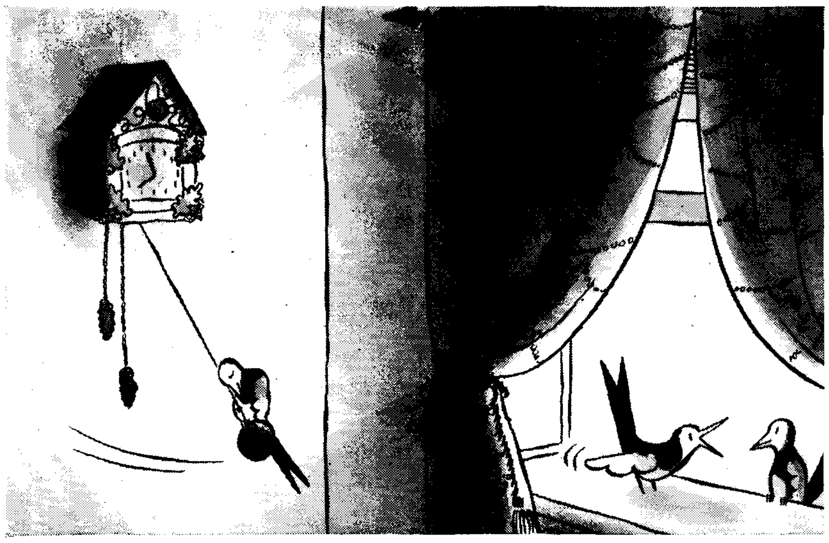
Emulating the Aztecs

It is not the purpose of the Great Plan to add blindly to our annual agricultural output. For every new acre brought into cultivation, an old acre will be retired. All over the country today, farmers are pouring the sweat of their bodies and souls into soil that can never yield an adequate return. Such as these must be transferred to more fertile soil, and submarginal lands put back into grass and forest, or turned over to the President's Committee on Wild Life Restoration for upland game, insectivorous birds, migratory fowl and fur-bearing animals. Seventeen million acres have already been requested.

An end to the ravages of floods and the terror of droughts; cheap current and inexpensive electrical equipment for the home, the barn and the field, lifting humanity above the animal drudgeries; a cure for the congestion and savage competition of cities through the development of local industries where the workers will have their garden plots, a generous supplement to their wages; a larger measure of happiness for all, and the recovery of self-respect for countless thousands.

Strange as it may seem, the Great Plan is not new. The Aztecs and the Incas thought in terms of national planning and regional development centuries before the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock. Water and soil were the sole concern of the central government, and by a system of land tenure, colonization and scientific conservation, these ancient people knew neither poverty nor hunger.

Is it too radical, too visionary, to ask that twentieth-century Americans equal the Incas and the Aztecs in the ordering of human life and natural resources?



"He rocks himself to sleep every night!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

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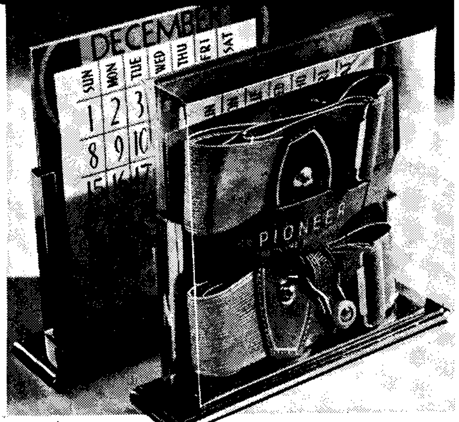
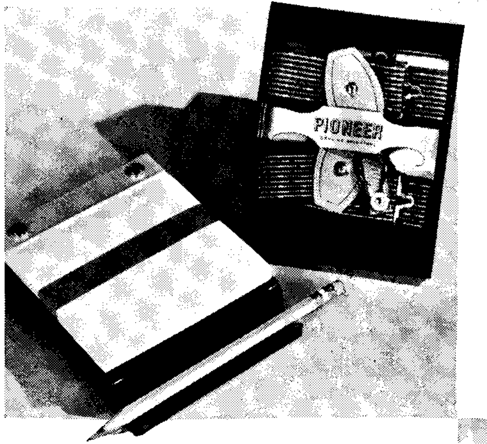
by PIONEER

For **50¢**... a pair of good quality PIONEER (genuine Brighton) Garters plus a dandy bakelite frame, such as every man wants for his "best girl's" picture—and rarely remembers to buy. . . . (*at right*)

PRACTICAL and handsome—chromium-finished desk calendar. Garters are extra fine quality, with matched leather pads. A gift that will be remembered through the whole year. (*at right*) . . . and only **$1**

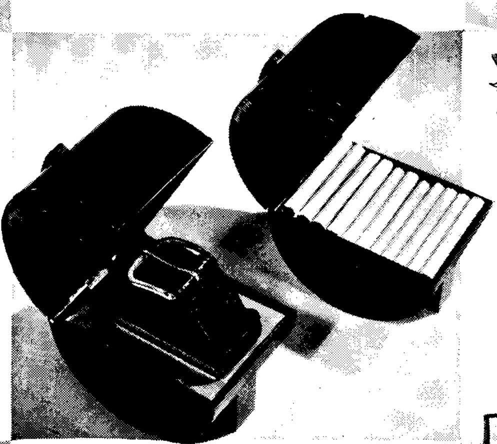




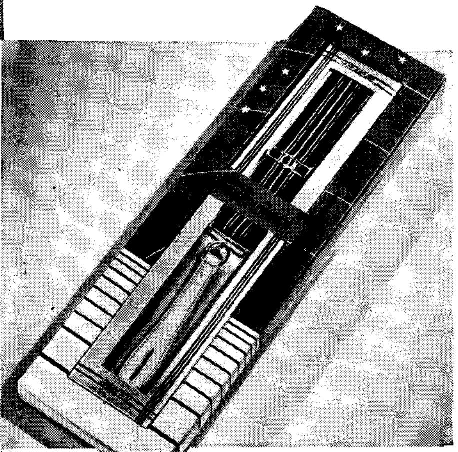
IMAGINE!—as fine a pair of garters as anyone could wish—AND a good looking, bakelite memo pad, all for **75¢**! Two presents in one—any twins on your list? . . . . (*at left*)

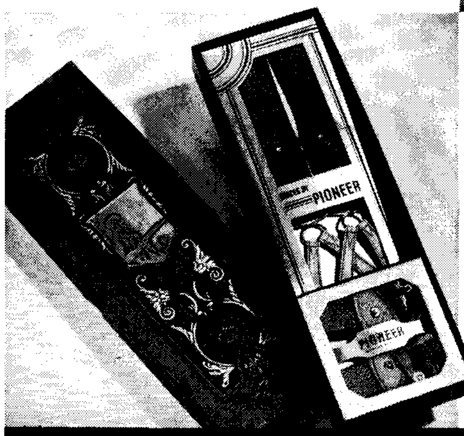
OF HEAVY burnished copper is this decorative box. Ideal for cigarettes or masculine odds and ends. Belt is full-grain cowhide. The silver-plated buckle may be had with or without initial. . . . (*at left*) complete **$2**

NEAT! says Bro. Bill. The belt's of boarded cowhide—a beauty. The modernistic box is of bakelite, intended for cigarettes, but there's no law against using it for jewelry . . . (*at right*) **$1.50**



EXCLUSIVE with Pioneer—the "Streamline" construction in braces. Swinging leather ends have that "different" appearance sought by men who want the latest in apparel. In a Christmassy package. . . . (*at right*) **$1**





EVEN if "he has everything" he'll appreciate *matched* braces and garters. In this colorful box of tooled leatherette you'll find an ideal gift at the moderate price of . . . . . . (*at left*) **$1.50**

BRACES BY
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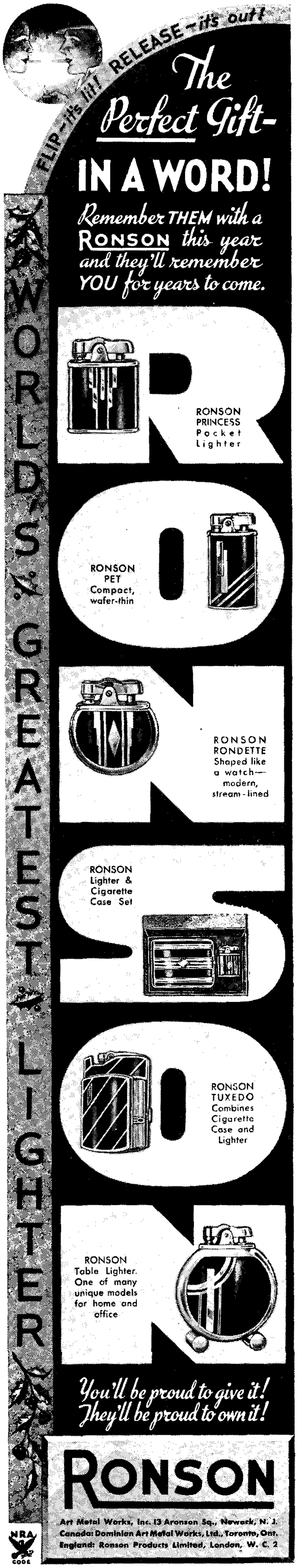
SHAGGYS

ROUGH, he-man effects are the thing, right now, you know. These "Shaggy" Braces go perfectly with winter clothes. A mighty acceptable gift, beautifully put up in a tooled leatherette package for (*at left*) **$1.50**

Braces • Belts • Garters **PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY** *Philadelphia, Pa.*



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NRA CODE

Prep School

Continued from page 26

There were some books, but these were mildewed, uncatalogued collections of dull, out-of-date volumes from World War cantonments. Wealthy prisoners, whose money endeared them to guards, and wise "repeaters," were assigned to the "range line," which is the prison name for kitchen jobs that entitled holders to steaks and chops instead of stew.

Prison, in short, was a place where men might meditate on tomorrow's misdeeds, and sharpen their anti-social wits at the feet of experts. So a congressional committee reported early in 1929 as a needless post-mortem on a series of fatal and costly outbreaks throughout the country. It forced action by Congress. Each year since then, Congress has enacted part of the recommended legislation. Now, for the first time, the United States has a modern, intelligent penal system.

You Can't Fool Them

They probably wouldn't go back to the same old place, for Uncle Sam has spent $10,000,000 in enlarging the campus. It used to be Atlanta, Leavenworth or McNeil for all offenders, whether a man went up for murder or violation of the Volstead Act, whether his criminal instincts sprang from a mental disorder or a nagging wife. In the front office they asked him only his name, age, address and offense, for they had no doubts of his state of servitude. They were chiefly interested in discovering how much trouble he would cause them. He was assigned a number and a cell and forgotten except when he broke the rules. Now he may go to a "pen," to a reformatory if under nineteen, to a detention jail for a short term, to a hospital, to a narcotic farm, to a road camp—to any one of twenty classified institutions.

He can't pick his jail, of course, but his needs help to determine his location. He spends the first thirty days in quarantine, where they seek to determine, not his place in prison, but his place in the prison program as a means of preparing him for a lawful life on release. The physician examines him for contagious diseases, and to discover if he needs treatment. In turn he is interviewed by a psychologist, a psychiatrist, a trained social worker, an educational supervisor, an industrial director and the chaplain. These are not stereotyped interviews; they simply talk out the whys and wherefores and the where-do-we-go-from-heres.

When the authorities have compared notes, they should know the man—the cause of his criminality and the chance of reclaimability. They should have a chart with which to plan and direct his custodial, industrial, religious, educational, social and recreational routine. Next the examiners call in the man and outline their plans for him. If he presents a valid objection, they may modify their original program. Most prisoners, officials say, seem to appreciate this kind of welcome. They sense that somebody has an interest in them other than that of punishment. In numerous instances this analysis of personality and environment and capabilities has had constructive results. One prisoner, for instance, insisted that he wanted to be a professional prize-fighter, and nothing else would suit him. After they agreed to let him put the gloves on at one of the evening entertainments, he owned up to an interest in teeth and tools. Before long he developed an aptitude for mechanical dentistry, and he has not yet asked for a chance to demonstrate that he is a misunderstood Maxie Baer.

Educational facilities and personnel have been established on such a scale that a lifer can start with kindergarten and end with the equivalent of a college education. Thirty per cent of the prison population of about twelve thousand attend school voluntarily. At McNeil, the Harvard of our penitentiaries, the percentage is sixty per cent. Lessons range from first-grade word pictures and low multiplication to geometry, literature, Bible study, philosophy, civics, hygiene; from business arithmetic and law to stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, show-card writing, blueprint drafting; from carpentry and masonry work to instruction in radio, automobile, aviation and all kinds of machinery.

Most beginners are eager to learn reading and figuring, if only because they help to while away long, lonely hours. First-graders strive diligently to spell "parole" and "freedom" in their earlier lessons. More advanced students show a preference for simplified versions of classics which, like Robinson Crusoe and The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, beckon to a fancied freedom; or for those which, like Les Misérables, prove that things could be a lot worse. The most-read poets are such practical humanitarians as Shakespeare, Dickens and Longfellow.

"Those guys don't get preachy," was one prisoner's explanation of his taste in poetry, "but make you feel things just the same." Prisoners, no matter what their mental age, are difficult students; they detect sham quickly. They want real, practical, everyday stuff. "Aw, nuts!" they growl over a sentence telling them that "The policeman is my friend," or "I must keep clean," or "See the stars." But movies which show a cop helping a motherly old lady across the street, and films which depict the scope and complexity of relationships required to sustain life—the growing, transportation, processing and distribution of sugar, for instance,—hold their interest.

The response to establishment of a modern library headed by trained librarians was pathetic. The inmates were demanding books as soon as descriptive catalogues were pasted in their cell-blocks. Librarians, teachers and chaplains guided them into what was a dream world for many of them. Reading gained in popularity by forty per cent in most places, and by 133 per cent at McNeil.

Sentiment Stays on the Shelf

Tastes are not much different from those on the outside. Fiction is most popular with the short-termers; it's the long-timers who try the "headache books." Travel, useful arts, literature, history, philosophy and easy reading, in order, are the most popular non-fiction subjects; religion and fine arts are the least popular. They like "action." They can't get enough western, sea and sports stories. There is almost no general interest in poetry or drama, and not much in politics and economics. Their curiosity about politicians is satisfied by such novels as Revelry and A Gentleman from Mississippi. Sentimental stuff stays on the shelves, especially sugary love stories. They crave detective novels, but those in charge restrict these to international and foreign mysteries by Oppenheim and Conan Doyle, whose unfamiliar locales and characters may not stimulate bad ideas. Morbid sex and crime stories are barred.

Library attachment was literally a life-saver to one despondent and desperate convict. He was unmanageable until he came under the supervision of a librarian and the spell of books. "It saved my reason," he wrote in long after. Now he owns a successful bookshop somewhere.

The new system recognizes that health of body and mind go together. Atlanta now has 1,800 inmates instead of 4,400, and nowhere do two inmates sleep in one cell. Although only about twenty-five per cent have employment, due to opposition to prison labor by outside interests, maintenance details keep most prisoners occupied. The new penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is a model at home and abroad.

"Tired Men Don't Riot"

The U. S. Public Health Service has assumed responsibility for prison health, and the larger institutions have skilled staffs of doctors, surgeons, psychologists, psychiatrists, nurses and internes. Dr. Paul E. Howe of the Department of Agriculture has assisted in establishing an adequate feeding system. Trained stewards and cooks, depending on the size of the institution, have supplanted unskilled inmates, who spoiled the fare they handled, poor as it was before they touched it. Dr. Howe has prepared a standard, scientific ration that costs only twenty cents a day, or not much more than the cost of the slum and beans of the old order. His typical menus, despite their low cost, emphasize palatability as much as sustenance. He combined suggestions for sweets, salads and croutons in soups with the reminder that creamed dried beef and tasty gravy stimulate an appetite for cheap but nutritious breadstuffs. The "range line" has vanished. Wealthy prisoners can no longer buy favors or tidbits under Mr. Bates' order of "the same stew for everybody." Al Capone can spend no more than ten dollars a month at the commissary, and he must use non-transferable tickets.

Mr. Bates and his associates, who have long made prison work and administration their profession, make no claim to perfection even in the planning. Mr. Bates still speaks in his Boston twang of the "prison of the future." Nor do they put the prisoner's welfare first. But they do believe that they have built the foundation of a system which will "protect society" in a more practical way than the medieval method did.

"Punishment of a constructive nature," says Mr. Bates, "helps both prisoner and public. If a man leaves prison with a debilitated body and disorganized mind, with a knife literally sticking in his teeth, we have protected society only for the time he was behind bars. It is for society's sake, and not his primarily, that we try to rid his body of disease, to put constructive thoughts in his mind and accustom him to hard, daily labor. He may not like it, but it will help him and future generations.

"One reason for crime is the desire to get rich quickly. Now, if we can teach him to work and help to support dependents in a small way, it is better than to confirm him in habits of idleness by keeping him in an atmosphere of dirt and petty graft and deterioration. Work is the keynote of the new prison system. Tired men don't riot. Nor do our inmates find life in the modern system any bed of roses. So far I haven't heard of any waiting list or of anyone refusing to leave when his time is up."

"Something to remember you by"
Give a Kodak

YOUR GIFT of a Kodak will keep memories fresh, the record straight. Trips . . . reunions . . . outings . . . parties . . . people who come and go . . . the happy Christmas season itself. Cameras are so much finer than they used to be—witness the Kodaks on this page. What other gift at the price can bring so much lasting enjoyment? Pictures ahead in 1935—be sure to get them! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. . . . *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

▲ (Top, left) KODAK VOLLENDA—Your camera enthusiast will be thrilled by the performance of this European-type miniature camera. Compur shutter has eight speeds from 1 to 1/300 second. Radionar Anastigmat *f*.3.5 lens gets brilliant pictures even in difficult light. Sixteen exposures (1 3/16 x 1 9/16 inches) at a loading on "vest-pocket" film. Carries in vest pocket or handbag. $33.50.

▲ (Top, right) KODAK SIX-20—Keen *f*.6.3 Kodak Anastigmat lens gives snapshots even indoors *at night* with Kodak "SS" Film and Mazda Photoflood bulbs. Opens at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. For 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, $17.50. Other models from $14.

▲ (Middle, left) JIFFY KODAK—A jack-in-the-box. Press a button—"Pop"—it opens. Press another—"Click"—it snaps the picture. And *good* pictures! Any member of the family will prize this smart, sturdy camera. For 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, $8. 2½ x 4¼ inch size, $9.

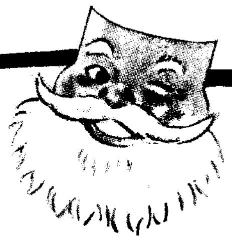
▲ (Middle, right) KODAK SIX-16 *f*.4.5—A marvel of precision, compactness, and beauty. Extra lens power gives you snapshots far beyond the range of ordinary cameras. Compur shutter with speeds from 1 to 1/250 second. Built-in self timer, new spring-out front, and both conventional and eye-level finders. Pictures, 2½ x 4¼ inches. Price, $40.

▲ (Bottom, left) CINÉ-KODAK "K"—Eastman's finest home movie camera. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Gives the beginner excellent service from the start, yet lives up to every demand of the expert. Attachments (extra) for telephoto work and gorgeous movies in natural color. Price (including case) from $112.50.

▲ (Bottom, right) CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT—Brings home-movies within the reach of everyone. *Makes 20 to 30 movie scenes*—each as long as the average news-reel scene—on a film that costs $2.25, *finished*, ready to show. A full-fledged movie camera for $34.50.

KODAK

A Day in the life of a Smart Santa Claus

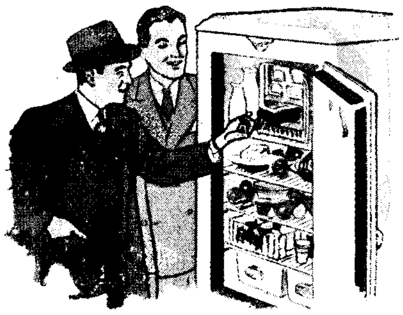


"Well, well, well! Here it is almost Christmas time again! And here's *one* Santa Claus that's not going to be caught napping *this* year, no sir! No last minute shopping for *me*.

I shall cheerfully dedicate this day to finding the perfect gift for the swellest wife any Santa Claus ever had.

Now let's see . . . what'll it be, *what'll it be?* It's got to be something grand, and—most of all—something *personal* . . . something for herself!

Gosh! I can't seem to find 'just the thing,' and I've been into and out of nearly every store in town. S-A-Y, wait a minute! Why did I never think of that before. A Frigidaire! Boy, what a break!



So *this* is the Super Series Frigidaire, eh? Pretty slick, *I'll* say! I like the way those ice trays slide from the freezer—at a finger touch! And you say it turns *itself* on when defrosting is completed?

Lifetime Porcelain inside and out? Well, I certainly couldn't ask for anything finer than *that!*

The what?—oh, *Hydrator* . . . keeps fruits and vegetables fresh and crisp, eh? *Swell!*

Now just a minute while I recall all the other advantages you spoke of: Super Freezer, Cold Control, interior lighting, adjustable shelves—oh well, never mind . . . you've made a sale, my boy! Here, I'll write out the inscription to go on the gift medallion.

Frigidaire
Gift
Medallion

Yes, attach it right inside the door. Don't forget, now—Christmas Eve! Attaboy!

Am I a smart Santa Claus—or *am* I!"

P.S.

Of course, there are all sizes of families, kitchens and "Santa Clauses." So—there are also all sizes of Frigidaires . . . from the Standard Frigidaire that uses less current than one ordinary lamp bulb, to the "last word" De Luxe Frigidaire. Select just the Frigidaire for your family—and be a smart Santa Claus!

Frigidaire

WISHES YOU ALL A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND MANY, MANY HAPPY NEW YEARS

No Romance

Continued from page 17

And ere I had pulled three strokes there came from the ice astern a wailing cry. Instantly I swung the boat back. Scowling, the little man urged me by gestures to make for the ship. "I can't leave anyone on the ice, you cur!" said I. And in a moment the gig struck the ice again, and I leaped from her. Having secured her to a little pinnacle of ice close by, I ran in the direction whence that cry kept coming. And, as I ran, the merest suggestion of an air fanned my face; so that the fog billowed and wreathed. A chill ran down my spine. "There's a gale coming," I thought.

A LITTLE distance from the gig was a great ice hummock. I ran past it, and saw, perhaps two hundred yards away, those prostrate forms and that kneeling figure. Another jiffy and I was there. A glance at the two was enough. Dead, and a red stain on the ice beside each. I grasped the shoulder of the kneeling figure. "Come! Not a second to spare!" I cried.

The kneeling figure looked up at me, and, losh—*it was a girl!* Maybe twenty years old or so. In oilskins and seaboots, with a sou'wester on her head. You could have knocked me over with a feather's tip! But I cried "Come!" and dragged her to her feet. She hung back, gazed at one of the dead, and moaned, *"Father!"* I shook her arm. I cried, "We must go, or die too!" And then she ran, with her hand in mine, for the ice hummock beyond which was the gig. The air was growing stronger each moment, wreathing the fog in eddying whirls.

We came past the hummock and I stopped in my tracks. *The gig was gone.*

I gazed into the fog, and, dim in its whirling wreaths, saw the little Chilean rowing madly for the ship. Aye—he *thought* he was rowing for the ship. I knew better. In his mad haste he was rowing on a course that would never take him to her. "Good. you cur!" I muttered, and then looked down at the girl. And, by heaven, there wasn't a tremor in her.

"How long have you been on the berg?" I asked her.

"Six days," she answered; and, hearing that, I cried, "Then you must have got food!" For she looked hale and hearty, not starved at all.

"Yes," said the girl, and added, "There's our boat."

"A boat!" I cried. "Lead me to her—quick!" She grasped my hand and ran. And in a few moments I saw a ship's quarterboat, lying on the ice some fifty feet or so from the water. Well, one man and a girl can't move a boat of that size in any hurry. And the air was grown to a breeze, so that, here and there, patches of the sea were visible. But the Brilliant was nowhere to be seen.

Well, I'd eaten nothing since the previous evening. "Fix up some coffee and grub," I told the girl. And into the boat she climbed, and went to work. And, trying to think up a way out, I walked round the boat.

Losh, when I came round the boat's stern I stopped in my tracks again! Close under her side lay another dead man, with a red stain beside him. It was a bit too much for me. Horror gripped me. "I don't know who you are, but I'll not have you here!" I shouted, and grasped his ankle to drag him to the sea.

BACK to the boat I went, and climbed into her. And, taking a pannikin of coffee from the girl, I felt the berg begin to sway to the great swells that the ever-freshening wind was kicking up. Soon, warmed by hot food and drink, I hurried from the boat, followed by the girl. I worked like mad, and she worked with me. No light job it was, to haul that heavy quarterboat farther from the berg's edge. Rope we had, in plenty; and blocks and rollers cut from oar handles to roll her on. At last, a hundred and fifty feet or so from the water, I made her secure as I could; lashing her down to stakes sunk firm into the ice. And then we climbed into her again, and I said to the girl, "Tell me about it." And she told me about it.

"Ninety days ago," she said, "we left Oregon in a little brig, the Jasmine, commanded and owned by my father. From the first day at sea there was nothing but bad luck. When after many windless days we at last got an offing from the land the wind blew up into a gale and split a lot of our sails. Later we were becalmed for two full weeks on the Line. Then when we picked up the southeast trade winds they were so light that we never made a hundred miles a day for days together. But just after we had lost the trades a squall blew up one dark night, caught the Jasmine aback, and brought the foretopmast down in a wreck.

"The mate's arm was broken by some falling gear, broken so that the bone protruded. Father did what he could, but within a week the mate was dead of an infection. Then all the crew but a man named Glover mutinied, and ordered Father to take the Jasmine to the nearest port. Powerless, he had to accede to their demands; and took the brig to Iquique. We got a new crew there, but there wasn't a mate to be had, so he made Glover mate and went to sea again. For a while everything was all right. Then the Chilean sailors—all the new men were Chileans—discovered that Glover had no mate's license and was only a foremast hand. They began to make fun of him, and to refuse to obey his orders. Father often said that you can thrash a white man and make a friend of him. You can't do that with a Chilean. And one morning Glover was not to be found. So there was the Jasmine, with Father, me, four Chilean sailors, and the white cook. And Cape Horn was only a few hundred miles away."

The girl paused. "Yes? What next?" I asked.

"A bark called the Wing and Wing passed us on the day after Glover disappeared. She had been moored beside us for several weeks in Oregon," continued the girl; and paused again.

"Your father asked her for help?" I asked.

"Yes. He asked for her mate. But her skipper refused to spare his mate and offered to send us his second mate," she answered, and added, "Father wouldn't take her second mate."

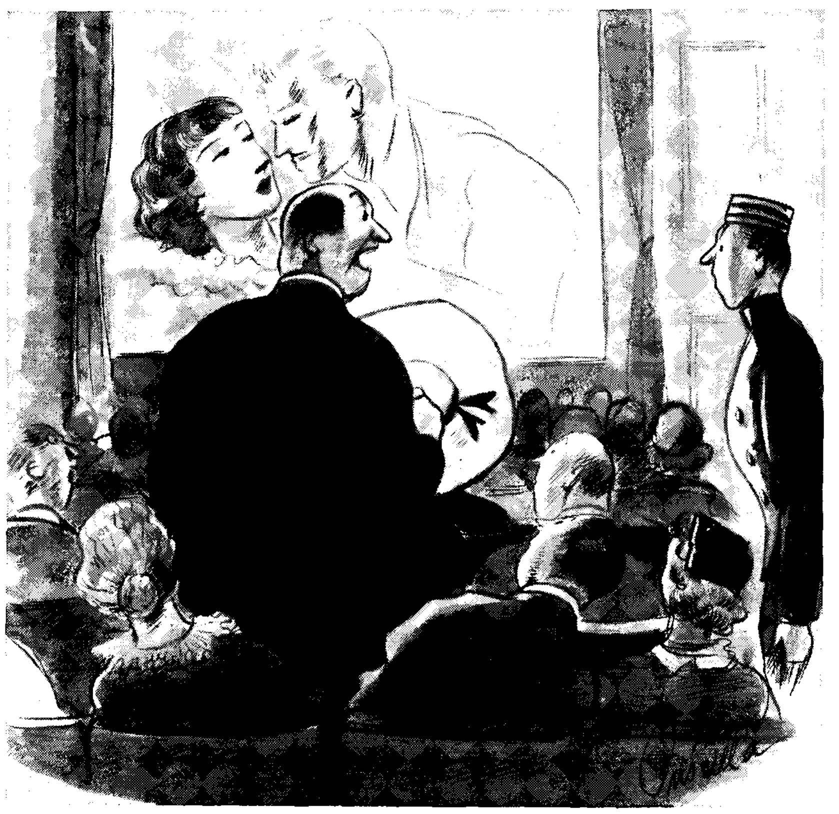
"Why not? A second mate would have been heaps better than no officer at all, surely," said I.

MAKING no reply, the girl gazed moodily down at the boat's bottom boards.

"Go ahead with the story. What next?" said I.

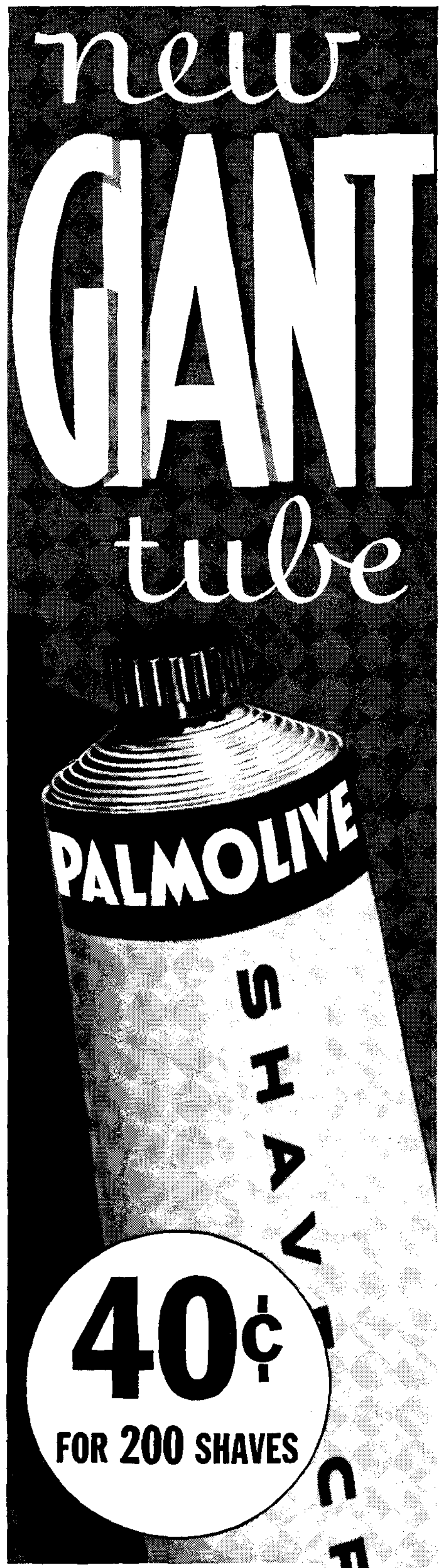
"The Wing and Wing soon left us astern, and that night the wind blew up hard from dead ahead, and the Chileans refused to touch a rope. Father and I and the cook had to get sail off as best we could. Several were blown to ribbons. It blew for three days and then the wind fell light and came fair so that we were able to sail on our course again. The Chileans still refused to do any work at all. Father planned to take the brig to the Falklands, set them ashore, and get a new crew again. But, in the middle of that night, with no warning at all, there was a terrible crash. The Jasmine shivered and trembled, and we could hear her timbers cracking and the water rushing in. There was just time to get the boat away before she sank.

(Continued on page 40)



"Not until she takes her hat off"

LOUIS PRISCILLA



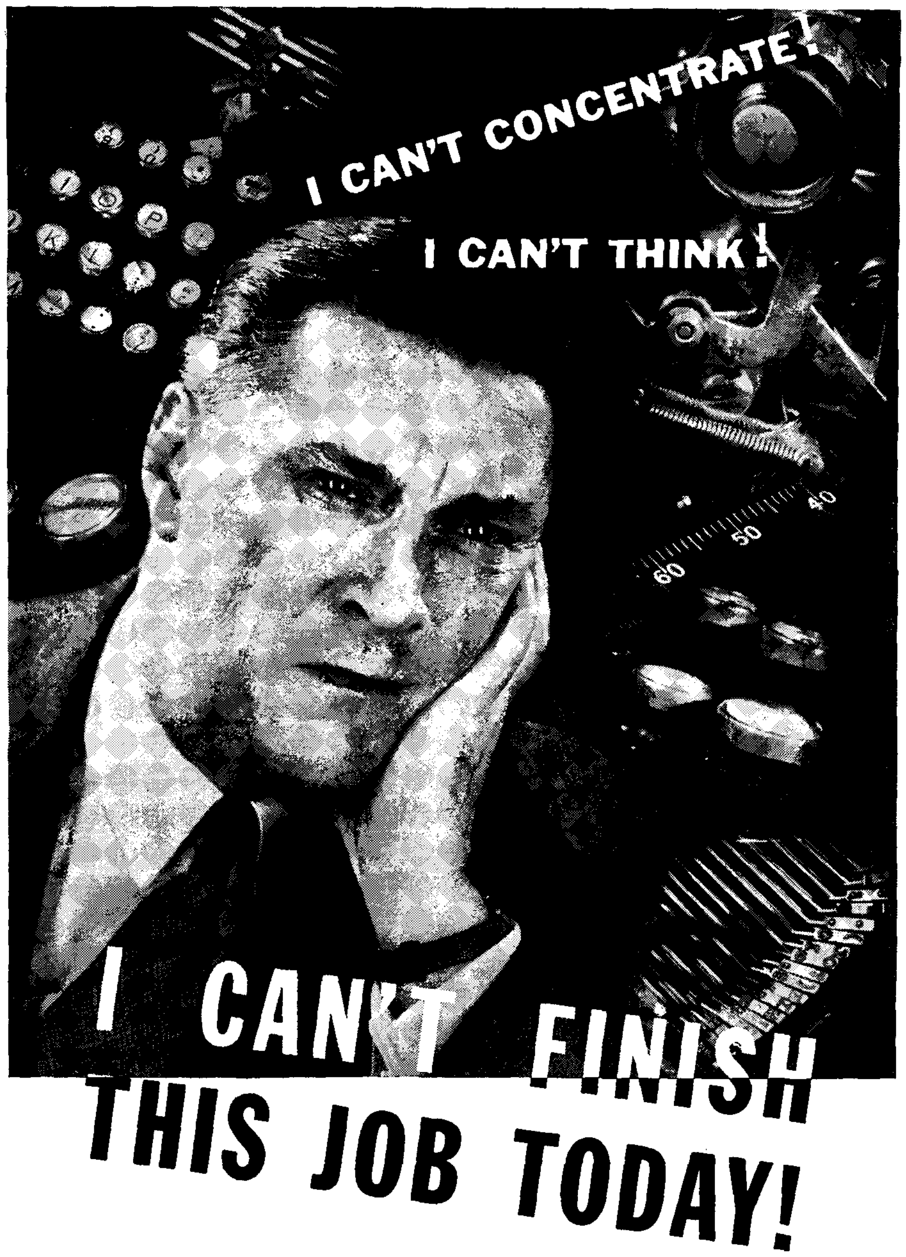
CONTAINS TWICE AS MUCH AS THE REGULAR 25 CENT SIZE TUBE

THE makers of Palmolive now make it possible for you to shave at less cost than ever before! The new Giant Size Tube gives you a saving of 20%!

And what shaves you get from that richer, heavier Palmolive lather! This lather never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had! Shaves that leave your face fresh and smooth, free from that after-irritation!

For Palmolive is made with olive oil! And trainers, barbers and skin specialists everywhere agree that nothing equals olive oil for soothing irritated skin.

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM


I CAN'T CONCENTRATE!
I CAN'T THINK!
I CAN'T FINISH THIS JOB TODAY!
40
50
60

ALL DAY his brain has battled NOISE! The noise of hammer-blow typewriters, clacking, clattering, smashing, hour after hour.

Noisy typewriters are racketeers of business. As a university survey has proved, they rob your workers of 25% of their energy. They generate mistakes—19% more mistakes than men would make if they worked in the quiet company of the Remington Noiseless.

It is needless for your business to tolerate this daily drain on office efficiency. For Remington Noiseless typewriters pay for themselves quickly through neater, more legible work. And through lessened fatigue, better working conditions. And longer life.

It costs nothing in money or obligation to find out for yourself the economy and satisfaction that Remington Noiseless can bring to you and your force. We will be glad to demonstrate this modern typewriter and its twenty-three important mechanical improvements in your own private office or throughout your organization.

For more facts or a free trial period, just phone Remington Rand in your city or write us at Buffalo, New York.

OK.. it's from Remington Rand

New Remington Noiseless

(Continued from page 39)

"We tossed all the rest of that night on a black sea in total darkness. When morning came at last, we hauled the boat up on to the berg that had crushed the brig; the Chileans now so frightened that they obeyed every order willingly. But we had not been long on the berg when they grew mutinous again, and demanded that Father launch the boat and make for land. He refused. He planned to drift with the berg till it was east of the Horn, then launch and set sail for the Falklands. He and I took turns in watching by the boat. There was one pistol, and whichever of us was on watch kept it in hand. On the second day the sailors tried to rush Father, thinking he wouldn't shoot. He did shoot, and killed the man you saw by the boat. Then for two days the others were quiet."

The girl paused. I put an arm about her. She looked up at me wistfully. "I wonder where the Wing and Wing is now," she said.

I said, "I wonder where the Brilliant is. Go on with your story. We'll get out of this yet, see if we don't!" I placed an arm about her again. She pushed it away. "All right, little girl," I thought. Losh, I was head over heels in love with her! Love on a berg south of the Horn, eh? Well, didn't I tell you I was a gay young sprig? "Go on with your story," I said again.

"ONE day when Father was asleep in the boat and I was on watch one of the men came running, shouting and waving his arms," she continued. "'A ship! A ship!' he shouted. In my excitement I lost my head and ran toward him. He turned and I ran after him. We passed an ice hummock, and then, out of sight of the boat, he swung on me and grasped my wrist to try to take the pistol. I pulled the trigger. He fell, and, horrified, I let the pistol fall. He rose to his knees, reached it, lifted it and fired. There was a cry behind me. I turned, to see my father prostrate on the ice."

She leaned on my shoulder, crying bitterly. The wind yelled. The sea thundered. The berg rocked to the long, high swells of the great south sea. I wrapped the sail about her, and eased her to the boat's bottom. To save our precious oil, I put the lantern out. Side by side, we lay in the boat's bottom; and bye and bye I knew that she was sleeping. Then I, too, slept.

At some time in the night, I don't know when, there was a frightful crash.

In a very few moments I realized what had happened. Another great berg had collided with the great berg that we were on, and now the mighty swells knocked up by the gale were hurling the two bergs one against the other. I knew that at any instant our boat might be swept to the sea and crushed like an eggshell. There was nothing we could do, nothing. Expecting our doom at every moment, we sat there in the boat's bottom, our hands clasped together. We had been so sitting for perhaps half an hour when the commotion ceased, all in a jiffy. The bergs had drifted apart. And no sooner had they done so than the wind began to fall, and the great sea to go down. Though there was still a half gale blowing the silence seemed, at first, oppressive.

Well, after a time dawn came. And then, sure enough, I saw something that gave me a creepy feeling. Right in front of the boat was a big crevice whence a ponderous splinter of ice had been split away by the shock of the collision. Suppose that it had been right under the boat, eh? It was not a dozen feet from her, the near edge of it. And now, too, there was something else that worried me a whole lot. The surface of the berg sloped toward the sea a great deal more steeply than it had before the collision. That meant that to get the boat into the water was going to be a bit tricky.

As soon as we had eaten we took axes and chopped the ice away from the boat's keel. Then the girl entered her. And I went round to the stake to lower the boat slowly to the water. Looks simple as pie, eh? Wait a bit!

Man, the boat had not yet slid twenty feet when, lifted by a long swell, the berg rolled heavily; making the slope between the boat and the water a far sharper incline. Clinging with might and main to the rope, trying my utmost to hold the boat from getting away on the run, I was dragged, thrown to my knees, and sent sprawling into the crevice!

For a time, how long I don't know at all, I lay in the bottom of the crevice; half stunned and in frightful pain. My right arm was broken. I knew, of course, that the girl must have perished; must be drowned. I knew that I was doomed to die on the berg. There was no escape now.

At last I managed to crawl from the end of the crevice to the berg's surface. And at the moment that I came to the surface a glad cry reached me. Right beside the edge of the berg lay the boat, unharmed, on an even keel; within her, holding her fast to the ice with the boathook, the girl.

Somehow I managed to hobble down to the boat, and to get aboard her. "We'll get out of this yet!" I cried to the girl. She smiled at me. Losh, man, she actually smiled at me! Talk about pluck, eh? Somehow I managed to help her to step the mast. Then, unaided, she set the sail. With my broken arm hanging useless, I took the tiller; to steer for the north. But no sooner was the boat moving than she came and took the tiller from me. "Lie down!" she ordered me. She was skipper now! You could tell by the ring in her voice that she was skipper all right. I obeyed her. And in a few seconds I fell into a sort of stupor from pain and exhaustion.

When next I wakened dusk was drawing in, and a fresh breeze was whipping whitecaps high. Another gale coming! "Take the tiller!" ordered the girl. I did so, and while she made coffee and fixed some grub, managed to steer. We ate and drank. Then, unable to endure my pain any longer, I collapsed in the boat's bottom at the girl's feet. For a little while I saw her, her face calm, her eyes straight forward—steering into the stormy dusk.

WHEN I came to consciousness I was lying in a bunk in a snug, dry cabin. My arm was less painful now. Someone had put it in a splint while I had been unconscious. I climbed from the bunk; and tottered from the cabin, to the quarterdeck just without the door. There was no one in sight on the deck, and I knew at once that the crew must be below at breakfast. I started up the accommodation ladder, toward the poop. The officer of the watch would be there, I knew. And as I slowly climbed the ladder I saw the ship's name on a lifebuoy. I was aboard the Wing and Wing.

"Thank heaven!" I said to myself, glad to be aboard a homeward-bound ship; and made haste up the ladder.

Coming to the head of the ladder, I stopped. I stared and I stared.

Leaning against the taffrail, steadying himself to the roll of the ship, was the second mate of the Wing and Wing. And, in his arms, with her lips to his, was the girl!

You can have the sea, and any romance that you can find on it.

"EVERY WAGE EARNER is a CAPITALIST"

says the editor of a powerful newspaper

WE AMERICANS are great swingers. We love to express opinions by the greatest majorities in history. We enact prohibition with cheers and a few years later we repeal it with still louder enthusiasm.

Today we seem to be swinging on the subject of capitalism. But just what is a capitalist?

As we understand it, a capitalist is a man with property rights, with something to sell.

As the editor of a powerful newspaper said recently:

"The average man is not a dissatisfied anti-capitalist. He is a person who is gainfully employed the greater part of the time, has $700 in the bank and life insurance of $1,100. Every second or third wage earner owns his own home. In short, every wage earner is a capitalist."

MORE than nine million wage earners own stock in big industrial concerns. Sixty million carry life insurance, and forty million have money in savings accounts. This life insurance money, these bank deposits, are invested in the securities of railroads, utilities and industrial concerns. The average wage earner, therefore, is a part owner of American business.

But this part ownership of business is valuable only when business can make a profit. When there are no profits, business must close down. Then there are more people out of jobs and there are no earnings on which to levy taxes.

Today the only people in the United States who are not capitalists are those unfortunates who are temporarily without work. How can they be cared for until better times? The billions needed for their support can come only from taxes drawn from the profits of wage earners and business.

So the unemployed have the biggest stake of all in business prosperity. Their very lives depend upon the power of business to make a profit.

A successful business benefits both the people who work for it and, in a lesser sense, the people who must be cared for until better times.

America's progress toward a finer way of living must be governed by the rapidity with which business returns to a profitable level. The best American is the man who, whether he be wage earner or employer, is working to make a business pay. That man is a capitalist at heart, and upon his shoulders rests the hope for the future.

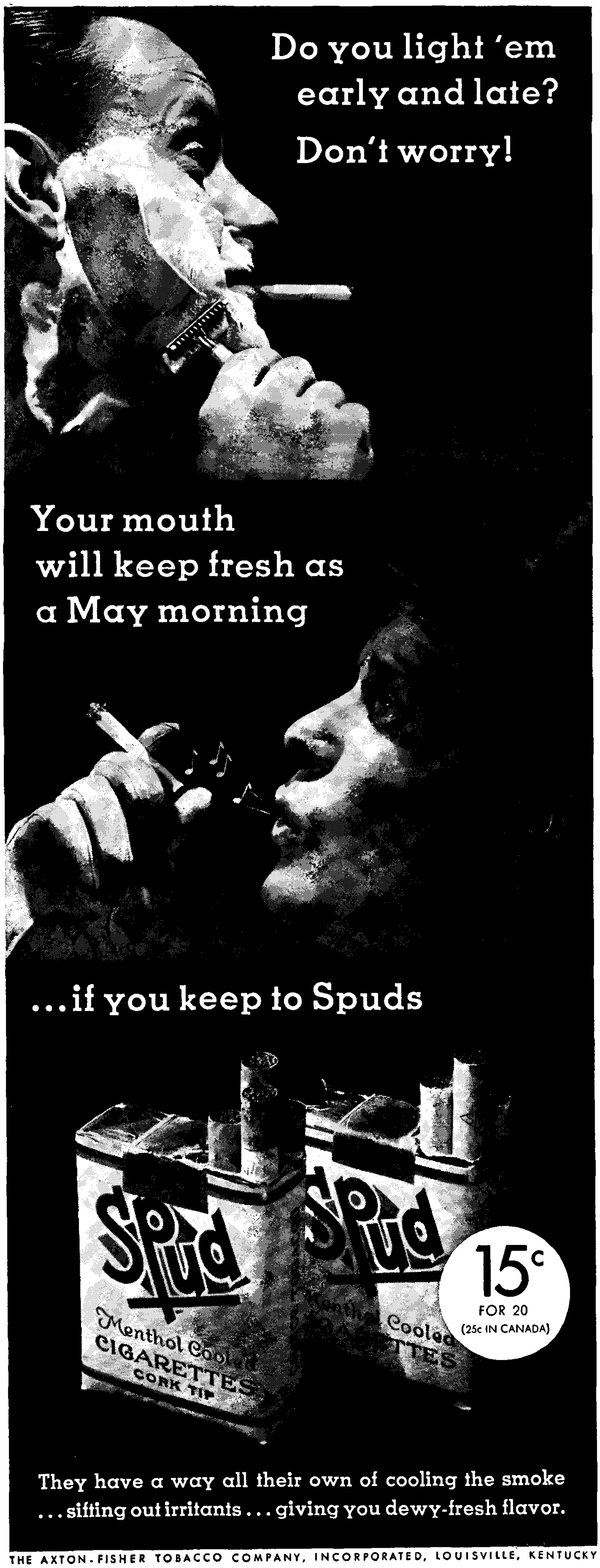
Remington Rand is proud of the fact that it is founded upon one creed: "No sale without a profit to the user." No matter how small or how unusual your business is, Remington Rand is prepared to bring to you the "know how" that comes from experience under identical conditions.

The Remington Rand man has nothing to sell except a satisfactory result. He can accept the full responsibility of organizing and installing business systems to get this result because his company manufactures not just part of the necessary equipment, but all of it.

Typewriters, accounting and adding machines, files, record systems and equipment—all designed to co-ordinate with one another—provide exactly the tools he needs to get record results at lower cost. Telephone the Remington Rand man in your city. Explain your business problem; his advice is free. Remington Rand Inc., Buffalo, N. Y. (Canada: 68 King St., W., Toronto.) World's largest manufacturer of systems, machines and methods for the office.

Remington Rand

BUFFALO, NEW YORK



Do you light 'em early and late?
Don't worry!
Your mouth will keep fresh as a May morning
...if you keep to Spuds
Spud
Menthol Cooled CIGARETTES CORK TIP
15c FOR 20 (25c IN CANADA)
They have a way all their own of cooling the smoke ... sifting out irritants ... giving you dewy-fresh flavor.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Two on Safari

Continued from page 21

notion he can push through into another jurisdiction, or cross the boundary into Rhodesia, but he knows he can never come back."

Her eyes, troubled, wandered over the scene. "Why did he do it?" she whispered. "What was the use of it?"

"I told you," said Ballard brusquely, "but you wouldn't hear. Why does a mad dog bite? We'll hardly need a tracker or a guide from here on, but we'll have to shed half our stuff before we go in. I'm going to cut back to Wemba's town and reorganize."

THEY left the path of desolation and before sunset arrived at a settlement whose size and importance had saved it from molestation, although its outlying plantations had been pilfered. Contrary to his usual procedure, Ballard ordered the camp set inside the village enclosure and immediately plunged into the arduous task of rearranging loads, of discarding every item, however trifling, that could possibly be done without. He abandoned work for a moment to make a last appeal to Josephine.

"Please, Jo, stay here for the next week or ten days; you'll be a lot happier than if you tag along. But if you insist on going, make up your mind to this: no bath and no clean clothes—there'll be only one porter to carry your things and mine. What do you say?"

"It's no use, Ballard." She met his eyes squarely. "Where you go, I go."

"Better think again," he said, his face white, drained of blood under its tan. "If you go you'll see something you're bound to regret for the rest of your life."

"It's you who are pig-headed," she said with a flare of anger, "pig-headed or stupid. Why do you suppose I'm here? What do you think I came for?" She turned from him with a quick shrug of her shoulders. "I can have a bath tonight, can't I?"

"You can take six baths," he answered surlily, "one after the other—one for each day or week you'll go without."

From the vain effort to bend her will he turned to bulldozing the natives in the equally vain hope of making them hurry. Again he met defeat, not by any individual but by the countless loose ends of red tape which must be tied in exact accord with ritual before so grave an expedition dare set out. A single day sufficed to lay out his skeleton loads and organize the relays destined to carry in provisions to the steadily advancing column. Needless to say, every woman porter was discarded and only those carriers retained who had proved their courage as well as strength. For the work in hand they had been promised triple pay and were eager to make a start, but not so their tribal leaders. Two nights more were to pass, the first in the reading of the bones, the second in the holding of the imperative war dance, before they would consent to start the long pursuit.

Ballard chafed under the delay, but not Josephine, for never had she been so entranced by a diversity of interests. Scarcely a moment passed that did not bring with it some curious sight whose explanation led down into a bewildering mystic maze. With Abdul as interpreter she went on excursions of her own, diving into huts, studying the culinary art as practiced with pots alone, solving the riddle of how a woman could chop and dig with a baby straddled on her loins, marveling at the babies themselves, who shrieked with terror at the sight of her white face. But when the orgy of the dance began, Ballard set down his foot.

"Clear out," he ordered. "Go back to your tent and stay there."

Catching a glimpse of the primeval origin of the *danse du ventre* as exemplified in the person of a horrible old hag, she was inclined to agree he was right, but just as she turned away her eye caught sight of an object which first drew and then riveted her attention. She seized Abdul's sleeve and tugged.

"Come, Abdul; take me around. Show me the way to the other side of the dance."

He hesitated, but only for a moment, since her wish coincided exactly with his own. "Dis way, Missis."

Passing behind the tarpaulin and around the tents, he plunged into the opening between two huts and leading her over the ash heaps at their rear finally brought her out at the farther side of the great oval concourse illumined by its ring of torches.

No longer was the old hag performing; in her place a magnificent young male was leaping straight into the air and batting his heels together three times before he descended to stamp the ground again and again in a rhythm and with a force which would have broken his leg had not ecstasy endowed bone and sinew with superhuman strength. On his head, skewered fast with thorns, incongruously perched a European cap—a cap whose large black and white checks, now dim, had once been glaring. Pushing furiously, she backed her way out of the throng, dragging an unwilling Abdul with her.

"Abdul, do you know the name of the boy who is dancing?"

"His name Papu. Good dancer. He induna, son of Wemba, chief this place."

She hurried back to her tent, partly to escape Abdul's leer, partly because her heart ached to be alone. Her blood had received some mysterious injection which sent it careering through her veins, making it almost impossible for her to think. For weeks she had imagined she was playing a lone hand. Illusion. All she had done was to dangle at Ballard's side, depend on him, feed off him. Here and now she was on her own for the first time. Nobody could help, least of all Ballard—nobody but she could decide whether she should go on with him or stay behind. She went to sleep with the question still unanswered, to be awakened by a great hullabaloo an hour before dawn. She rose, dressed, stepped out into the blaze of torches, lanterns and lamps to collide with Ballard's striding figure.

"I was coming to tell you we're off in ten minutes," he said. "Get your breakfast. Better stuff yourself."

JOSEPHINE snatched a hasty breakfast, with Swayback standing at her side. She mounted, not so much in preparation for the start as to see what was going on. The huge concourse was thronged with warriors fantastically gotten up in vague imitation of various animals. Presently she singled out Matogada, his face set in stern lines and holding in his hand a hyena's tail. Way was made for him and he stepped inside the vast circle. Groups of younger bloods ran toward him shouting: "*Kwe-kwe-kwe!*" Then their elders came in quick succession, each division uttering the cry of its tribe. He pointed with the hanging hyena's tail and immediately the whole impi swerved and was off to a marching song.

During the next forty-eight hours she had reason to recall the first two days out of Machiche. In comparison with this, that ride had been mere child's play. Yet she could smile! Weeks of hard work, of life in the open and sound sleep at night, had set her young muscles for any strain, and her wrist, though still bandaged, was as good as new. In addition to no bath, there was no Jocko and no tent. Except for slabs of chocolate at the noon hour, she and Ballard shared the common kaffir fare and slept in their clothes on the ground under one mosquito netting.

THE evening of the first day they talked little, even though bumps in the uneven ground, boring into their weary bones, kept them wide-awake. But the second night Ballard spoke, looking straight up into the stars.

"Jo, you're the greatest little sport God ever packed into one skin. I loved you before, now I adore you. I want to tell you about it, because this is my last chance—the last night we'll be together, the last time you'll ever listen to my voice. Tomorrow I'm going to kill Laurence Morland."

She made no sound; she lay quite still, scarcely breathing. "For five thousand pounds," she murmured at last.

A long pause, an empty break in time ensued, before he spoke again. "So you lied to me about Grast, Furman & Menck."

"No; I had never heard those names before. William Jones told me. All he said was that an American with a queer hat had taken on the contract to kill Larry for five thousand pounds."

"You believed him?"

"Yes."

"But after you met me—" He broke off, then continued. "Have you believed I'd do it right along?"

She hesitated, seeking the true word. "Not always."

"You still believed I might when I first asked you to dance," he stated suddenly, "that time you shrank from me. That was why, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"But now—this minute. Do you believe I'd kill a man for a price?"

"I believe whatever you say. When you tell me you're going to kill him, I believe you. What difference does it make whether it's for money or not?"

"All the difference in the world," said Ballard. "I'm not doing it for money; I'm doing it to save my self-respect. Why do you suppose we've traveled so light and so hard?"

"I don't know."

"To get there first. Matogada is my friend, as white a friend as a man ever had, but he's black. If he did the killing he would surely hang, along with half a dozen of his chieftains. They know they'd hang, but that won't stop them, so I've got to get there first."

"I see," breathed Josephine. "But what will happen to you?"

"Nothing; I'll be handed a crown of fame."

"And five thousand pounds."

Again a long pause, and when Ballard finally spoke his tone was so changed it seemed another voice. "Thank you for saying that. It's as though you had cut my heart out and handed it back to me. I can say goodby to you with a free and easy conscience. I say it now—goodby to everything I thought you were."

"Goodby, Ballard."

There are silences that stand for communion, drawing two souls together with a closer tie than any words, but the silence that now fell upon them, to Ballard at least, was a silence of death. It wiped out past and future. The years he had lived were dissolved in ashes; what remained before him was a single inexorable necessity. Tomorrow he would complete his futility, round it off with the black dot of a speeding bullet. He lay awake until the stars began to pale, as divided from the girl at his side as though she were dead. Had she not waked when he rose he would have left her there, not abandoned but genuinely forgotten.

They started out as soon as it was light enough to see, Tugo in the lead. At first he walked swiftly on the spoor, but abruptly it freshened and he stopped short to give the all-important news to those who followed. From that point on he walked more slowly, occasionally pausing in his stride while with his assagai he made some illuminating gesture. Ordinarily it was a smooth movement fitted into the rhythm of his slackened pace, but once the point of the broad-headed spear actually jabbed, quivered for an instant and then passed on.

The hesitation of the shaft of steel, seizing Josephine's eye, led it downward to the side of the trampled way. She saw, yet had not time to see, for, interrupting her transfixed gaze, Ballard shouted an order not to look. Before her brain could comprehend his words he had dragged the gray back on his haunches and struck Jo a stinging blow across the face.

"Go on," he commanded. "Ride ahead."

She obeyed in a daze, feeling no pain, scarcely aware he had slapped her so hard the mark of his hand still shone white and red through the grime on her cheek. In a dream she remembered a dream—a dream of the incredible. Slowly she came to life; the blood leaped, then pounded in her veins and her face took on a set look it had never worn before. Her lip curled.

"Don't worry about me," she said, her voice sounding sharp and metallic to her own ears. "Get to the front where you belong."

BEFORE he could answer they rounded a turn and came upon a young woman seated on a stump, her hands dangling between her knees, her eyes locked in a stare of despair. She heard them; her head jerked around as if pulled by a string and her mouth opened for a scream. Dropping his assagai, Tugo shot forward, his hand extended. There was a clack of teeth as he clapped her jaw shut, then he held it closed while he beckoned with his head to Abdul, who happened to be nearest. From no black save the master tracker would the Swahili have taken an order, but for Tugo he stayed behind. Realizing how important it was the woman should make no sound, he gagged her with the tail of his shirt.

The way, skirting a gigantic ant hill surmounted by a thicket fifty feet high, continued to turn and presently opened on an astonishing vista. To the right and left were more overgrown ant hills, but along the swale between them traveled a weird cortege. Tugo stopped in his tracks because his work was done, but Ballard paused in wonder. There was something strange about the straggling procession, some element of strangeness quite apart from its fantastic appearance. For one thing, it was abnormally silent; for another, though the mass appeared to travel evenly, its individuals stumbled along as though drunk with sleep. At one spot the swarm thickened as if around a queen bee. He raised his field glasses.

For a moment he was puzzled, then a better focus made everything clear. At first he had seen only a white man riding on some sort of throne; now he could make out details. Under an ordinary cot and mattress four short poles had been passed and at right angles,

(Continued on page 44)

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The recent change in the corporation income tax law, it is estimated, will this year take away.	3,000,000
Total being taken away from investors in the Associated System in one year .	$16,100,000

The principal result of these forces is to impair the savings of a large number of thrifty small investors. When, however, the far-reaching consequences are sufficiently realized by investors, and their protests become sufficiently vigorous, they will receive the consideration they deserve.

These problems were discussed in the October issue of the Associated Magazine, which was a special security holders' number. The magazine is sent free to all Associated security holders. Others may obtain it for 10c.

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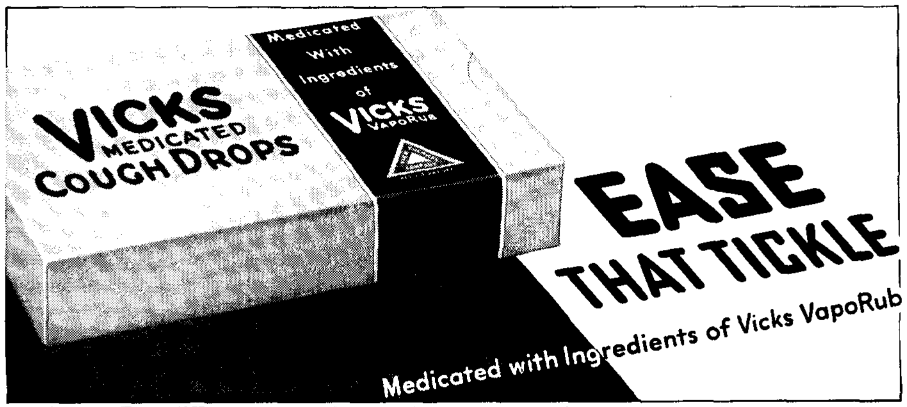

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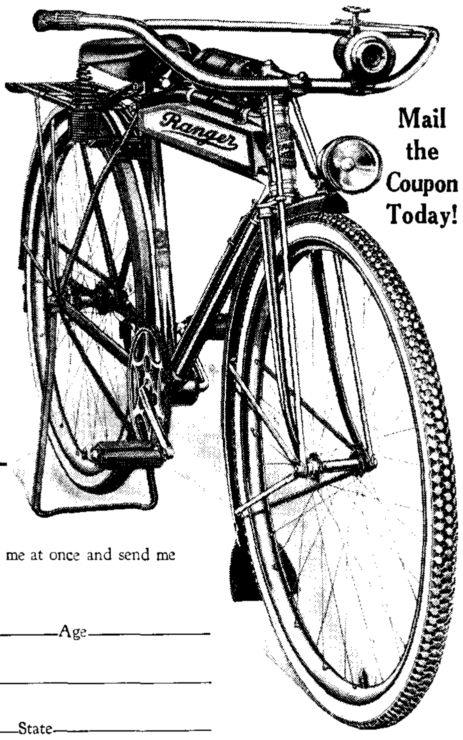


(Continued from page 43)

longitudinally, a much longer pole. Under each end, making ten in all, were the bearers of the litter, moving in a solid phalanx. Squatting in the exact center of the improvised palanquin sat the white man. Everything about him seemed to droop—his head, his clothes, his arms, the heavy service revolver in his left hand and the sjambok in his right. An exception could be made in regard to the last; the terrible rawhide whip flicked languidly at one bare back and then another. Ballard knew that however gently used the *chiboco* was drawing blood at every stroke.

Ordinarily at this stage he would have dismounted and ordered all his party to take to cover, but he was loath to give up his point of observation before he had discovered the source of the mystifying strangeness. He rode forward, farther and farther, increasingly astonished at encountering no rear guard and still more astonished that nobody looked back. Emboldened, he pressed ahead and actually caught up with a few of the stragglers. Their reaction was astounding. Upon beholding another white man, instead of sounding an alarm their faces turned ashen and they ran. Not, however, toward the front; they scattered to right and left, slithered like snakes into the grass and disappeared.

BALLARD reined in his horse and sat pondering till he thought the thing out. These men were drunk with a drunkenness more terrible than comes from liquor; they were drunk from the shedding of blood and with the utter despair arising from the breaking of every taboo they had been taught to fear since childhood. Ahead rode the devil they had followed to their own destruction, and still followed only because every other road was closed. It was inevitable they should see an avenger in any other white man. As for the actions of Morland himself, they were easily read. The whip stood for such speed as he desired, the revolver for the minimum of order he could still enforce. Evidently that order while on the march could be summed up in half a dozen words: women in front, all men behind.

"Why don't you shoot? He's well within range."

For an instant Ballard thought his own mind had spoken aloud and he frowned, wondering at the strangeness of its voice. Then realization struck its blow—it was Josephine at his side who had spoken. He glanced at her face, then studied it curiously. It was stern. Her eyes fixed to the front, apparently she remained unaware of his scrutiny. He shrugged off this latest mystery and with a sign to his followers rode at a slant in such a manner as to put a copse between him and the main body of the impi. Once under cover, he touched up his horse, circled the wood at a trot and presently they met the bedraggled army head on. Cries of fright like a train of fire spread through the advancing throng of young women. Then they broke and scattered like a frightened covey of quail.

"Now's your time," whispered Josephine hoarsely. "Kill him."

The bearers of the palanquin, believing it would be sure death to drop their burden, yet stopped short and stood still in spite of a rain of blows from the *chiboco*. Now Ballard could see the blood spurt, but that was not all he beheld. He saw a living death's-head face to face, a wreck whose rage could be only a flash in the pan, and wondered that one so far gone could manage to raise his arm. Exhausted, the skeleton looked up from beating his men to see why they had dared to halt. For an instant his astonished eyes remained glassy, but as soon as he realized Ballard to be a reality they lit with a demoniacal gleam. Then Josephine entered their field of vision and immediately their expression changed again. The madman's split lips spread in a slow leer.

"Kill him!" gasped Josephine in a half sob, tugging the rifle she carried free of its scabbard.

"Hallo, Jodie!" rasped the death's-head. "Where did you wrangle the new pal?"

Wearily he half lifted the heavy six-shooter and fired. The bullet hit the ground, ricocheted and plunged into Pepper's breast. The big gray sank back, then forward to his knees and down, leaving Ballard standing erect. Josephine threw her rifle to her shoulder. Ballard knew paralysis—the paralysis of unbelief. He could not believe she would shoot at any man, let alone Morland. Yet almost before the shot deafened his ears he saw the sick man's helmet leap from his head and explode in mid-air.

Quicker than her finger on the trigger could send a second bullet after the first, Mallory seized the gun, snatched it from her grasp and hurled it into the bush. Then he walked up to the man while he was still groggy with fright, grasped his left wrist and squeezed it. The revolver fell to the ground. As if at a signal every one of the ten bearers ducked and ran, pursued with frenzied yells by Ballard's men. The cot came to earth with a tremendous bone-racking thud. Ballard dragged its stunned occupant to his feet but he had to hold him up. The two men stood alone between the cot and the dead horse. All others had vanished—the entire blood-drunk impi and every one of Ballard's retinue. Even Swayback and Bongo were nowhere in sight. Josephine was gone.

THERE was no holding the sick man up; terribly shaken by the crash of the cot, his emaciated body seemed to have no bones, no muscles, no will. Like oily water it defied Ballard's grip and sank in a pitiful heap. Picking it up, he stretched it on the mattress, pillowed its head and defended its face from the sun with his own hat. He felt a tremendous alleviation, as if God in his heaven had stooped to release him from the closing jaws of a trap. Though the man was not dead, he soon would be; it was only a question of hours or days. Blackwater fever. No medicine chest, no use even if it were here; it was too late even for an intravenous injection of arsenic and quinine.

First to come to his senses, Tugo stole back, soon followed by Ali, Negrito, the water carrier and half of the picked porters. Each sat before a bundle of plunder in a vain effort to hide it from the master. Ballard appeared not to have noticed their arrival, but presently he began issuing orders in a low voice. The water boy stepped forward with his half-empty canteen. Ali and Negrito, marshaling the common fry, started out on a search for the makings of a camp among the abandoned loads. Presently they were busy with the erection over the two white men of a tattered tent and with equipping an improvised kitchen. Tugo disappeared on the back trail, instructed to find out what had become of Josephine and her horse, though there was little to worry about since Bongo was also gone.

Had the proper drugs been at hand the sick man might have been kept alive for some time. As it was, the most that could be done was to heap over him every available blanket, coat and rag in the hope of inducing a sweat. In vain; at nightfall he died without once having spoken to the man who had come so many thousand miles to kill him and had ended by doing his best to save his life.

Ballard, remaining on watch through no sense of reverence but because he was held by his thoughts, heard the grunt which announced Tugo's return. Surprised that the tracker should have been so long away, he stepped outside the tent to question him. Tugo's report was complete though concise. He had followed Swayback's spoor, accompanied by the tracks not only of Bongo but of Abdul, until the light had threatened to fail. By the clip the horse was going he judged his rider had no thought of stopping short of two days' march away, so he himself had returned for further orders.

"It is well," said Ballard. "We will await the morning."

It was a glorious night, one of those nights when the moon outdoes the sun, enhancing beauty and obliterating ugliness. Ballard decided he preferred the dead outside to the dead inside the tent. Sitting on a saddle blanket, after a frugal supper, he leaned back against the gray's belly. Poor old Pepper and Salt! His work was done, he had served well, lived a good life and died from a bullet in the heart. Somehow his carcass seemed a lot more important than the corpse of the man who had killed him.

SOON all was silent. The boys, feeling cold, wrapped only their heads in whatever they could find and forgot their shivering bodies. At intervals, he who was on watch stole silently from fire to fire. Ballard began to think about Josephine. What an amazing girl! What had come over her? Had the sights she had seen along the way—one sight in particular—sufficed to turn her love for Morland into the sort of hate that asks only to kill? He couldn't believe it. But that shot—she had meant it to hit. Two inches lower and a man's skull instead of his helmet would have been blown to bits. Why had she done it, and having failed, why had she run away? He gave it up and started thinking about himself.

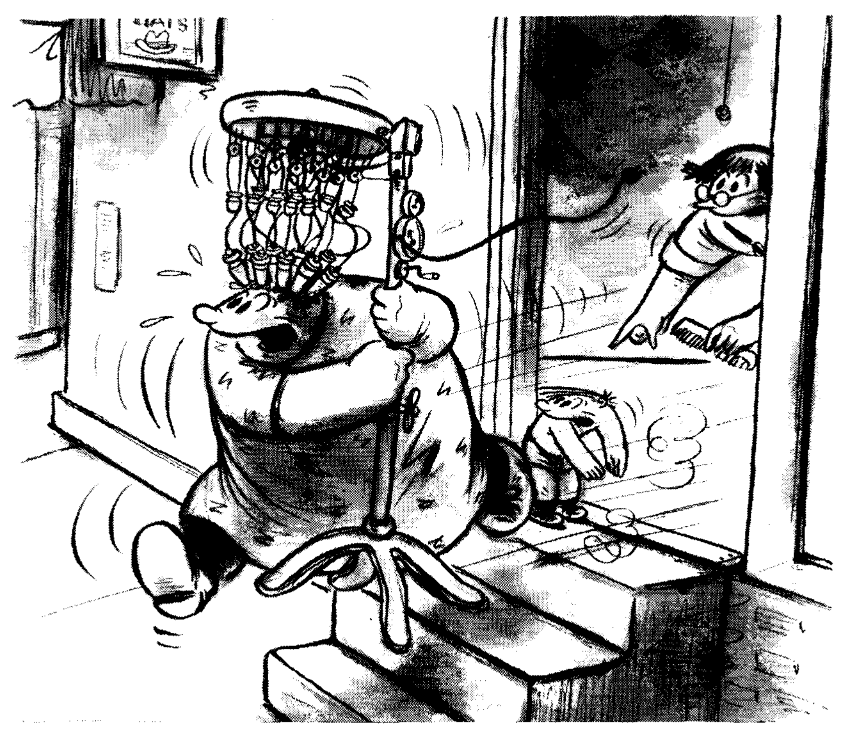
Tonight he could smile as he had not smiled for many a day. Only hours ago his path had seemed not only cruelly rough but doomed to crash against a blank, impenetrable wall; now it was smooth and open. In good faith all he had to do was to attend to the routine matter of securing incontrovertible proof of Morland's death.

His mind at ease, he slept, and woke to find a scrappy breakfast ready. As soon as he had eaten he went into the tent. Looking down at the figure on the mattress, he imagined a similitude—at first only vaguely sensed, then sharply remembered—to Lord Morland of Morland, bloodless effigy in wax. He stooped over and began to go through the dead man's pockets in a perfunctory search for identifying articles, but he discovered nothing that would serve, no wallet and only such odds and ends as a man crams into his pockets from day to day and then forgets.

He was puzzled and frowned at the thought that he now faced an arduous task; he would have to search through all the loads scattered far and wide on the veldt. He started to go out, but as he turned, his eye fell on the large pocket in the wall of the tent which is the traveler's most handy and secure depository. How could he have forgotten it? He plunged in his hand and drew out three articles—a pair of ivory military brushes and a wallet rotted at the edges with sweat. On the backs of the brushes were four large letters in monogram; as nearly as he could make them out they were EFSB. Scowling, he opened the wallet; it also contained no money, only a single sheet of paper, folded and creased.

A moment later he sank to his knees, the document spread before him. With bulging, unbelieving eyes he read it again: "We, the undersigned, finding ourselves stalemated in the administration of the Morland succession through inability to confirm rumors of the death in the interior of Africa of the Hon. Laurence Morland, have commissioned Captain Eric Follinsbee Smith-Brandon, formerly of His Majesty's South African Rifles, to undertake an expedition. Should the subject of the search be encountered alive, the matter of reward naturally remains his concern, but in the event Captain Smith-Brandon comes upon proof, acceptable in the Courts of Chancery, of the demise of the Hon. Laurence Morland, we guarantee a bonus over and above his salary and expenses in the sum of ten thousand pounds."

(To be continued next week)



"Come back, lady! He said he hollered fire just to practice in case there was one!" FRANK OWEN

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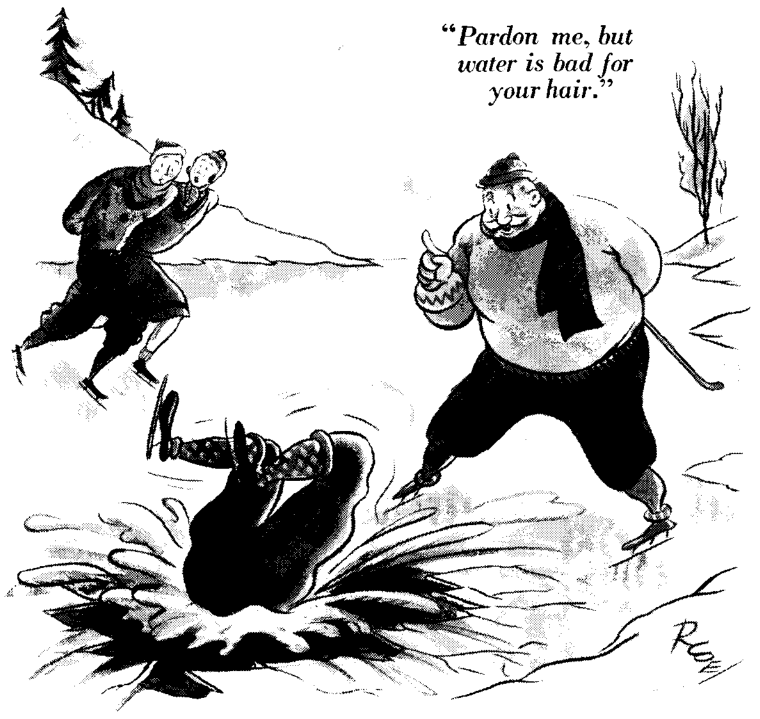

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The parents of every child in school should take steps now—*today*—to have these children taught the principles of Money Management. Every state congress of Parents and Teachers should actively further this vital cause. And we urge school authorities in this country and Canada to investigate the suitability of courses now available.

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Long Chance

Continued from page 15

on Han pottery and the earlier Chinese bronzes."

"Everyone has heard of him," James Lee complimented. "I thought he was still in Peru." Clawing through the archives of his memory for another Kimura item, "The monograph on Peruvian pottery—Kimura did some work in that field years ago, if I remember."

Egan Rylett beamed with pleasure and with a quick vicarious pride in this tribute to Amano Kimura. "Two men today—two man alone are masters of that subject! Kimura is one of them."

Meeting Amano Kimura, James Lee shook hands with the Japanese. "I am honored," he said. "How is your work in Peru?"

"Very happy to meet the distinguished Mr. James Lee," Kimura declared. "I have had some success in Peru." He lifted a cigarette to his lips and devoted the next four seconds to an obvious enjoyment of its aroma.

A THIN drift of smoke from Kimura's cigarette wavered toward James Lee. "Interesting cigarette," the Chinese reflected. "Indian grown—with a dash of majoon. Gunjah." To Kimura, quickly, and without being conscious of the impulse that prompted the question, "You have lived in Calcutta?"

Kimura looked up at James Lee. A faint expression of surprise marked his reply. "For a year. Why?"

Regretting his ill-timed inquiry, James Lee resorted to a lie: "A friend of mine in Calcutta, Semple Wainwright, told me about your researches in Peru."

"Mr. Kimura has lived in Peru for five years," Egan Rylett interposed.

At this, glancing at Rylett and then looking up at James Lee through narrowed eyelids, "Your friend Wainwright is also a secret operative for the Department of Justice? Or should I say 'secret'?"

Before James Lee could reply, Egan Rylett stepped away from his two guests. He looked at James Lee in undisguised surprise. "You are an agent of the Department, Mr. Lee?"

The Chinese nodded at his host. "Everyone seems to know that."

"But Sam Wing said that you were an authority on—"

"I must confess that I am only an amateur in Chinese art. It is, let us say, my pleasure—not my vocation."

The moment became frozen. Lee damned himself for the maladroit inquiry that had been prompted by the scent of Amano Kimura's cigarette. Then leaping into the silence with a patent air of frankness, "The Department has several of us out here covering the San Francisco-Denver gold transfer," he explained. "Carrying millions of dollars in gold hundreds of miles is a tempting opportunity for some of the country's bad actors."

"Two billion dollars in gold, isn't it?" Egan Rylett did the best he could to thaw the frozen moment. "May I offer you cocktails before we dine?"

The cocktails were served in chilled cups of white jade.

"These are delicious," James Lee complimented. "I have never tasted such an intriguing combination of flavors. Am I wrong in congratulating you on a successful combination of bourbon and curaçao?"

Egan Rylett smiled. "The chocolate flavor betrays it," he suggested.

"Chocolate? Cinnamon, mace, cloves, perhaps—but no chocolate."

"There must be chocolate in it," Rylett insisted. "Let me get a book I have. Strange that neither one of us seems to know what is in curaçao. . . . No matter. May I offer you a second one?"

James Lee bowed. "Thank you."

"Will you look it up in the encyclopedia, Mr. Lee? I'll be back in a moment. I want to see if my butler knows anything about this stuff. You'll find the encyclopedia over by that window."

On page 362 of volume 6 of the encyclopedia under "Curaçao" James Lee read three lines of the text aloud to Amano Kimura: "A well-known and palatable liqueur, made from orange peel by digesting it in sweetened spirits, with certain spices—" and here his reading was interrupted by a quick sneeze.

"That cigarette of Kimura's is very pungent," the Chinese reflected, realizing that a strong scent of hashish had made him sneeze.

"—as cinnamon, mace, or cloves," he continued. He looked up quickly, "Forgive me," he apologized. His eyes fell again to the text in the open book. An inch under "Curaçao" he read, "Curare, a celebrated poison used by some tribes of South American . . . causing complete paralysis without affecting consciousness . . ."

Returning from his interview with his butler, "You're right, Mr. Lee," Egan Rylett admitted. "There is no chocolate in curaçao. Here I am sixty years old—a man with a fair knowledge of such things and up to this moment I have believed that curaçao contained chocolate."

"According to the encyclopedia it contains an essence of orange peel and cinnamon and other spices. Chocolate isn't mentioned. Perhaps you confuse curaçao with cacao."

"Perhaps that is it. . . . Dinner is announced. Shall we go in?"

As the dinner progressed, Lee became increasingly conscious of the problem that faced him. Under the small talk, of which there was a minimum, and the heavier conversation, his thoughts reverted incessantly to the fate of Edgar Parmill. *"Where is Parmill? If these men got Parmill, how did they get him?"*

IN THE interval preceding dessert Lee contemplated subjecting Egan Rylett to a brief interrogation relative to his association with Edgar Parmill and the purchase of the bombing planes. After a moment's thought he doubted the advisability of mentioning Parmill's name. He thought of the twin machine guns mentioned in the specifications. He remembered a phrase that Sam Wing had used—"synchronized to fire through the propeller arc." He realized that he must time any inquiry relative to Parmill with a similar precision. "Or why not release a hundred-pound demolition bomb and be done with it?" Instinct told him that he was nearing the battle ground. *"Who is Kimura? What a fool I am! He's a shark on archeology—but what else is he?"*

Egan Rylett's butler spoke quietly to his master. Turning to James Lee, "There is a telephone call for you, Mr. Lee," Rylett said. Then, "Sam Wing is calling you. May I have the telephone brought here to the table?"

"That was a bit crude," the Chinese reflected. Aloud, "Thank you, yes."

Over the telephone, "The police have found Parmill," Sam Wing said. "Are you alone?"

"Two loads on the bomb rack mounted right and left," Lee answered. "That clause was in the specifications."

"I understand. Parmill is in the Emergency Hospital. He has been drugged with something that left him paralyzed. He is still alive and conscious. The Chronicle and the Examiner had extras on the street ten minutes ago. The police know who Parmill is. I believe they are turning the case over to the State Department."

Instantly, taking a long chance, inspired by an unaccountable impulse, "You will find the address of the Portuguese agents in Potter's Directory," James Lee said. "Caroval was the high man when I knew the outfit. Vao Caroval. V-a-o C-a-r-o-v-a-l."

"I get you."

"I will return to my apartment around midnight. If I can be of any further help let me know. . . . I have my own car. See you later."

Returning the telephone to Rylett's butler, who stood beside his chair, "Sam Wing is a bargain hunter," Lee announced. "He is on the trail of a dozen secondhand planes that are owned by a Portuguese outfit," Lee explained. "Sorry to interrupt. Incidentally, do either of you happen to know Vao Caroval?"

"I do not know him," Rylett said.

"A Portuguese gentleman, you say?" Something in Kimura's question sent an honest thrill of fear down James Lee's spine.

"I think he is a Portuguese—of Latin stock at any rate."

"Vao and Caroval are native names for a South American poison known as curare in the Materia Medica," Kimura explained, smiling in a superior manner. "The Potter who publishes the directory you mentioned would not be related to the distinguished author of the book on poisons and various medical works?"

AT THIS question a burden of doubt seemed to lift from James Lee's heart. He realized instantly that his problem was simplified. He sought quickly to follow his advantage with the impelling force of a direct question. Facing Kimura, "Why did you kill Edgar Parmill?" he asked.

From his left, "Mr. Lee! What do you mean?" Egan Rylett demanded. "Do you insinuate—"

The rest of Rylett's question was drowned in a series of explosions that boomed from the muzzle of a .30-caliber automatic in Amano Kimura's hand. The Japanese held the gun steady on the edge of the table. The gun was aimed at James Lee's heart. Kimura fired five shots before the grimace of hatred in his face changed to a sardonic smile of physical anguish when his fire was returned from a weapon in his opponent's hand.

James Lee put his heavy service .45 back into its holster slung under his left armpit. He turned to Egan Rylett. "If you will be kind enough to pour a glass of brandy for Kimura perhaps we can keep him alive for a while. I would like to force a confession out of him—to keep the records straight."

Rylett, his eyes wide with terror, was backing slowly away from James Lee. "Keep him alive?" he questioned thickly. And then, "But you—aren't you shot?"

"Steel vest," Lee said briefly. "Dented a little bit perhaps, but that's all . . . Mr. Rylett, I must apologize for this messy affair—but Edgar Parmill is dying. Kimura got him. Poisoned him with curare, the torturing fiend."

AN HOUR after midnight, in his apartment on Grant Avenue, facing Sam Wing, "Rylett had nothing to do with Parmill's murder," James Lee declared. "Kimura's confession clears him."

"Where is the hundred thousand?"

"Kimura had it in his pocket. Here it is—with my compliments."

"China thanks you. This means four bombing planes for use against her enemies."

"You'd better cut out the midnight immigration stuff or I'll have to look you over officially. Why not use more of Rylett's money?"

Sam Wing smiled. "If it will clear your conscience, we're shipping a hundred of our countrymen, fighters, back to China on the Tenyo Maru. . . . My God, Jimmy, you were playing against heavy odds."

"Not so heavy. My own ignorance was the main obstacle. I should have known about Kimura's tie-up with Tokyo. As it happens, I'm lucky—Kimura dug his own grave. Curare. The fool made his big mistake in his question about Major Potter—you remember when I mentioned Vao Caroval over the telephone? Ego. Kimura had to show me then and there that he knew more about South American arrow poisons than I did. Vao and Caroval—curare has fifty names. . . . Poor Parmill."

"Terrible," Sam Wing commented. "Lying there completely conscious, wide awake, utterly helpless—paralyzed."

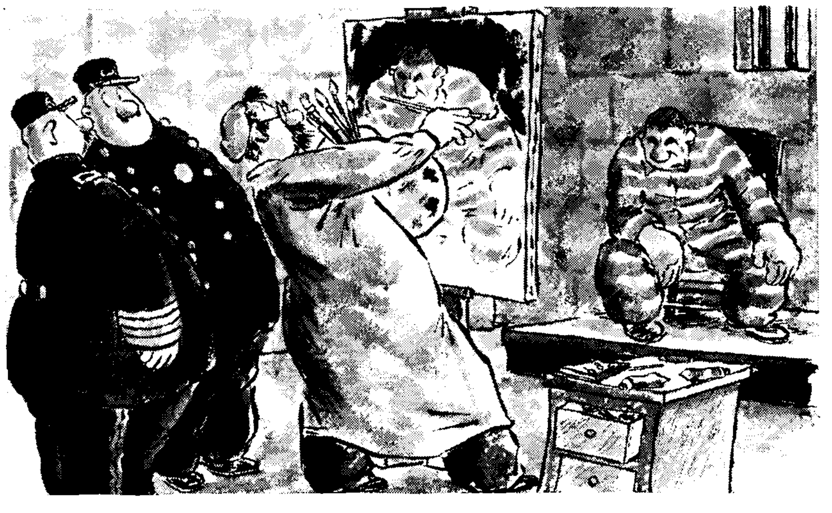
"Kimura confessed that he got him with a jab in the shoulder two minutes after Parmill got out of that taxicab."

"I'm sorry you didn't torture that Jap for a while."

"The blow-off wasn't easy for him. I promised him I'd see that his chief in the Japanese Foreign Office got a copy of his confession. That was torture enough for the egotistical little rat!"

"I'm glad of that," Sam Wing declared. Then, after a moment, "You surely took a long chance. The odds were a million to one against you."

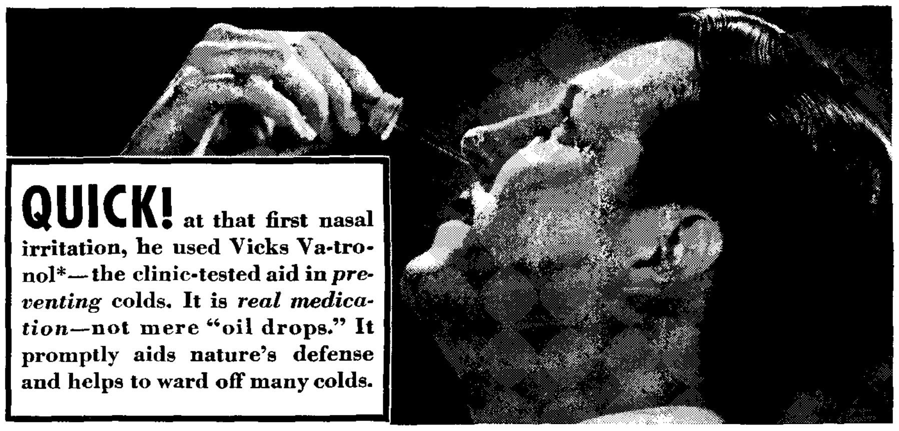
James Lee smiled. "Kimura dug his own grave—after the trifling little curaçao argument . . . You remember that night in New Haven when I drew the jack of diamonds in a stud game and made a straight flush? Those things happen now and then. Just plain lucky."



"We had to do it this way—he's camera-shy!"

HERE'S WHY TOM BEGAN TO "FEEL SNEEZY"

...AND HERE'S WHY HE DIDN'T CATCH COLD!



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If everyone in this office uses Pepsodent Antiseptic

(as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with 500 people. Facts on how effective Pepsodent Antiseptic really is.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this office, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so, while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this office, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than ten seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

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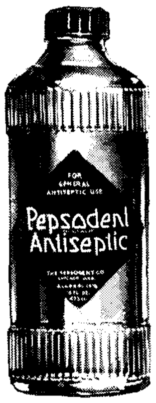


PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Good Football

Continued from page 18

there were 50,000 reservations for seats. Then Southern California was beaten by Washington State, 19 to 0. The seat sale for this game stopped immediately and there were many cancellations.

A week later the unbeaten Minnesota team came to Pittsburgh and there were 65,000 packed around the field.

This crowd knew they were to look at two of the best teams in football, and that is what the crowd wanted to see—not a mere clash of traditional rivals.

By the middle of the season it was easy to see that several hundred teams, in place of a few, were getting good coaching, just about as good as any team could want.

One hundred and eighty and one hundred and ninety pound kids, all well coached, have been coming up in droves from prep schools that dot every state in the Union. In the old days most of these kids came up untrained and lumbering, knowing little of the game. Today most of them have been playing football since they were fourteen years old and most of them have worked under able instructors who taught them how to kick and block and tackle and pass.

This last fall, for one example, Minnesota returned a veteran unbeaten outfit. Yet three young sophomores crowded three of the veterans from their posts before the season was a week old.

They Want to Watch Winners

As football skill developed all over the landscape, public interest naturally followed this skill. There were handicaps under which many universities worked—such handicaps as high entrance requirements—higher classroom requirements. Good football players, finishing school, found no jobs open. But there were any number of colleges who were looking for such talent with athletic scholarships and enough help to carry the football player through.

Stars, turned away from one college, found an opening somewhere else among institutions that had to pay for a bowl or a stadium or look after a deficit.

The public at large has not been interested in this matter of ethics or scholarship rating. Having only so much money to spend, it has made a point of spending this money on the two teams that were playing the best football in the vicinity.

But with this drift from tradition to the winning side among the spectators, there is just as strong a drift in the East back to old-time and more natural rivalries between colleges that are still educational institutions. There is a drifting together among the older traditional teams of the East—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Brown, Pennsylvania, Army, Navy and Columbia.

There is a vast difference between getting football players who need from twelve to fifteen Carnegie units before entering college, and getting football players who need three or four Carnegie units, not overlooking the scholastic work that must be attended to in various places.

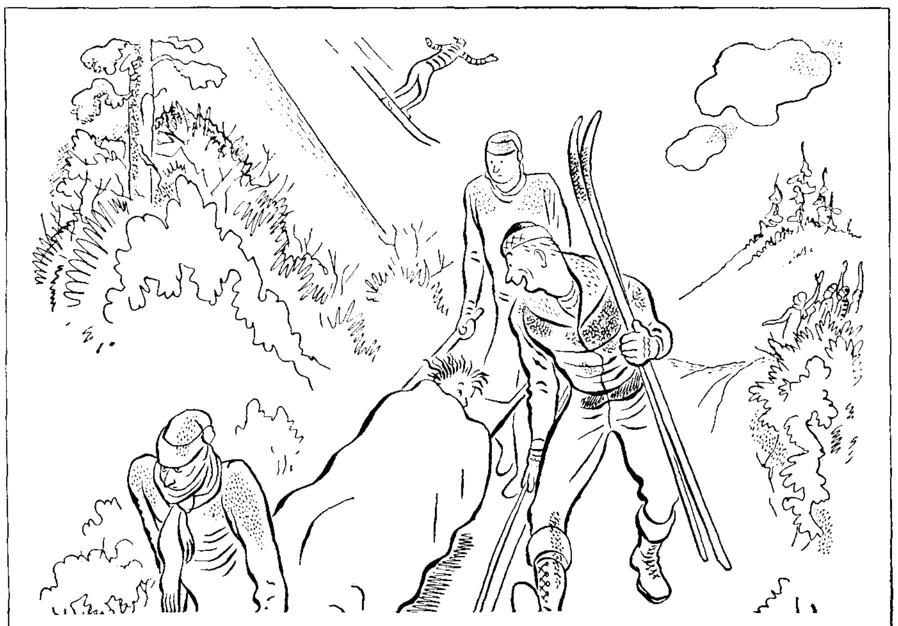
What difference does it make? Only this—I could tell you of innumerable cases where football players have been thrown out of one university or college through scholastic deficiencies, only to return with some other team and prove to be the winning margin with something to spare.

Any race that is truly run should start from scratch. This doesn't happen in football. There is a wide difference between having certain select students to draw upon and an open pick where football scholarships wait for the best football players to take up athletics and agriculture in place of Latin, Greek, calculus and literature.

When a race isn't run from scratch, then the handicaps ought to be announced. This doesn't happen in football where the semi-pro and the Chamber of Commerce side is far stronger than the average spectator ever guesses. Not that the average spectator cares. He wants to see the best football and has no time to bother about anything else.

This may mean that in a year or so, or within a few years, college football will be divided into two main groups. One group will consist of universities and colleges that have a higher scholastic ranking, where football scholarships and all forms of proselytizing are either out of order or at least not of real importance.

The other group will consist of those institutions that frankly go out to get the best teams available, where entrance requirements and classroom work are not set at such an elevated mark. This guess may be incorrect, but there is a trend now in that general direction which may carry a much greater distance along the way.



"Of course you can't expect to learn in one lesson"

NED HILTON

Wings of Glory

Continued from page 13

reaches of the deserted coast line—he was carried and tossed into the rushing winds. Each time McQuade returned to the field in happy expectation, to find Herman nonchalantly sitting among his fellows in the pigeon cage and the message he had brought back lying on Jeff Turner's desk. After eight attempts he confessed defeat.

"It's no use," he complained to Jeff. "I'll just have to give it up and find some other way of getting to see that delightful creature. That Herman—why, he's an honor to the Air Corps. I never saw such a rigid observance of duty in my life. He high-tails it out for home as though he had a train to catch. I wonder what made him change so sudden?"

That question bothered Jeff, too. The next afternoon, after handily winning his quarter-final match in the squadron play, he took Herman for a ride and released him five thousand feet over Gatun Lake, in sight of France Field. Thrown from the cockpit, Herman fluttered back in the prop blast and then started soaring in ever-increasing circles. Finally, just before he was lost to sight, Jeff saw him wing around in a great curve and head back in the direction of Albrook.

THAT, he thought, is that. He would call Kay Attison and apologize. Herman *was* reliable. The incident was closed. He could concentrate on the Squadron finals and the approaching intra-Zone play. A disturbing factor, a possible threat to his orderly routine of golfing, eating and sleeping, had been removed. He flew back, trying to ignore the small feeling of disappointment which tinged his relief.

At eight that evening he called on Kay Attison.

Herman, perched on the back of a wicker chair, watched them.

"It's funny," said Jeff, "I seem to be the goat. With everybody else he's all right."

Kay slowly pivoted on her heel.

"Yes, it's too bad. Such a nuisance for you. I thought you'd probably send that McQuade."

He looked at her quickly.

"I would have sent him," he said, "but he was fishing at Perlas Islands."

"At least you are very frank." She turned and faced him.

"Why not? Why shouldn't I be?"

She shrugged. "Oh, there's no reason, I suppose. It's just that you're so brutally frank that it stands out all over you. I begin to suspect a reason. But what started us off on this?"

"You did."

"So I did. Well, let's talk about Herman. Are you going to write a nice report on Herman and his pals so Dad will get a lot of credit?"

"I am not. My report will be terrible—and true."

"A monument to your own stupidity."

"Yes, I know. We've gone into that before. What good is Herman if he isn't dependable?"

Kay Attison scratched a nail slowly across the screen. "In a way," she said slowly, "I think Herman is very dependable; but apparently all his efforts are to be unavailing." In the gloom of the porch she leaned forward, her lips set in a half-smile. "Couldn't I fascinate you, Lieutenant, so that you'd change the state papers? With all I've heard of the languorous tropics it seems that I should be able to lure you into at least one small official indiscretion."

Jeff grabbed Herman from the chair and held him with both hands.

"I'm afraid not—not tonight."

The girl sighed. "You're so wary. Good night, then. I hope I haven't upset you emotionally."

There was no answer to that. Jeff was halfway down the walk when she called to him. He walked slowly back and stood looking up at her, still clutching Herman tightly to his breast.

"I almost forgot. . . . Dad said to be sure to ask you. We're having our At Home Saturday afternoon. He'd like to see you over here if you can make it."

"Sorry. I'd like to, but I'm afraid I'll be tied up all afternoon."

"Oh, I knew there'd be something. Have I a rival?"

"No, the finals of the squadron tournament. If I get by Major Lampert tomorrow I'll have to play the finals on Saturday. Good night."

But, somehow, he was off his game, and he didn't reach the finals. So he landed at France Field on Saturday afternoon for tea at the Attisons'.

She greeted him at the door. Behind her there rose a sound as of a swarm of angry bees.

"I'm terribly sorry you lost."

"I'm very glad, now that I'm here."

"Thank you, Lieutenant Jeff Turner. Here's Dad. He wants to give you a sales talk. Don't steal away from me, now."

The captain beamed and teetered on his heels before them. He made it evident within the first five minutes that he had but two interests in life—his daughter and his birds. Finding a quiet corner, they agreed politely about the former and disagreed quite as politely about the latter. Over the captain's shoulder Jeff caught occasional glimpses of Kay, threading her smiling way through the chattering crowd. Behind her trailed a string of eager young officers. McQuade appeared, greeted Jeff with a harassed smile, and plunged into the competition. From somewhere appeared a cocktail shaker and bottles. The radio lifted its voice. The captain wandered away, after slapping Jeff heartily on the back, some started to dance, the rankers gradually drifted off into the dusk, and the At Home really got under way.

JEFF had two drinks and then went out and sat on the steps and watched the sparkling stars as they were slowly dropped down from the velvet mat of the tropical sky. Beyond the field the lights of Colon twinkled mildly in the rippled hardness of the bay. As the cocktails spread through him, flowering like twin blossoms of warmth, he relaxed and felt himself blend with the luxuriant peacefulness of the night, and in his happiness he told himself that this was what he wanted—this splendid and secure isolation of his. The captain had asked him not to be "hard" in his report. Kay had accused him of being wary. He would be both hard and wary. He had, he told himself defiantly, been happy being that way in the past. He would continue to be so.

She found him out there on the steps. She sat down beside him, tucking her dress beneath her knees.

"I was afraid you'd run, Jeff. What is laughingly called the fast young Army set has taken over the place, so I'm free for a while. They were just calling for you. Some one asked for good old Jeff."

Unseen heels clacked by out on the road.

"Good old Jeff," she repeated softly. "They should call you good young Jeff."

(Continued on page 50)

Gentlemen:

I am writing this from a chandelier—writing to see if I can get one of your ARROW MITOGA shirts for a friend of mine. I have his and if he thinks I'm going to give it back he's crazy. Maybe I ought to explain—

All my life I hated to wear shirts. I could never get them to fit . . . they took on so many sizes and such varied shapes, it was too confusing to determine what original size to buy. I just couldn't seem to win.

At first I tried to ignore the discomfort. Then I began reading up on stoicism—but found myself too sensitive to pain to finish the book. I even hired a man to wear my shirts for me, but that didn't seem to be the answer.

So finally I went rebel—refused to have anything to do with a shirt. I turned my back on the outside world, and sulked in the privacy of my home. Then, one day, my friend called upon me to tell me of your new Mitoga shirt that's designed to fit the body—that follows the line slope of the shoulders, the taper of the arms, the line from shoulders to waist—the shirt that's SANFORIZED-SHRUNK to keep this Greek-god fit. To convince me, he took off his own Mitoga to let me try it on.

And I still have it on. I'm taking no chances on losing a shirt like this, after waiting all my life for it. So please, gentlemen, send him another so he'll stop bothering me, so I can enjoy in peace the first shirt that ever really fit me.

Very truly yours,

Frank Owen

NRA CODE

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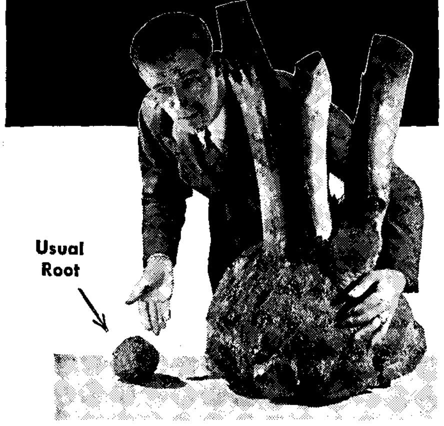

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Notice the difference between the grains shown under the microscope. Super Grain's uniform regularity is remarkable. It gives Super Grain extraordinary absorbent qualities—providing a sweetness and a coolness in smoking never before experienced.

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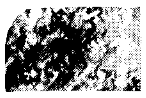
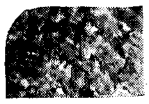


ALGERIA

TUSCANIA



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Your Dealer also has
NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE $3.50

(Continued from page 49)

"No, they know me. They're right."

"You sound as though you were somewhat proud of being good old Jeff. Proud of being so taken for granted—so alone."

"I am," he assented. "I'm happy."

"Happy or afraid?" Kay asked softly.

He started. "Do you really think I'm afraid?" he asked quickly.

"Uh-huh." She nodded in the darkness.

Without thinking Jeff put out his hand to stop the movement of her head. His arm slid around her shoulders. It started out to be a hard, brusque kiss, the acceptance of a challenge, the denial of all resistance. But he found no resistance. For a long moment she clung to him. Then she strained away and he felt an instant's loneliness which was almost unbearable. He gripped his knees and stared with a pounding heart into the darkness cloaking the field.

"You *are* afraid, aren't you, Jeff?" she said at last.

"No, I'm not afraid. What made you think that?" Sitting there, squinting at the distant lights, he felt the moment slip from him, like sand running through his fingers. Then it was all over, when she said in a queer voice:

"You're afraid because you think you're going to lose something—your emotional independence or your freedom or something like that. Isn't that it?"

He couldn't find the courage to be truthful. "No," he said, "it's not quite that."

"You don't think I'm trying to use you, do you? You don't think I'm trying to obligate you with a few kisses and then creep up and plead with you about that other thing ... about Herman, I mean? Surely you don't think that, Jeff."

"No, it never even occurred to me. It would be a waste of time, anyway. We're going to take the five remaining birds up to David tomorrow on a cross-country. That's a good two hundred miles. I don't suppose any of them will get back."

"And then your judgment will be vindicated."

"In a way, yes."

"And you'll be quite happy about it?"

"No, I've kept an open mind—even though Herman has given me a lot of trouble."

"Me—for instance."

He twisted around and faced her. "You insist on coming back to that, don't you? All right, if you want it I'll give it to you. Yes, you're quite right. You are one of the troubles that devil brought along with him. You're a threat to my peace of mind and I don't want any part of you."

Her dress unfolded into a white column beside him. The screen door creaked, and then she said:

"Good night, Jeff. I understand. You're going away and when you come back you'll have forgotten about me. Then you'll be able to slip back with an easy mind into your glory of independence and solitude."

"Yes, I'll be alone and quite happy."

"I hope so, Jeff," she said and then she was gone.

THEY left Albrook Field the next morning in a five-ship formation led by the major. After an hour of good weather they hit a series of localized rain areas and, carefully spreading formation, they shifted and squirmed between a succession of towering dark clouds which hung down on either side of them like gray palls dropped from the heavens to the earth.

One of these chasms closed in upon them before they could slip through to the clear field of sunshine beyond and Jeff found himself suddenly wrapped in the opaque gloom of the cloud. The formation misted to vague shapes, dancing and bobbing to his left. Carefully he pulled away. The rain hit him like a solid, wet hand and in a moment he was drenched.

He wallowed blindly for several minutes and then, as suddenly as he had entered, he emerged from the cloud and the sun was tearing silver sparks from the streaking wings. He looked around vainly for the rest of the flight and then, in instinctive answer to a strange discordance in his world of sound, to the instrument panel. The oil pressure had taken a terrific drop.

Two minutes and five thousand feet later he carefully chose the best field in sight. It was small, but apparently clear, and he went in short, purposely saving the last burst of his failing motor to carry him over the tall trees bordering its edge.

The ship hit hard in a patch of low brush, gave an upward flit of its tail, settled, and ran roughly out into the clear toward the opposite side of the field. Jeff saw trees ahead of him. Then he saw—nothing.

IT WAS dark when he broke through the edge of consciousness. He was lying, bent almost double, on his right side. There was no pain, but a poisonous sickness flowed like warm lead through his veins and gradually this carried him farther and farther away until he sank into a small, square world of ugly and gigantic dreams.

When he awoke it was light and he found that he was imprisoned in a small coffin formed by the metal sides of the fuselage, the instrument panel, and the back of the seat. The fabric of the upper wing curved closely over his head to form a perfect roof. His right leg, swollen to a fearsome size, was jammed inextricably into a narrow aperture where the fuselage had torn apart from the panel. By stretching he found he could peer through a small gash in the metal side and see, in weird, elongated perspective, a few towering weeds. Strangely, he felt quite cool, and it was not till later, when he found strength to look again and noticed the shadows of the weeds had moved, that he realized the truth. He had slid, with the ship, under the trees at the edge of the clearing.

At first this seemed like a glorious miracle, for he must surely have roasted to death had his metal oven been exposed to a day of the tropical sun. During the long, hot hours while he lay there fighting the buoyancy of the fever which rose from his injured leg he thanked Heaven again and again for this amazing good luck. Then, just before dusk, a high drumming in the sky came and went by and he realized that the same trees which protected him from the sun had buried him in their green depths to die unseen.

With the panic of this discovery there came to him a new strength and he managed, after a long struggle, to get his arm around the back of the seat and into the baggage compartment behind. Groping, he retrieved the first-aid kit, the five days' rations, the Army .45, some netting, and a machete—all obligatory equipment on flights.

That second night he slept better. At dawn he awoke in the midst of a short-lived torrent of rain. He drank from one of the rivulets which leaked through the wing and then held the metal first-aid kit with the tepid water. After that, he rearranged the silk of his parachute to act as a cushion for his cramped and aching body. The deep, roseate pink of his injured leg had changed overnight to a dull blue. For five minutes he worked to free it. Then, wet with sweat and sick from the tearing agony, he gave it up.

It was sometime during the hot,

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steaming hour that followed the rain that his mind went back to the preparations for the flight and he remembered the birds. Hacking away a part of the metal side with the machete he managed at last to wedge his head past the side of the seat and inspect the rear compartment. There, in a corner and ominously still, was a small basket. It took him two interminable hours to pull it within reach by means of a small lariat fashioned from some torn canvas off the wing. Finally, when he had it at his side, he sat there, staring stupidly, afraid to open it and find the dead body of his only hope. A drink of brandy from the flask gave him courage and he tremblingly pried up the lid—to find Herman, unhurt, blinking at him from the basket.

It was mid-afternoon when, with a final pat which was really a prayer, he shoved the little bundle of feathers he had so often cursed through the jagged hole in the fuselage.

For several minutes Herman stood there, a small graven statue in the shadow of the tall weeds. He took a small step, then another. Head cocked to one side, he stopped again and stood very still, as though he were listening. In the tense, hot silence Jeff found himself listening, too—though for what he did not know. When he heard it he did not at first realize its significance. Then slowly a cold horror crept through him and he started feverishly hacking away at the roof of canvas over his head. What he heard was the slow flap-flap of giant wings.

They were there. A row of black, spectral sentinels perched on the tops of the trees on the other side of the field. Huge, shaggy vultures, each one as large as a full-grown turkey. Above them swept and dove a flight of hawks, waiting eagerly for the remnants of the feast. Beside the broken ship little Herman waited patiently, his head cocked to one side as he listened to the soft slither of wings which from the birth of time had meant death to the pigeon tribe. As Jeff watched he moved slowly out of sight into the gloom of the high grass.

For half an hour nothing happened. The vultures sat with sardonic pensiveness in the tree tops. The hawks made a fluttering pattern against the blue sky. Jeff, the throbbing of his leg forgotten, sat tensely watching, through the hole in the canvas, this stage set for high tragedy. When it came the action was almost too quick for the eye to catch. The hawks centered in a little bunch, drifted for a moment on idle wings, and then dove downward in a thresh of churning movement. There was a flash of gray, a quick turn with the brown horde in pursuit, and then it was gone from sight and the great vultures still sat, silent and unmoved, in ominous silhouettes against the sky.

FOR two days Jeff hoped—sat there amidst the awful, life-filled loneliness of the jungle and stared at the patient vultures and hoped. During those two days he learned the real meaning of the word *solitude*. Then, on the morning of the third day, the hawks came back and he gave up hope. There was no rain that morning and by noon he was without water. He rubbed the last of the brandy on his blue and swollen leg and then sat through the long, burning afternoon, feeling gayer and gayer with each passing hour. He laughed several times at the thought of the speech he'd made to Kay on this very solitude—at first grimly and then with a true appreciation of its humor.

At dusk he started laughing again and this time he couldn't stop. The darkened clearing echoed with his shrill hysterics. Finally he fell over on his side and found he was too weak to prop himself up. So he made up a song about solitude and sang that at the top of his voice, until at last his throat closed as though a strong hand had gripped it—and then he started to cry, silently and terribly.

They came at dawn with a great roar which filled the sky. The vultures, indifferent to the last, flapped idly away among a stream of chaser bullets. They landed, the undercarriages tearing savagely at the brush, and rushed over to the ship—to stand there for a moment of silent, shocked horror before they started hacking at the metal prison which held what had once been the tall, the square, the immaculate Lieutenant Jeff Turner.

FOR ten days they wouldn't let him talk and he lay there in the Base Hospital between the cool, white sheets holding tightly as a child to Kay Attison's hand. When he awoke at night and she was not there he felt again the terrible fear and loneliness of those days in the clearing and, biting his lip, he would hammer at the bell till someone came. And then, as he grew stronger, he waited for those intervals of loneliness to pass . . . but they didn't. It was as though something from the core of him had been drained away and left there in the jungle. He began to live for the sound of her step in the hall.

On the day they told him he could sit up and talk and be talked to, the first thing he said was:

"How's Herman?"

"You missed the intra-Zone, Jeff," she said in answer, after a small moment of indecision. "Lampert won it."

"But what about Herman?" he asked again.

"He won't come back, Jeff." She hurried on. "He brought in your message. One of the men found him in the middle of France Field. Early one morning. He must have fallen on the edge of the field the night before. Most of the feathers had been torn off his back—but there he was, wobbling across the grass . . . toward home, Jeff. Just like a little soldier. He was in terrible condition, but we brought him out of it and at the end of the week McQuade brought him over here."

"Well, let's get Cobb and have him brought in. I want to see him."

"You can't, Jeff," she said, coloring a little and looking away. "You see, they planned to give him a medal. It was all arranged for the day you get up, but first they wanted to have a dress rehearsal. He was supposed to fly back—you know, with everybody lined up—and then they were going to bring him front and center and give him this medal, just as though it were the real ceremony. But now he's acting contrary and won't come back."

"Herman," said Jeff firmly, "is not contrary. If he doesn't want to come back he has a good reason for it and I'll rely on his judgment."

"Do you really mean that, Jeff? I mean, do you really think he's trustworthy and not just Herman, Herman, quite contrary?"

"Absolutely. Where is he, by the way?"

"That's the funny part." Kay grinned at him impishly. "He's over on the roof of one of the houses in the married officers' quarters and he won't come down. Private Cobb has to take his food over to him every day. Lieutenant Fletcher's house, I think it is."

"Fletcher's! But that's empty—they went back to the States."

"That," said Kay, "is the funny part of it. That and the fact that you always rely upon Herman's judgment."

"Come here, darling," said Jeff, and then for a few minutes they forgot all about Herman.

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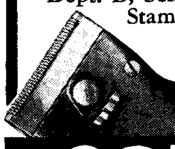

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Lady from Paris

Continued from page 19

what loving attention she fixed the secretary's desk.

This pleased the secretary very much but she rewarded Miss Boyer nastily by coming down with the measles. This meant that M. Rozenberg was forced to call in Miss Boyer for dictation. He found she was excellent at dictation, provided the speaker had an impediment in his larynx which required him to allow ten minutes between words.

She finally made such a nuisance of herself that M. Rozenberg put her in a part. She was seventeen and they dressed her up like an old crone of sixty and urged her to be funny. Once settled in such a rôle, she had to stick to it and for two years she wore a pillow around her middle and puffed out her cheeks and played the traditional comic maid, comic drunk, or comic back-fence gossiper of French farce.

There are the usual stories of the manager hearing her trilling away in her dressing-room and forthwith demanding that she become the prima donna of his show, but in truth she only took to songs because her teacher from the Comédie Française put his fingers delicately to his nose upon witnessing her attempts at acting.

"Would there possibly be anything else you might do?" he inquired with courtesy and directness.

Miss Boyer then sang one of the songs she had always sung around home. The gentleman did not leap to his feet in amazement. He was very detached and reflective and he made a remark which has baffled Miss Boyer to this day.

"Why don't you go in seriously for singing?" he asked, innocently enough, but she still isn't sure whether he made it in good faith or in self-defense.

In any event, she got an audition with a manager who supplied singers for cabarets and ended up with a job at a club paying five francs a night.

A Harem for Dinner

The night club was quite a night club. It was in a cellar and it was tough. The boys sat around in their underwear and the girls teetered about with old-fashioned ostrich plumes in their hats. What they attended for was the chance to dance to the American jazz, which had just captured Paris. It was on the early bump-bump, bump-bump type and the only reason the management had entertainment at all was to give the saxophone player a chance to get his breath. The Boyer lady had only one number. When the patrons had ceased pounding on the tables with beer mugs, the curtain went up and she was standing in the middle of the stage dressed in an old crinoline gown of her grandmother's. This was incongruous enough in the setting but the contrast was even greater when she sang an eighteenth-century ballad which had come down through the family.

She got a job in a better cabaret and then went into Mlle. Fifi, a musical show touring the provinces.

She had a very good time in Fifi and still remembers it with pleasure. Because the salary was low she lived with five other girls of the company. They traveled together and took rooms together and divided the work. The Boyer girl did the washing and ironing; another did the cooking; others did the manicuring and hair washing for the outfit. This solved the necessities of life and they accounted for romance in the same manner. A young man who invited one of the six to dinner was flattered by the attention of a harem. The five came along as a matter of course and ate very heartily.

It was from Fifi that the illustrious Mr. Shubert lifted Miss Boyer for his American revue. Miss Boyer thought it was the chance of a lifetime but what she got out of it was a winter's work and a complete set of headaches, not the least of which was a love affair. What hurt her worst of all was missing a season in Paris when she was just getting to be known. When she returned there was nothing for it but work again in the cabarets and it was there that she became famous. She did well from the start, but when M. Lenoir wrote Parlez Moi d'Amour (Speak to Me of Love) for her, she was as fully made and as completely tied to a song as De Wolf Hopper is to Casey at the Bat.

Success Itemized

The statistics on success are come upon in this manner: Miss Boyer arrived in New York this trip with thirteen trunks and 124 pieces of hand luggage; the phonograph people sell 600,000 of her records a year; she owns her own night club in Paris, Chez Elle, which means Her Place; she is thirty years old and not particularly pretty and she has a perfect technique for avoiding amorous gentlemen who might better be home with their families. Because she likes blue she always sings in a blue dress and is given to looking solemnly at a Chinese Buddha made of stone, this, evidently, taking her mind off a lot of the nonsense which goes with the theater.

It's a big year in New York for European artists. Yvonne Printemps is playing in Noel Coward's Conversation Piece. Elizabeth Bergner, the German star, will appear in her London success, Escape Me Never, and one may set it down as a certainty that the lobby will be filled with ladies and gentlemen who have seen Bergner abroad and are convinced that only ladies and gentlemen of their caliber could possibly appreciate Bergner.

When you learn that several of the gentlemen showed up for the Printemps opening in velvet evening jackets, you will get some notion. Mlle. Printemps was probably under the impression that she was giving the performance but that was only because she was not able to get into the lobby between acts.

Miss Boyer has been creating the same result in an even larger way. She not only has the show but the supper club and strange things are happening to the American temperament. She has a number which closes the program in which she throws roses to the audience and finally offers to present one in person to any gentleman who will come forward and join her in singing tra-la-la-la.

At first she had difficulty in finding her victims but now the aisles are filled with galloping males. On a recent evening the winner was a handsome gentleman who had taken the precaution of purchasing a seat in the front row. It was plain at once that any American inhibitions he might still retain were about to be swept away by the charm of Mlle. Boyer. Not only would he sing if requested but he dared anybody to stop him from singing. The gentleman lifted his voice in tra-la-la-la-la . . . and from the balcony the spotlight shone on his shirt front with such unearthly brilliance as to blind the audience. It was a moment to make America proud.

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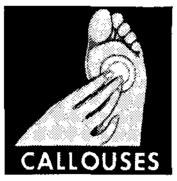

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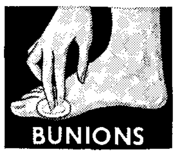

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 16

"I'd rather not," said Granby. "I'm waiting for an important phone call. Is it about the Haworth matter?"

"Yes," replied Sturdevant.

"Can she come up here?" asked Granby.

"Sure she can. She'll be there in ten minutes."

He hung up and looked at Inez.

"I'm not competent to advise you in a matter like this. That was my lawyer, Tom Granby. You'd better go right up and see him, tell him your story, and do exactly what he says."

"But what will the police do to me when I admit I lied to them?" asked Inez fearfully.

"Maybe you won't admit it. Maybe Granby will advise you to sit tight. Don't fret about it now. Go up and see him."

Inez rose to her feet. White-faced, she looked from Sturdevant to Trenna. Trenna sensed the appeal in her eyes.

"I'll go with you," she said.

"Will you?" Inez snatched at her hand in frightened gratitude.

"Go ahead, Trenna," said Sturdevant. "But come back, won't you?"

"I'll come back," promised Trenna.

STURDEVANT, after they had gone, leaned back on his pillows and cursed softly. Why, of all times, did he have to pick yesterday to bump his skull upon a pavement? He felt perfectly well but he had to remain in bed because Burns had ordered him to do so. Still, he consoled himself, there was nothing much he could do if he did get up. He picked up a book and was disinterestedly reading it when his doorbell rang and Dexter admitted Lisa Bellwood.

She came breezily into the bedroom and smiled saucily at him.

"Nice taste in pajamas you have, Sim," she said. "Gold goes well with your blue eyes."

"They're yellow," he said, "and don't be silly. What do you want?" he asked brusquely.

"Is that a nice way to greet a lovely lady who visits the sick?" she mocked.

"I'm not sick. A cautious doctor insists I stay in bed. Why the visit?"

"Sim, I've come to tell you I'm sorry I threatened you at luncheon yesterday. Didn't Trenna tell you that I told her I wasn't sure it was you I saw?"

Over their backgammon games Trenna had given Sturdevant a recountal of Lisa's call that morning.

"She told me what you'd said," he admitted. "What do you want me to do, thank you because you're not going to lie about me?"

"You certainly have bad manners," she laughed.

"Have I? It's your fault if I have."

"You mean if I were nice you'd be nice? I could be very nice, Sim, if you wanted me to be. I like you."

He looked at her, exasperation in his eyes.

"Lisa, don't be a little idiot. Trenna told me what you said to her today. Why pretend, after that, that you care a hoot about me?"

"Perhaps I was soothing Miss Plaice," she laughed. She was sitting on the edge of the bed now.

"Lisa, will you quit dramatizing yourself?" he cried. "Can't you ever be natural? You could be a sweet kid if you wanted to. But you don't want to. You want to be the great siren, playing seduction scenes all the time."

"And you don't feel like playing opposite me?"

"I don't want to be in the show at all," he told her. "And you don't want me to be, either. You just like to believe that every man you meet will fall in love with you."

"A lot of them have," she said.

The telephone rang and she picked it up. She held the instrument to her face and her hazel eyes sparkled maliciously as she spoke into it.

"This is Mr. Sturdevant's day nurse," she said.

Sturdevant smothered an oath as he snatched the receiver from her hands.

"This is Mr. Sturdevant," he said.

"This is Trenna. Was that Lisa Bellwood who answered? What is she doing with you?"

"Dropped in to make herself obnoxious," said Sturdevant.

"She's in your bedroom," charged Trenna.

"I'm confined to bed," said Sturdevant.

"What does she want?" demanded Trenna. Her voice was hard.

"I haven't an idea," replied Sturdevant.

"I'll bet she has," said Trenna.

"Oh, Trenna," expostulated Sturdevant. "You wouldn't give her the satisfaction of minding that she was here."

"Wouldn't I? You take a lot for granted, Sim. Was that why you urged me to go with Inez? Did you expect her?"

The famous Plaice temper was showing symptoms of explosion.

"I didn't dream she was coming," he told her.

"And she came to me this morning to tell me that she had no interest in you. Just to put me off my guard."

"Trenna, you're not behaving very well."

Her voice was suddenly honey sweet.

"You don't like the way I behave?"

"Not at the moment," he told her.

"The moment will continue," she said harshly. There was a click of the receiver as she hung up.

SICK at heart, he replaced the receiver on the hook. He took it off immediately and asked for Granby's number. The lawyer was not in but Sturdevant learned that he had just left the office with two ladies. Disconsolate, Sturdevant hung up, to meet the malicious triumph in Lisa's eyes.

"The lady is jealous—eh?" said Lisa.

Sturdevant shook his head slowly.

"Lisa, will you ever get your own number? What gives you the idea that Trenna could possibly be jealous of you?"

"Your talk with her just now."

"Trenna is a woman of great temperament, Lisa," Sturdevant said. "Her emotions are not the cheap little titillations that you experience. She has to explode every so often. If you hadn't been here, Lisa, something else would have caused her to show temperament."

"It will be pleasant to live with," Lisa jeered.

"It will be divine," said Sturdevant.

"You think so now," said Lisa.

"I'll always think so," said Sturdevant. "And now, having been the occasion for trouble, do you mind getting out of here while I dress?"

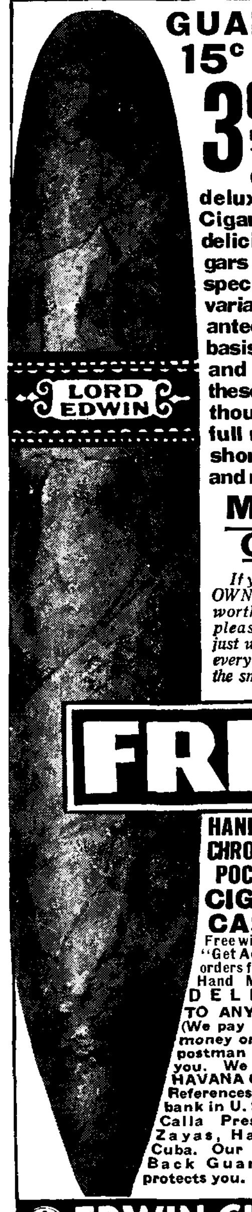
She slid from the bed, shrugged her shoulders, and walked from the room. In the doorway she halted.

"Sim, I'm not as bad as you think. I came down with a real purpose. And—"

"I don't care what you came down with as long as you leave," he said.

"A minute more can't hurt. Sim, I

(Continued on page 54)



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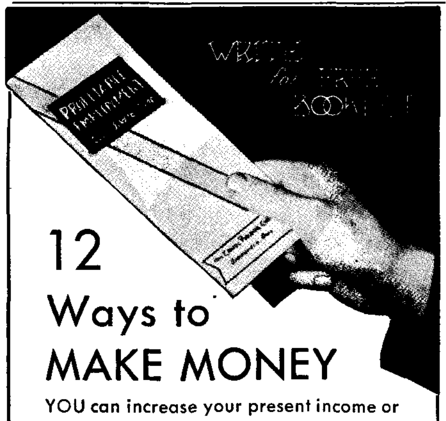
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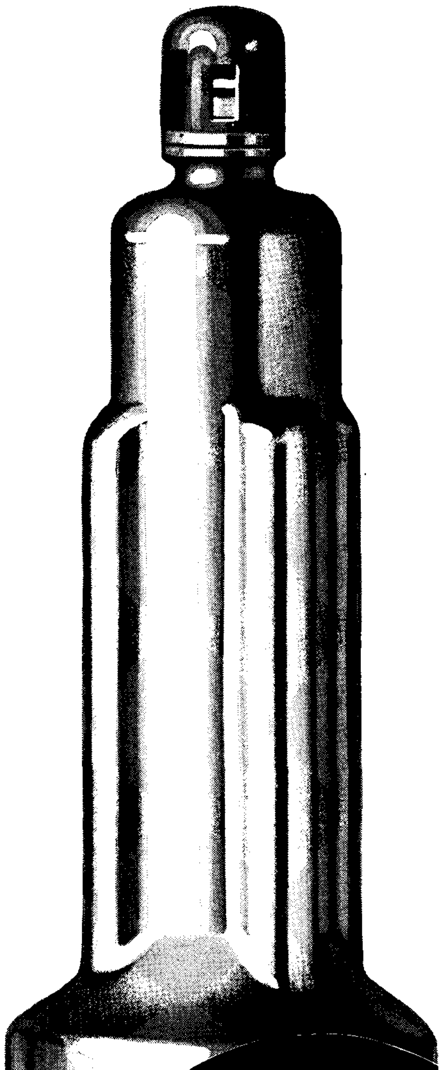
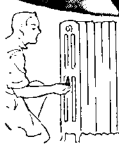

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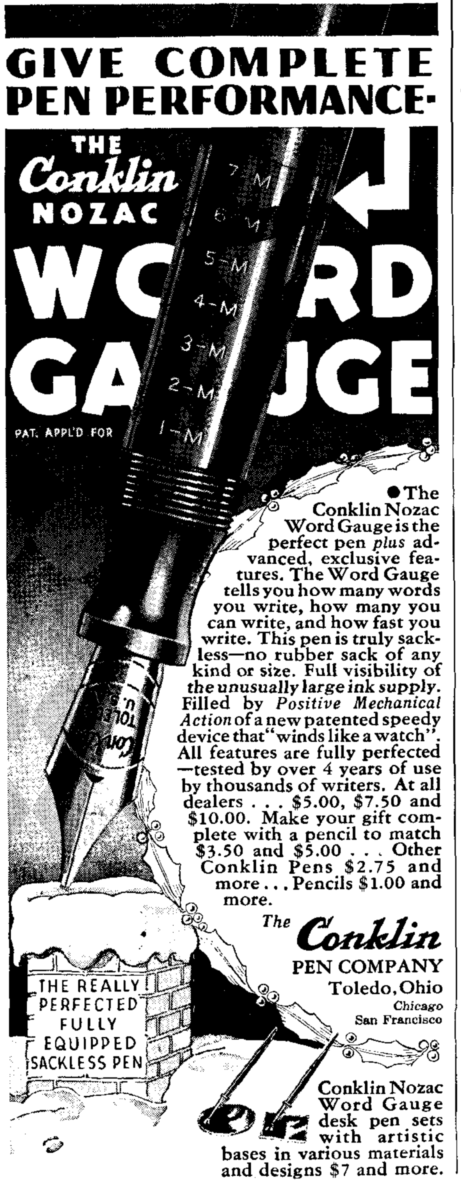
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(*Continued from page 53*)

did see a man around the corner. Because I'd just seen you at the Merrygoround, talked with you, I assumed it was you. I know it wasn't. But it was someone who at a distance resembled you. The same height, the same figure. A nice figure, too," she giggled. "His hat was pulled down over his eyes, the way you pull yours down, and I couldn't see his face. Now, he may have been *the man who killed Haworth.*"

"That seems pretty far-fetched," said Sturdevant. "Just because a man was on the sidewalk doesn't prove he entered a building, went up several floors and committed a murder."

"But only far-fetched reasoning will discover who did it," she said. "Close reasoning would make it you or me or the gentle Trenna. We know that none of us did it. So why not follow some far-fetched clue?"

"How are you going to follow it?"

"Well, *if Len had some friend*—or enemy—about your height and build, wouldn't it be smart to find out where that man was that night?"

"We might put an ad in the papers asking what man about my size walked by Haworth's apartment night before last," he derided.

"Okay. Have it your own way. But it's a lead. So long."

She went through the door and Sturdevant heard the outer door close behind her. He picked up the telephone and was connected with Trenna's apartment. Her maid answered. Miss Plaice had just come in and gone straight to bed with a headache. She had left orders that she was to be disturbed by no one.

"But this is Mr. Sturdevant," he told the maid. "I must speak to her."

"She told me that if you called she couldn't speak to you," said the maid.

Grimly Sturdevant hung up the telephone. . . .

THE November afternoon was cold. Sturdevant inhaled the crisp air eagerly. He felt that he had been confined to his bed for weeks instead of for about twenty-four hours and, impatient though he was to see Trenna, he did not signal a taxi until he reached Madison Avenue.

Trenna's maid eyed him with disfavor as she opened the door.

"Miss Plaice isn't seeing anyone," she announced.

"She's seeing me," said Sturdevant.

"Particularly not you," insisted the maid. "She's taking a nap and I can't disturb her."

Ignoring the woman's shrill protest, Sturdevant brushed by her and walked to Trenna's bedroom. He knocked upon the door.

"What is it?" came Trenna's voice.

"It's Sim," he told her.

"I don't want to see you," she said.

"Bosh," he exclaimed.

He pushed the door open and deliberately entered the room. She was sitting up in bed, a magazine in her lap. Her black eyes were blazing with fury.

"You're the most insolent, overbearing, preposterous person I've ever known," she cried.

Calmly Sturdevant walked to the side of the bed and stood looking down upon her.

"What are you doing out of bed?" she demanded. "Getting up is bad for you."

"If I'm flat on my back for six months it will be your fault," he said. "If you were the tiniest bit reasonable, instead of being the most hot-tempered and adorable person in the world, I'd be obeying my doctor's orders now."

"Reasonable? I suppose you think you're reasonable. You expect me to be pleased that Lisa Bellwood calls upon you, sits in your bedroom with you. I suppose I should accept that cheerfully, perhaps feel a little gratitude to Lisa."

He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Now don't you lie to me, Trenna Plaice," he said. "You know perfectly well that you aren't the least bit jealous of Lisa. You are just due for an explosion, that's all."

"Is that so?" she cried. "I suppose I'm a virago. I suppose I'm just a vile-tempered woman. If that's what you *think* of me, why do you bother with me?"

"Because I love you," he said simply.

"How can you love a person with a savage disposition like mine? You seem to think that's the kind of disposition I have."

"Of course I do. And it's part of you, you lovely thing."

AS SUDDENLY as sometimes a rainbow appears, a gay light appeared in her dark eyes.

"You're *no fun any more. I can* see the sort of husband you'll make. Patient and understanding—I'm not at all sure that I'd care for that sort of husband."

"I might sock you one on the nose just by way of variety," he laughed.

"You're an ugly old bear," she said. "And I'm ashamed of myself, and you're right: I wasn't jealous of Lisa. I'm just unstrung—that's all. Do you think it's highly improper for a gentleman to sit on a lady's bed and kiss her?"

"The thing is opposed to all morality and good taste," he said sternly.

"Then I suppose it can't be done," she said.

"It might just happen without either of us being aware of it," he told her.

"I was very aware of it," she said a moment later. "Sim, please. Let's be sensible now."

"We were never saner," he laughed.

"I'm really very tired," she said. "It's lovely seeing you, but you ought to be resting."

"We'll reverse things. I'll be your night nurse."

She shook her head.

"Let's preserve one convention just for the novelty of it. You run along home—and stay there. And I'll sleep the clock around—if the police let me," she added.

"What did Granby tell Inez to do?" asked Sturdevant. "Why won't the police let you alone?"

"I suppose they will, although Sergeant Wilcox will unquestionably pay me a call," she said wanly. "Inez? Mr. Granby told her to keep quiet. He says that she did a very dangerous thing in deceiving the police, but that he can see no particular good in changing her story now. He says that if whoever phoned Mrs. Peters hasn't acted on his information by now, the best thing to do is to wait and see what he does. Anyway, he said he wanted to think it over for a little while. He asked Inez to leave it to him what to do. And she said she would."

"That means he didn't want to frighten her, but that he'll probably have a talk with the police," said Sturdevant. "At that, if she voluntarily changes her story, or her attorney changes it for her, I don't think she'll be in much trouble. God knows, though; I don't. It's the most involved affair that I ever heard of."

He rose from the bed.

"You get some rest. When you wake up give me a ring."

"Then you'll go right home?"

"Right home. Although I feel swell."

"And you couldn't look better," she said. " 'By."

He lingered in the doorway a moment.

"Lisa had a wild idea," he said. "She says that a man about my height and build was near Haworth's apartment. She wonders if any of us know any friend of his—or enemy that might answer that description."

"And if we did? Does the fact that such a man was on the street mean anything?"

He shook his head.

"That's what I told her."

"Was that her excuse for calling on you?"

He lifted a monitory finger.

"Now, now," he chided.

Quickly she smiled and reluctantly he went through the door, away from the radiant vision.

Sturdevant reached the street and entered a taxi. He gave the man his Gramercy Park address and then changed his mind. He had told Trenna that he would go right home, but he felt well. Why should he baby himself when there was no need for coddling? He tapped on the glass and gave the driver his office address.

Miss Maley stared at him in surprise as he entered the outer office.

"Why, Mr. Sturdevant! I phoned this morning and your man told me that you were in bed, suffering from the effects of a fall. I was afraid to come down to see you. He said you could see no one. I've been terribly worried."

"Mountains out of molehills—doctors are always effecting those transformations. I did have a fall and Burns was afraid it would bring on the old trouble, but I feel fit as a fiddle. What's new?"

"The afternoon papers say that the gun that killed Haworth and Murdoch has been identified as belonging to Miss Plaice. But they say that it was stolen from her months ago. That's all."

Sturdevant nodded.

"I meant news about the office. Anything turned up?"

She shook her head.

"Except that the Merrygoround restaurant phoned and wanted to see you."

"What about?"

"They say that Miss Johnson is going to leave and they want to talk to you about replacing her. Mr. Sturdevant, aren't the police doing *anything?*"

"There isn't much they can do, I guess."

"But it's dreadful. They've questioned you and Miss Plaice and Miss Bellwood and it all looks so bad. I wish they'd find the man who did it."

Sturdevant grinned.

"I wish so, too." He walked into the inner office and sat down at his desk. His aunt called him on the phone.

"I THOUGHT you might be at your office when I couldn't get you at your apartment," she said. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"Feeling fine," he assured her. "Honestly, Aunt Melissa, I'm as well as I ever was in my life."

"I just read the afternoon papers. Sim, how did Trenna Plaice's revolver get east?"

"I suppose the man that bought it brought it here," he replied.

"Well, why don't the police make a list of everyone that Haworth knew and find out which one of them was in Los Angeles on the day that revolver was sold by the pawnbroker?"

"That's a swell idea," said Sturdevant. "I think I'll suggest that to Sergeant Wilcox."

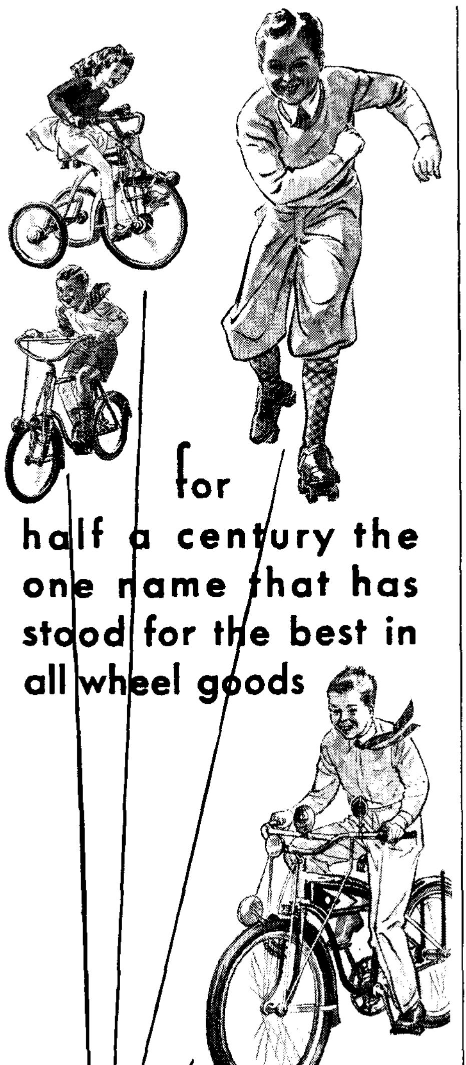
"You don't need to. I just wondered what you'd think of your aunt's cleverness. I've already given the idea to Mr. Wilcox."

"So?" Sturdevant chuckled. "Chummy as that? An affair, eh?"

"I'm entranced with him. He called me a little while ago to ask when he could come to see me again. And I told him my idea."

"I refuse to call him uncle," said Sturdevant.

"If I were thirty years younger



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maybe I'd challenge that refusal," boomed the voice of his aunt. "I think it must be wonderful to have a policeman in the family."

"Lots of people do. Ask them about it," suggested her nephew.

"How's that lovely Plaice girl?"

"Lovely," he replied.

"I want to see her again soon. And you, too."

"I'll try to drop in tomorrow," he said. "And thanks for vamping Wilcox. Now I have no fear of arrest."

The noise she made over the phone was indubitably a snort. Sturdevant hung up, smiling. He attacked the papers on his desk. At six Miss Maley knocked on his door and told him the time.

"You mustn't work too hard after your fall," she gently scolded.

"Quitting this minute," he assured her.

HE RODE down in the elevator with her and on the sidewalk left her. He decided to walk over to the Merrygoround and talk to Hendricks, the proprietor of the night club. He found Hendricks in his office and Sturdevant told him that he would go over his list of artists and see if he could suggest someone to take Inez Johnson's place.

On his way out he encountered Manoel, the headwaiter, who was just arriving. In an hour the restaurant would be crowded with patrons of the first floor show.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Sturdevant," said Manoel. "The papers said you had a fall."

"I'm okay now," said Sturdevant. He eyed the swarthy headwaiter. "Manoel, Haworth spent a lot of time here. You knew him pretty well. Were there many people who had it in for him?"

The Portuguese shrugged his fat shoulders and made expressive movements with his thick hands.

"The police have asked me that question, but I can give no answer to it. People may have disliked Mr. Haworth, but they do not confide such matters to a maître d'hôtel."

"I suppose not," said Sturdevant glumly.

He descended the flight of stairs to the street. The gaudily-dressed starter was in the lobby, having just arrived for work.

"Good evening, Mr. Sturdevant," he said. "Glad you're all right and around."

"Thanks," said Sturdevant.

"Terrible thing about Mr. Haworth and his butler," said the starter. "I'm glad the police seem convinced that you had nothing to do with it."

"Thanks again," said Sturdevant. He would have passed by but the loquacious starter detained him.

"It's the biggest mystery in years," said the man. "That gun business that the evening papers tell about is pretty mysterious, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," said Sturdevant. He eyed the man. "You've seen Haworth around here a lot. Ever hear he had any enemies?"

The man shook his head.

"Not that I knew of."

"Anyone follow him out of here Monday night?" asked Sturdevant. It was a good time to find out if anyone had noticed Inez's pursuit of Haworth and Lisa.

"I don't know. I was off that night. I wasn't feeling so good and my cousin took my job for the night. He's out of work and glad for a chance to help me out. Say, if you know anybody needs a good handy man I wish you'd remember my cousin."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Sturdevant. "He didn't notice anyone follow Haworth, did he?"

The starter shook his head.

"No one asked him where Haworth had gone?"

Again the man shook his head.

"He doesn't know any of the people around here. Funny thing, though, someone asked him where Peters the taxi man was. Of course, this not being his regular job, my cousin wouldn't know any of the taxi men."

"Who asked him where Peters was?" asked Sturdevant quickly.

"My cousin wouldn't know. I'm telling you he doesn't know anyone here."

"Could he describe the man?" asked Sturdevant.

"I don't know. He just happened to mention it to me. Maybe he could," said the starter.

(To be continued next week)

I got up Early

Continued from page 25

suddenly looked shocked, and a little foolish. He did not know what to say. Then the others came around, and they also saw what I had discovered weeks ago. Only now it was worse. La Chapelle had cataracts on both eyes. From one eye the sight was virtually gone; the other was about half useful.

I am a South Carolinian, and a direct descendant of Trystam Coffyn, one of the three original owners of Nantucket Island. My father was a banker. He came up from Charleston to be vice president of the Phenix Bank in New York. Through him I met Andrew Freedman, the great banker and philanthropist. Freedman knew how stirred I was by the newspaper accounts of the two wonderful brothers who built flying machines in their old bicycle shop in Dayton. He said, "I know Mr. Wilbur Wright, and the next time he calls upon me I shall call you!"

I couldn't eat or sleep for weeks. One day Freedman sent for me. There was a tall, thin, bald man, kindly in an indifferent, ministerial way, in his office. Freedman said to him, "Mr. Wright, this is the young man I was talking to you about." The man who always will be my hero shook hands with me. You felt about Wilbur, from the first, that you had known him a long time; no matter how long you knew Orville you had an uneasy feeling each time you met him that you had never been introduced. Wilbur was no more talkative, no friendlier outwardly, than Orville; but he was charged with reticent affections.

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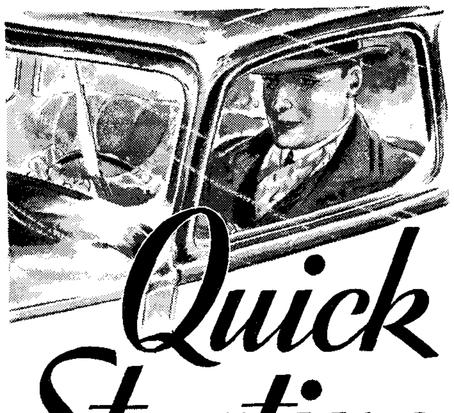
That was the first time I met Wilbur Wright. The last time was more than two years later; and what a lot of water had spilled over the dam meantime! I was a veteran flyer; ex-captain of the Wright exhibition and stunt team. I was flying my own ship—a Wright, with twin pontoons—making a lot of records, giving free shows to downtown New Yorkers, usurping the Upper Bay and

(Continued on page 56)



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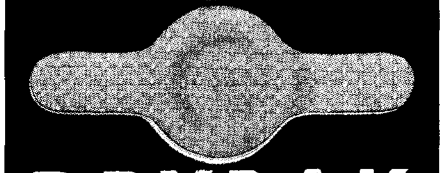

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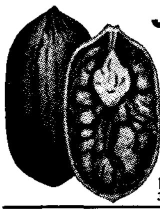

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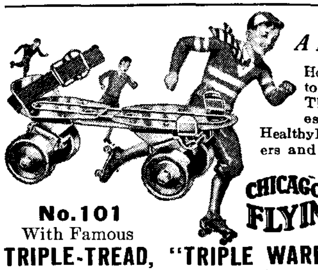

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(Continued from page 55)

the rivers for my airdrome. Wilbur had never seen his plane with pontoons. One day he showed up at Pier A, North River, my headquarters. He said it was his first visit to New York in some time and he had come right down to see how the plane behaved with pontoons. We talked a long while. You had to watch his face, for he left most of his talk unspoken.

"Frank," he said, "when you finish this flight, let's sneak up to White's and have a quiet lunch." I put the ship through its tricks, proud because I knew Wilbur's eyes were upon me; but when I came down I found the pier cluttered. Word—not from him, certainly, for he detested crowds—had got to the Aero Club that Wilbur was in town; and now he was hedged in by its officials, each trying to stand beside him in front of the cameraman. It was like that whenever he visited New York.

My berthing took attention for a brief spell; but when I came up on the wharf it was just in time to hear the head dignitary clear his throat, while cameras clicked and reporters made notes, and extend a formal invitation to Wilbur to lunch at the Aero Club. My hope sank; I wanted so much to have that visit alone with him. Wilbur listened, glancing at me in that politely inscrutable way of his, but made no remark until the nabob had finished. Then he said: "No. I'm sorry. I have already made arrangements for my lunch." And he linked arms with unimportant me and off we walked, leaving that crowd on the pier.

America's First Flyer

I have my pictures of Orville, too; only those are burned in a different place, the mind instead of the heart. It was on May 10, 1910, that I first saw him. I had reported at the factory, in search of the job Wilbur had vaguely promised. Mr. Russell, the manager, told me to go out to the field, which had just been established out upon the prairie at a trolley stop called Simms Station, which was nothing more than a pair of rural free delivery mailboxes nailed to a crossroads post. When I got on the trolley in Dayton I saw Orville sitting alone up front. I recognized him from newspaper pictures.

I went forward and sat down beside him, and told him my name and that I was going out to his field. He said that Wilbur had told him about me and he was very glad I had come, and for seven miles he did not say another word. He said that this was where we got off, and I did not see the barn which they were using for a hangar until we got quite close to it. It was just an ordinary small farm barn, of gray, weather-beaten planks, at one end of an ordinary cow lot. Orville introduced me to other would-be aviators—La Chapelle, Ralph Johnstone, Arch Hoxsey, Walter Brookins and Davis. Then we all helped wheel the biplane out, and had our picture taken standing in front of it with Orville. He borrowed my topcoat, to have his picture taken, and forgot to give it back, and I had to ask him for it next day.

The last time I saw Orville was in December of last year, at the unveiling of the Memorial to the Wrights on the beach at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the first flight by man. I had not seen him for fifteen years or more. He shook hands and said "Hello, Frank," and that was all. I was the only old Wright flyer there, and the newspaper photographers wanted Orville to have his picture taken with me, and he said no. People talked—but you have to know Orville, to understand that he did not mean anything by that. He is unaccommodating in personal matters because he has a horror of ceremony and show. It is not a pose, cultivated and put on; it is something in his veins, almost an illness. I guess I was the only one there who knew how much it distressed Orville to be in that pilgrimage at all.

Several traits Orville and Wilbur shared in common—among them, stubbornness; odd and sudden likes and dislikes, springing from their Puritan blood. You have heard of Lincoln Beachey, of course. By common accord—even among the earliest birds, who are a jealous and temperamental lot of rugged individualists—he is the seven-tailed bashaw of flying; the laureate of the men who wrote aviation history in the skies. In days when business men retired upon getting $5,000 in the bank Beachey was paid that much for single appearances. He flew for Curtiss; and he made Curtiss. But first he had tried the Wrights. He showed up at Simms Station, and asked them to teach him to fly. He was rough and ready and forward in manner, and he rubbed the brothers the wrong way. Moreover, he had batted around corners of life that were disquieting to an old-fashioned preacher's uncompromising sons. And so the Wrights refused to teach flying to the man who became the greatest flyer of all.

Aside from instances in which they let prejudices distort their judgments, the Wrights were exceptionally competent business men. The canniest I ever dealt with. We "student birdmen," as the Dayton papers called us, expected, of course, to work in return for our instruction. None of us, I am sure, bargained for the full routine that the Wrights exacted. We worked a daylight day; we beat the dawn, and overlapped the dusk—four to nine, roundabout the summer solstice. We did not mind the "early" and "late" hours, for those were the usual flight periods. The Wrights, their own meteorologists, had learned that wind ordinarily does not "come up" until an hour or two after the sun, and that it dies down about the same time before nightfall. First thing upon arriving at the field at four A. M.—sometimes we slept on cots in the barn, having been too worn-out to go home the night before—we all would hurry into the open, wet our fingers, and hold them up to determine whether any wind was blowing, and from which direction it came. It makes a funny picture, to think of it now; the solemn Wright brothers and their four or five sleepy pupils all holding wetted fingers aloft and trying to look wise. The same thing was repeated, come four in the afternoon. If the wind was light, or absent, we flew, deciding priority for the day by coin flips.

Good Business

My remembrance of the Wrights as good business men always resolves into the scene in the hangar on the night of June 4, 1910. In less than a month they had whipped together the first Wright Exhibition Team; and billed us throughout the country. We were to leave early the next morning for Indianapolis, there to begin our tour. Yet neither brother, up to now, had said a word to us about pay. All packed and ready to go, we were handed contracts. All flying was to be at our risk; each was to receive $20 a week, living and traveling expenses, and a $150 bonus for each day of flying. All prizes, trophies, winnings of any description were to go to the Wrights immediately. Afterwards, we figured those contracts were rather one-sided; but caught thus suddenly at the last minute, and in the enthusiasm and excitement of youths embarking upon adventure, we had little choice but to sign. I know that I, alone, turned in

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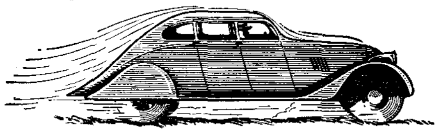

HaDees is a complete hot water heating system that can be instantly regulated to the weather and for the comfort of passengers. It is quickly installed in any make of car and costs no more than ordinary car heaters.

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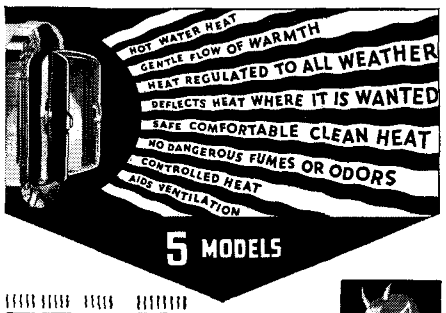
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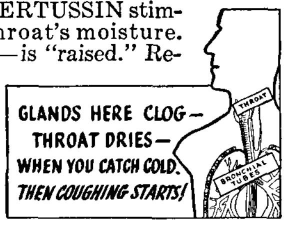
"MOIST-THROAT" Method ended Cough in 48 Hours
"I'm a singer," writes Russell Johns, Chillicothe, O. "Two days before an audition I had a bad cough. Pertussin made it stop quickly!"

Extract of Medicinal Herb restores throat's Natural Moisture

WHEN you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their healthy secretions change. Throat dries, sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then a cough! PERTUSSIN stimulates your throat's moisture. Phlegm loosens—is "raised." Relief! Pertussin is safe even for babies. Tastes good.


GLANDS HERE CLOG—
THROAT DRIES—
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THEN COUGHING STARTS!
THROAT
BRONCHIAL TUBES

DOCTORS have prescribed Pertussin for over thirty years.

PERTUSSIN
helps nature cure your cough

to the brothers more than a quarter of a million dollars; and that our team won far more than a million dollars for them on those contracts.

There were five of us in that original Wright team. I, being oldest, was regarded as captain. Walter Brookins, the youngest, just turned twenty-one, was the best flyer. We two are the only ones living today. Arch Hoxsey, Al Welsh and Ralph Johnstone were killed before their contracts ran out. Brookins "jumped" his agreement, because of a financial disagreement. I was the only one to last through the contract. We were a strange and fatalistic lot. We made record after record—of duration, altitude, and distance—and were regarded by our fellow citizens of the day, I suspect, as freaks.

Many of my fondest and most exciting memory pictures are of the South. It was there I lived through my first tailspin. I was giving instruction to Army officers at Palm Beach, in a twin-engine ship. Lieutenant Call, one of my pupils, unknown to me before I took off and for the benefit of some admiring visitor, tightened the chain sprocket wheel of one propeller. When I was several thousand feet up, giving instruction to Lieutenant Ellington—whose brave memory was perpetuated in the name of the Army field at Houston, Texas—the chain snapped. The propeller on the other side, still going full blast, pulled the ship instantly into a dizzy gyration. Years later I learned it was a flat spin. That moment I had no idea what it was. I only knew that Ellington and I were pressed down in our seats, as if by giant nails, while the ocean spun below too fast for our eyes to follow and our ears were filled with a horrible screeching of wires and wind.

The First Amphibian

I worked the controls as best I knew, to offset the good propeller's sidewise pull. The ship would not respond. So I shut off the motor and, against every inclination of my senses, I did the thing which I have always believed in—I pushed the stick forward, to head the nose down. Blind luck!—it was the very thing to do. The ship leveled off not sixty feet above the water. I managed to fetch it down on an even keel. We floated there, six miles offshore, for nearly eight hours before they got a boat out to us.

In Aiken I gave Richard Harding Davis, noted author, his first ride. He worked for Collier's then, and described his flight in the September 16, 1911, issue; the first personal account of a flight by a staff writer for any magazine. Which reminds me that of all the amateur sportsmen and laymen interested in early flying the most colorful personality, and helpful ally, was Davis' boss, Bob Collier. He was on the international polo team, a crony of the Whitneys and Belmonts and Hitchcocks. I met him at Aiken, gave him his first ride, and later I worked as his pilot. He bought planes and experimented with motors. He lived for speed; and although some of his air exploits were spectacular rather than thoughtful, many gave point and purpose to aviation in its aimless years.

Thoughts of Bob Collier impel me to turn my picture album to its New York harbor pages; for it was there I did much of my flying in his employ—and there I did many things on my account which I would not do today! I chased the Italian ship Ancona down the bay with a belated passenger—the first transfer of its kind. I decided to fly under the two East River bridges—Brooklyn and Manhattan. Veteran rivermen warned me against it. They spoke of mysterious air currents and pockets, that would suck me up to destruction against the bottom of whichever bridge I tried first. Little Elinor Smith, who was not yet born in 1912, unless my arithmetic is more gallant than accurate, was the next to do it, twenty years later.

I took the first movies ever taken from an airplane. It was for the old Vitagraph Company, and the idea was Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's. Pictures taken with the hand-cranked camera proved too jerky, so we secured a special camera to the leading edge of a wing and ran it by electric batteries next to my seat. I could snap the camera on and off at will. Blackton thought more of that camera than of me or my plane. He had bought it for $3,000 in England. I made several trips —over downtown New York, the Statue of Liberty, and places of similar note—and took many shots that were compiled into the first multiple-reel travelogue, or "scenic," as it was called in those days. It was shown all over the world.

A Flyer's Worst Fright

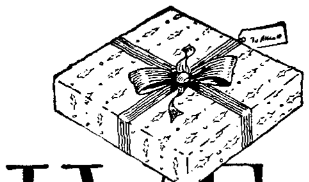
Forever indelible memories are virtually all I have left. Of all my hundreds of material trophies and prizes, but one remains—a pair of garters. And the story of how I got those brings up the worst fright, the most helpless moments I lived through in all my years of flying. The villain was the usual Desperate Desmond of the air—the wind. Several of us, from various troupes, were flying in an Aviation Meet at Grant Park, on the Chicago waterfront. This was in August, 1911. One day I had lunch with Badger, of Captain Baldwin's group. Afterwards I took up John T. McCutcheon, famous newspaper cartoonist, who had been assigned to draw some funny pictures.

As I flew McCutcheon toward the park, Badger, who had been drinking, dove in ahead of us and was killed directly in front of the grandstand and right under our eyes. I banked away, to spare McCutcheon the aftermath, and headed out from the park just in time to see St. Croix Johnson crash to his death on the lake's edge—this, also, right under our eyes. I landed as soon as possible with McCutcheon, who was terribly upset and drew no funny pictures of his first aviation experience.

The last day of the meet was designated a benefit for the families of Badger and Johnson. It was a wild, gusty day and only three of us with Wright ships would fly. I made the mistake of going out over the lake. The gale was offshore, and when I turned I found I was not only not getting back —I was actually being forced backwards in the air. That is the one experience which I cannot recall even now without cold shivers. I felt sure that I was doomed to go down in the lake far from shore and all hope of rescue. I saw my colleagues, who had circled over the town, land. I was alone in my fix. Minute after minute the ship fought, and retreated. Luckily, I had two thousand feet altitude. I knew the chances were great that the ship would come apart if I dove it from that height; but there was nothing else to do. Holding the stick forward with all my strength, and with the engine going full blast, I made a power dive that carried me to the edge of the park before I leveled off, and mechanics grabbed my wings.

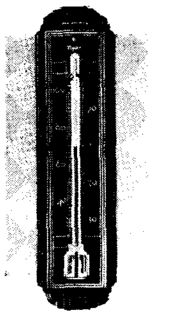
There was a Dayton man among the thrilled spectators. He was so tickled with this performance of the home town's product that he sought me out and presented me with the pair of garters. They are of gold, and I have never seen another pair like them; nor have I ever worn another pair since I got these. They have sawteeth but they do not tear my socks; and it is nice to have something left.

WHICH OF THESE GIFTS WOULD YOU LIKE YOURSELF?



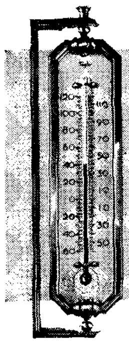
GIVE IT

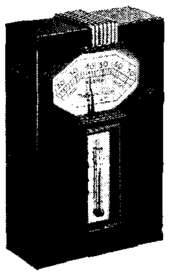
and you can't go wrong



YES, a thermometer can be good looking and accurate too. Here is one of the newly designed Taylor Indoor Thermometers for your home. You'll be proud to have it in any room of the house. Beautiful blue, brown or red finished $2

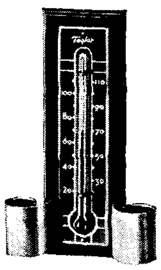
ANOTHER GIFT for the home—this Taylor Window Thermometer. Smartly finished with chromium plated bracket that turns to any easy reading position. Large, legible figures. Ready to attach outside your window $3.50

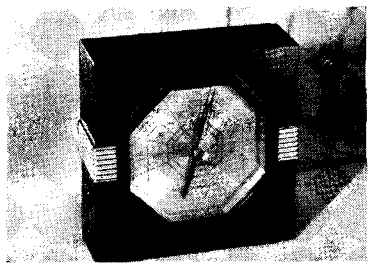




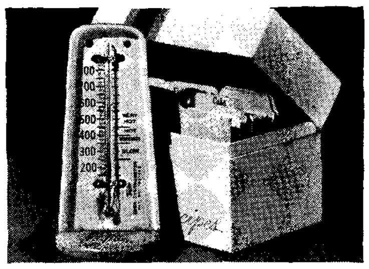
DRY AIR in your home makes furniture warp, makes your floor creak, makes you catch cold more easily. Watch dry air with the Taylor Humidiguide, pictured. Comes in attractive black box, trimmed in chromium, easy to read . . . A wonderful gift . . . $5

FOR HIS DESK he will appreciate this Taylor Standing Thermometer. Modern smart design with satin black finish, blue lacquered scale with white metal trim. Rests on three chromium scrolls at the bottom which provide solid base and prevent tipping $1.75





WHAT WILL the weather do? The Taylor Stormoguide tells to-morrow's weather today. Comes in several models, shapes, priced as high as $59. Fairfax model shown, $10



ANY WOMAN wants a Taylor Bake Oven Thermometer, but it's the sort of thing many never get around to buying for themselves. Complete with recipe box and cards $2

IF YOU are planning to avoid that last-minute-pick-it-up-quick sort of Christmas shopping, glance above. Here are truly different gifts to add to someone's pleasure. Gifts by Taylor, oldest and largest makers of thermometers and weather instruments in the world. In your Christmas shopping, be sure to see the displays of Taylor gifts, ranging in price from $1.00 to $50.00. The name Taylor is your guarantee of accuracy and full value. It is worth looking for and insisting upon. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Can.

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Collier's

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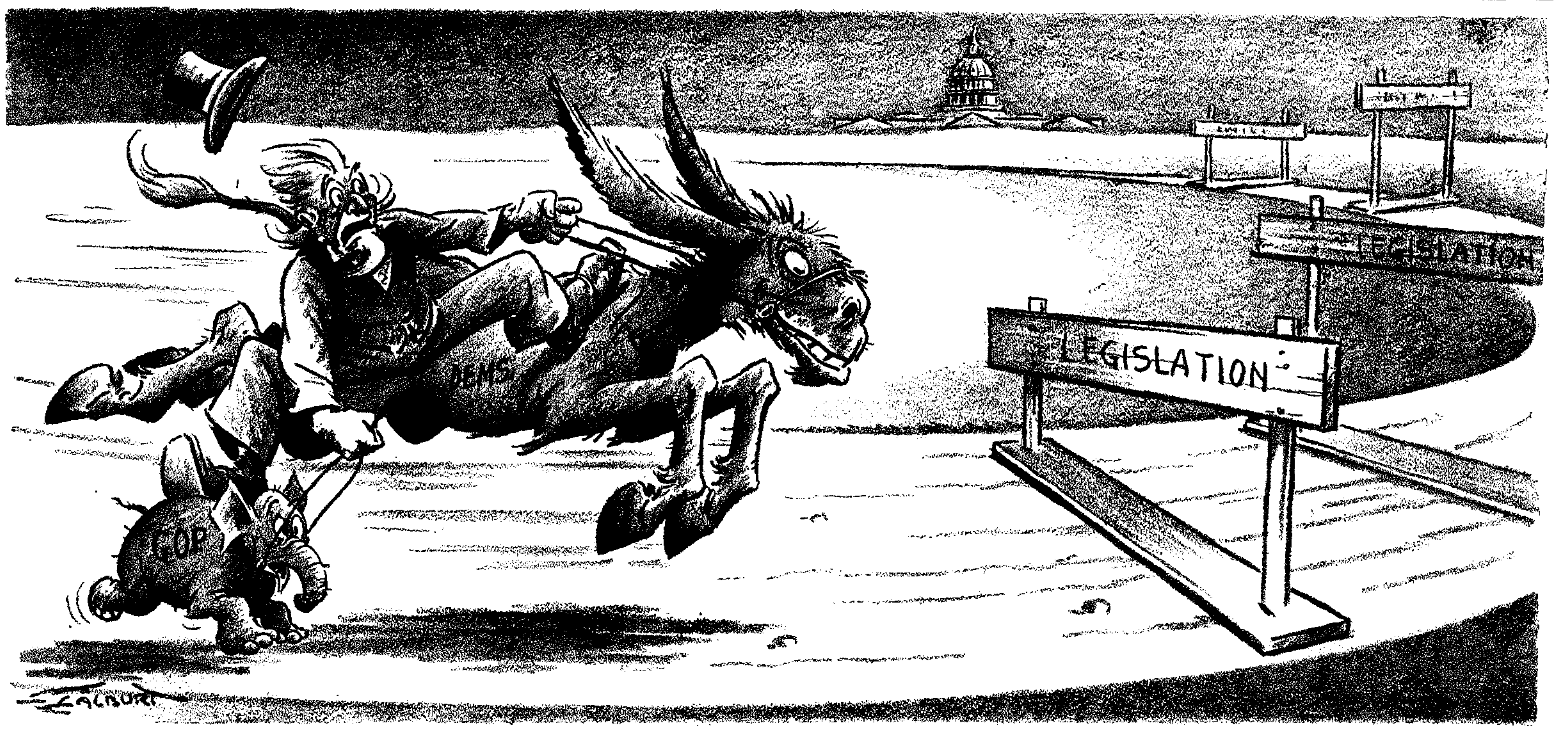


Still More Democrats

THE enormity of the Democratic sweep won't be fully felt until January 3d, when the new Congress meets.

Before the November election Collier's expressed the fear that too many Democrats would be elected. The apprehension was too well founded. The popularity of Franklin D. Roosevelt and of his New Deal carried into office many who would have got nowhere on their own merits or at any other time. In some states voters held their noses and, because they loved Franklin D. Roosevelt, cast ballots in favor of anyone who seemed to be aligned with the President.

This is a flattering testimonial of public favor, but it renders even more difficult the already heartbreaking responsibilities which rest upon the Chief Executive. Mr. Roosevelt in the next Congress will have to be not only the leader of his own party, but also the only effectual opposition to the silliness and extravagances of the crackpots among the lawmakers.

In his private moments the President might well wish to trade a little of his popularity for a brace of durable opposition debaters in Congress.

The plain fact is that American public opinion has swung wide to the left. Contrast the votes cast for the New Deal with the votes obtained in 1920 for Warren Gamaliel Harding and the Old Dealers who rallied around his candidacy. The country was conservative enough in 1920. Idealism could not be sold in the political market. We were in a hard-boiled and ruthless era.

The Democrats seemed to be permanently discarded. Governor James Cox, of Ohio, then John W. Davis, West Virginian and New York lawyer, and finally, Alfred E. Smith, the popular Al Smith of the New York streets, all entered the lists and all were vanquished.

Just twelve years were required to bring about this profound change in public sentiment. If conservatives had managed themselves a little better during those fat years of plenty, their present prospects would not be so bleak. If they are wise now they will not have to wait so long before they are returned to power.

Conservatives were rejected at the polls because they presented no real alternative to the Roosevelt program. Very few Republicans challenged seriously the important policies of the Administration. A few conspicuous Republicans tried to make an issue of liberty but the masses are conscious of no tyranny. To attack the restrictions on agricultural production makes few votes unless farmers are actually irritated by the regulations imposed by the government. So far, American farmers appear to like the regimentation over which Herbert C. Hoover, Ogden Mills and other eminent Republicans have frequently expressed dismal forebodings.

A successful opposition must be more realistic. The truth is that some of the changes brought about so swiftly by the Roosevelt Administration were long overdue. Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover all had the opportunity to deal with the farm situation.

Merely to defeat one legislative proposal after another was not statesmanship nor even good political strategy. After all, the farmers needed help. If they could not get it from one party, they would take it from another.

Other disturbances and maladjustments in our industrial and economic life were ignored. Unemployment, for example, is not new. Yet to the very end of his administration, former President Hoover continued to oppose even so moderate a measure as the establishment of offices which might place men and women in available jobs and keep records of the actual volume of employment and unemployment.

The very nature of our industrial development created strains which cried aloud for remedial action by the government. Banking evils and weaknesses were neglected until they exploded. Once reforms were undertaken no important class of American citizens wanted to go back to old conditions. People oppose specific measures adopted by the Roosevelt Administration, but it is hard to find a group that desires to undo all that has been done.

This is the reason the Republican leadership made so poor a showing. No real choice was offered the voters. Most candidates of both parties supported some part of the New Deal. The voters preferred those who seemed more hotly in sympathy with the President. The result is that in both branches of Congress the Democrats have huge and undisciplined majorities.

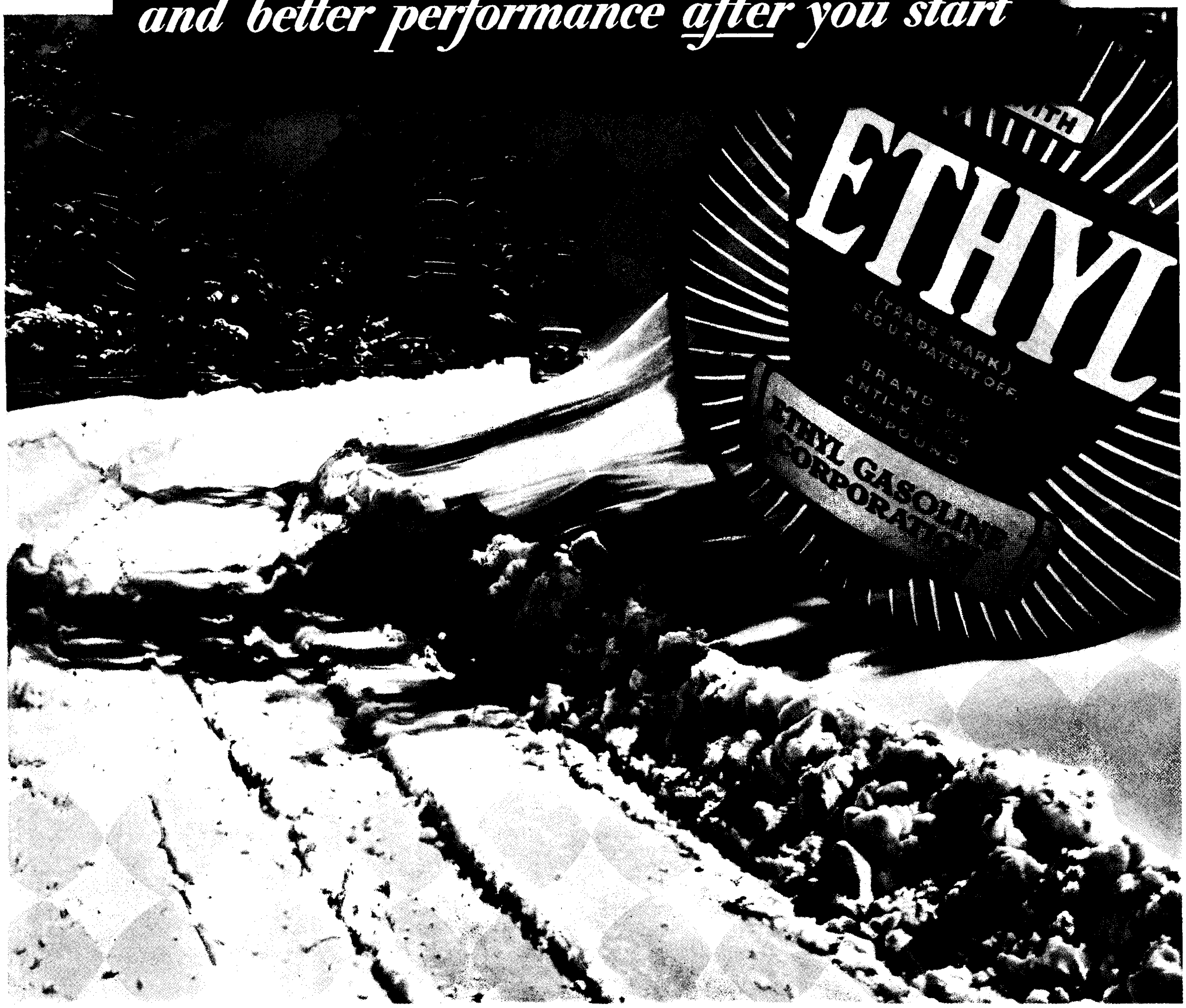
So we shall have a Congress filled with men who want to make a spectacular showing of their zeal for the New Deal. Various harebrained proposals are inevitable.

Against the patent follies of the less responsible members of Congress stand only the President and sober American public opinion. The California vote against Upton Sinclair's fantastic EPIC plan and the further fact that inflation was not an issue in the agricultural sections show that American public opinion in those regions certainly wants real recovery and not childish experimentation.

Every measure of change proposed in Congress ought to be thoroughly considered if the national well-being is to be served. Under our system two strong parties are essential. With change of name rather than of organization, Democrats and Republicans have borne the responsibility since the early years of the Republic.

Issues change with the times, but to every political issue there are at least two sides. The sooner the conservatives reform their lines and address their attention to the matters now before the country, the better for them as a party and for the country. We can't go backward and we shall go forward. Our progress will be swifter as we are able in advance to give informed consideration to our changing laws and to escape those blunders which are inherent in partisan and excited legislation.

For Quicker Starting this winter and better performance after you start



● Colored photograph of typical scene last winter. This coming winter, which prophets say will be another hard one, remember this: Ethyl not only starts a car quickly but contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel. That shows in your car's performance *after* it's started!

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The oil companies are ready for it. They are putting in their Ethyl pumps a quality gasoline that combines quicker starting with better performance *after* your car has started. It is a motor fuel that saves you time, saves your battery and helps protect you and your family against the hazards of winter driving.

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